



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





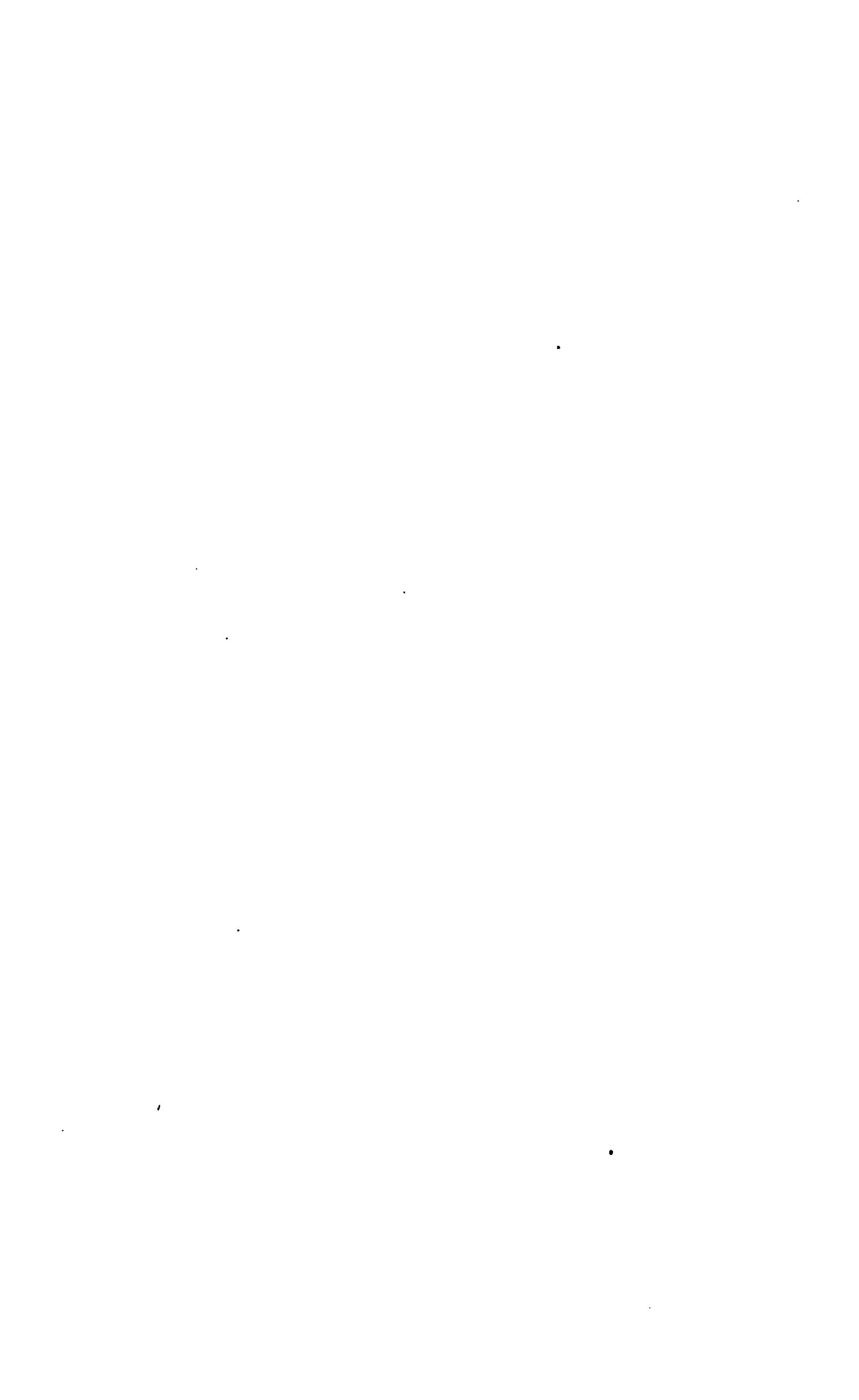
600092695.

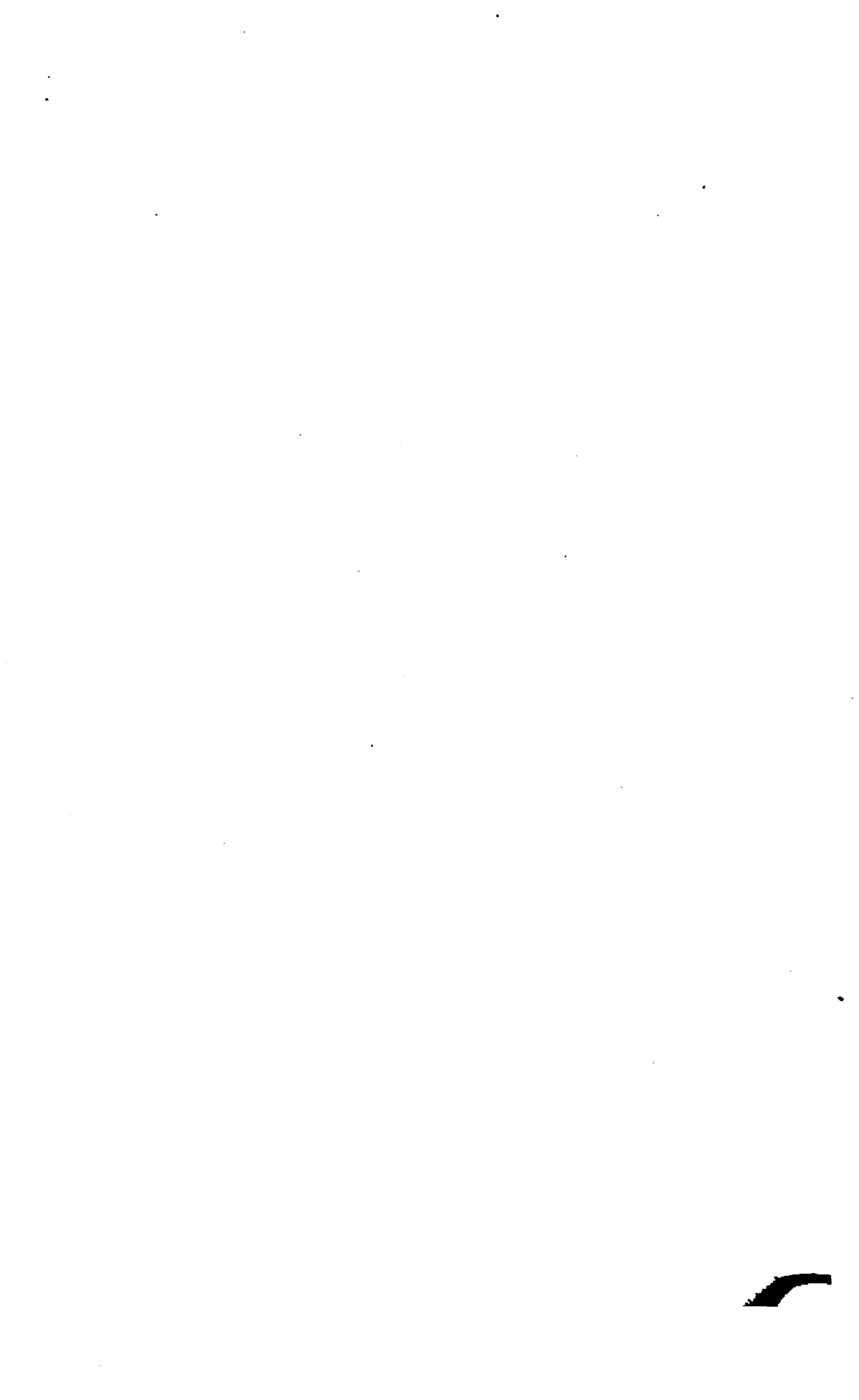














Yours Faithfully
George Joseph Williamson

THE
Ship's Career
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
GEORGE JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, F.S.A.,
President of the "Mariners' Friend Society."

FIFTH EDITION.



LONDON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE "MARINERS' FRIEND SOCIETY" BY
STRAKER & BURKE,
10, BROWN'S BUILDINGS, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.

1870.

280. N. 172.



TO

THE FRIENDS OF SEAMEN AND FISHERMEN

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

The Author.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE profits derived from the sale of this work will be devoted exclusively to aid the funds of the “Mariners’ Friend Society.”





Contents.

	PAGE
PREFACE xiii
AUTOBIOGRAPHY xvii
A Call to Rejoice 455
Affection 435
Ages of Woman 273
A Kindly Word for all 414
Appeal for the Poor 387
Appeal to the Benevolent 287
Ashby-de-la-Zouch 334
Autumn 272
Beauty of Night 100
Bells on the Sabbath 367
Birthday Ode to Mr. John Baxter 157
Bountiful Harvest 305
Brave Old Greenwich Boys 481
Bright Light in the Clouds 43
Burial of a Medical Friend 268
Charity 463
Childhood 471
Childhood's Woe 153
Children at Play 473
Christ Crucified 33
Christian Army 440
Christian's Guide 319
Christian's Victory over Death 252
Christian Warfare 441

	PAGE
Christian Warrior's Welcome to Heaven	... 247
Christ our Intercessor...	... 173
Class Meetings	... 443
Coleorton Hall	... 295
Communion with God	... 464
Confidence in Danger...	... 138
Consolation 84
Death	... 413
Death of Admiral Lyons	... 215
Death of Agnes Pearson	... 299
Death of Alfred Hammond	... 399
Death of George J. Williamson	... 307
Death of Mr. Hawkins	... 243
Death of Prince Albert	... 170
Death of the Daughter of a Friend	... 188
Death of the Duke of Northumberland	... 237
Death of the Rev. G. B. Strangeways	... 397
Death of the Righteous	... 70
Departure of a Minister to another Field of Labour	... 276
Dignity of Labour	... 20
Dignity of Man	... 271
Dissolution of the World	... 285
Dream of Heaven	... 56
Dreams of Mankind	... 25
Dying Child to its Mother	... 228
Dying Christian	... 29
Dying Christian's Farewell to his Wife	... 221
Dying Sailor Boy	... 130
Earthly Pleasures	... 152
Earth's Flowers	... 146
England's Security	... 469
England the Light of the World	... 106
Evening Hymn	... 374
Ever be Cheerful	... 466
Faith, Hope and Charity	... 96
Foolish Moth	... 458
Foreign Missions	... 111

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
Friendship ...	331
God's Goodness to Man	283
God's Love to Man ...	428
Gratitude ...	77
Gratitude and Dependence	265
Happiness ...	425
Heaven our Home ...	478
Home, Sweet Home! ...	163
Hope ...	289
Horrors of War	416
Human Frailty	67
Hymn for Bermondsey Ragged School	236
Hymn of Invocation ...	200
Hymn of Praise to Jesus	225
Hypocrisy ...	474
Idiot Boy ...	356
Indecision ...	451
In Memoriam of my Mother	275
Inward Folly	72
Jabez Bunting, D.D. ...	310
Jacob's Complaint	81
Jacob's Dream	362
Laugh and be merry ...	370
Life's Sermons	110
Lines on the Brig "Gem"	208
Lines to the Christian Churches on the Exhibition of 1862	149
Loss of the "Royal Charter" ...	423
Lost Soul's Lamentation	124
Love ...	360
Luther	353
Majestic Elm...	361
Mariners' Friend Society	87
Marriage of the Prince of Wales	165
Memory ...	195
Men of Briton	104
Merry Little Boys	300
Missionary Enterprise ...	95

	PAGE
Murderer's Doom ...	270
My much loved Prize ...	123
My Native Land ...	120
My Redeemer ...	128
Mysterious Pictures ...	346
Never Repine ...	133
Not Dead ...	144
Ode to the Duchess of Northumberland ...	294
Ode to the Duke of Northumberland on his Birthday ...	291
Ode to the Princess Alexandra ...	167
O, Jesus, I am thine ! ...	231
Old England's Power ...	102
Old Covenanters ...	461
Onward and Upward ...	449
Ordination of Missionaries at Lambeth Chapel ...	191
Our Brave Police ...	139
Our Chelsea Pensioners ...	483
Our Sabbaths of Rest ...	233
Past, Present, and Future ...	325
Pearl of Days ...	454
Perfection ...	448
Peter's Denial ...	260
Pilgrim's Rest ...	389
Pleasure of Doing Good ...	93
Poor Jack ...	12
Poor Outcast ...	161
Pope Day ...	321
Prayer ...	73
Prodigal's Return ...	376
Public Worship ...	251
Ragged School ...	391
Ragged School Boy ...	280
Re-erection of a Chapel ...	115
Rejoice, O my Soul ! ...	477
Relying on God ...	89
Re-opening of Bermondsey Ragged School ...	279
Re-opening of Southwark Chapel ...	302

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
Repentance 459
Resignation 86
Retrospection of Life 394
Returned Prodigal 126
Revivals of Religion 59
Richmond Theological Institution	... 183
Rome, Ancient and Modern 263
Sabbath Meditations 168
Sabbath Schools 304
Sailor's Grave 369
Sailor's Wife's Farewell 211
Secret Power 66
Ship's Career I
Sick Child 213
Sinner Saved by Grace 436
Song of the Fishermen 223
Tears 401
Tempus Fugit 147
The Bible 54
The Bouquet : its Lessons 204
The Christian's Crown 187
The Contrast 117
The Convict before Execution 178
The Drunkard 192
The Good Man's End 98
The Great Commission 68
The Heavenly City 278
The Heroes of our days 267
The Law and the Gospel 155
The Life Boat 113
The Mediator 250
The Miser 315
The Mother's Care 255
The Promised Comforter 135
The Retrospect 107
The Rich and the Poor 253
The Rose 431

	PAGE
The Saviour's Assurance	134
The Saviour's Invitation	62
The Saviour's Promise	75
The Shipwreck	201
The Tract Distributor	432
The Vow	438
The Wish	480
Time	176
Time Past	242
To a Friend much cast down by Affliction	245
To a Sister	345
To Miss Elizabeth C—, of Hull	381
To Mr. Isaac Hunter Clark	239
To my Wife on our Wedding Day	383
To S. Gurney, Esq., M.P.	385
To the Memory of Miss L. M.	175
To the Rev. R. M. Wilcox	323
To the Rev. W. M. Punshon	411
To Z. C. Pearson, Esq.	197
Trust	78
Trust in God	137
Truth shall Conquer All	467
Value of the Soul	37
View from Pisgah	141
Visit of New Zealand Chiefs	39
Voyage of Life	210
What is Death?	181
What is Faith?	91
Welcome to Garibaldi	47
Another	52
Welcome to Lord Clyde	131
Where will your Home be?	143
Woman	257
Worldly Man of Business	328
Welcome to Christmas	372
Wife's Counsel	379



Preface to the Fifth Edition.

THIS little vessel is now launched for the fifth time on the ocean of publicity, and I trust its cargo will prove useful in helping to sustain spiritual life. The encouragement I have already received has induced me to add several new pieces; and in order to render the barque as seaworthy as possible, I have been favoured with the services of my respected friend, the Rev. Enos COUCH, F.S.A., who has carefully edited and revised it.

I avail myself of this opportunity to tender my thanks to my friends and the public for the favour with which they have received previous editions; and I beg to say dis-

tinctly that I do not desire pecuniary recompense, except so far as it will aid the object for which this edition is more especially published, namely, the dissemination of Christian principles among seamen and fishermen, and their families, in connection with the “Mariners’ Friend Society.”

This little craft has weathered the storm for four successive voyages; and as it has now become a missionary ship, enlarged and beautified, I do not entertain the slightest apprehension of its becoming a wreck. I trust it will give the rocks of criticism a very wide berth. I feel assured no pirates will attempt to stop it on its errand of mercy. It will have to encounter storms and tempests; but its owner’s confidence is in Him who “holds the winds in his fists and the seas in the hollow of his hand.”

If this little barque should be the means of rescuing any who are perishing; of supplying to any “An Anchor for the Soul,” “A

Spy-glass of Faith," or "A Chart to Glory;" or of conveying information about "The Port of Bliss," the builder's labours will be more than repaid, for his object will be answered, which is the glory of God and the salvation of men.

In conclusion I would add that, having in the earlier part of my life ploughed the ocean, I feel deeply interested in the men of the sea; and being perfectly satisfied with the integrity and genuineness of the institution with which my name and this book is associated, I lay it down as a sincere sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to God on its behalf. I trust that many seamen may be benefited by this book; and that all who read it may meet me on the shores of immortality and bliss is the fervent prayer of

GEORGE JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.

124, LOWER THAMES STREET,
Christmas, 1870.





Autobiography.

I WAS born of poor parents, on the 26th of February, 1816, in the city of Rochester, in the county of Kent. My father was a fisherman; hence it became a necessity for my mother to assist in providing for the wants of the family.

My earliest days were spent at an infant school, and the elderly female whom we called "governess" was very fond of discipline, which she constantly maintained by the free use of a piece of whalebone.

When seven years old I was sent to visit my uncle for a time, who was then boatswain on board the "Phæton." Soon after this I was sent to a commercial school; but from here I was transferred to a charity school, where the charge was only a penny per week, my parents not having the means to pay more. Here I made but little progress in learning, the chief thing impressed on my memory being the victories or defeats sustained in our

numerous skirmishes with the boys of other schools in the neighbourhood, invariably culminating in a pitched battle, in which the whole forces of both sides were engaged.

At the early age of nine years I was taken from this school, and placed out as errand boy to a milliner, the worst position in which I could have been put; for oftentimes, in taking the work home my foes would lie in ambush, and by a sudden and furious onslaught, succeed in destroying my box and spoiling its contents. At last in one of these recontres two bonnets were spoiled, which had to be paid for by the father of my antagonist, while I received my discharge. My parents now deeming me incorrigible, and not being able to support me in idleness at home, sent me on board a notorious smuggler, the owner of which had already lost four vessels in his nefarious trade; but I did not stay long with him, as my father required my services in a vessel of his own. One morning in November, as we were sailing down the Medway before daylight, we saw a boat capsize with five men in her. She proved to belong to H. M. ship "Prince Regent." We rescued the poor men, who were almost perished with cold, and the next moment their little vessel sank to the bottom.

It was during the period of my service on board the smuggler that a large wen grew over my right eye, so large that fears were entertained I should lose my sight. I went to St. Thomas's Hospital, where an elderly gentleman successfully operated upon me and extracted the roots, which caused me such intense suffering that I fainted away. What grand and useful institutions are these hospitals for providing an asylum for suffering humanity, who without them would be denied the benefits of medical treatment and many comforts through poverty.

My father's little vessel was nicknamed the "Paint-pot," having originally belonged to a painter; and such was her bad condition, that one morning we rose thoroughly saturated, from a heavy rain which during the night had soaked through the deck and swamped our berths. My father obtaining an appointment from the Rochester Oyster Company to sell their oysters in London, the "Paint-pot" was left in charge of my grandfather, a choleric old man, who would often threaten to pitch me overboard or "ropes-end" me, but gave me sixpence per week instead, not because I deserved it, but, as he said, to encourage me to do better. About this time I had a miraculous escape from drowning; for while in the

act of throwing the dredge overboard it caught my shirt and I was for some time under water before I could extricate myself; and when at last I emerged, it was on the other side of the vessel, having in my struggles passed clean under her keel.

When about thirteen years of age my grandfather died, leaving me in charge of the vessel. She was now often half full of water, and one day an easterly wind springing up, she sprung a leak, which gained so fast we were compelled to put ashore, where she soon fell to pieces. I then obtained employment during the mackerel season, on board the "Diamond," and the money I earned I carried home to assist my father in purchasing another vessel. He bought a very old one, but nevertheless it proved to be the best he ever possessed. I was appointed master, and took with me two of my brothers to work the ship; and by perseverance we managed in one season to clear off the whole expense of fitting her up, amounting to seventy pounds. And now a sad misfortune befell us; for during a heavy gale she was blown from her anchors, and in spite of all our efforts, she went on shore and sank. By scrambling to the highest part of the marsh and piling the hatches one upon the other, we managed to keep out of reach of

the tide ; but it was bitterly cold, and had we not been speedily rescued by a small vessel which came to our assistance, we must have perished, as the tide rose so high that the fields and gardens of Rochester were overflowed ; and in one house a person named Leader was drowned in her bed.

The next day we found our vessel deep in the marsh, but not much injured ; so having placed her in a shipwright's hands, I went to sea again to earn money, to assist in paying for her repairs.

At the end of my term of apprenticeship, being too young to take up my freedom, I went on board a new vessel, named the "Gazelle," renowned for having won the prize of the Thames Yacht Club by a considerable distance, the Saturday after she was launched. A deep impression was made upon my mind about this time, by reading some stray leaves from a book entitled "The Whole Duty of Man ;" but like the morning cloud and early dew, it soon passed away. While on board this vessel I improved my handwriting by practice very considerably. My next appointment was to be mate, on board the brig "Aboyne," and considering this a step in advance, I married. It was on board this vessel I had another providential escape from drowning ; for being one day

in the rigging in company with the rest of the crew, a huge wave swept across the deck, carrying everything before it. My wife having had some property left her, I purchased a vessel, and being successful, I was soon enabled to purchase others, and so increased my stock of vessels, God prospering me, to whose divine mercy and protection I thankfully attribute all my success.

My wife being a constant attendant at the house of God, I accompanied her, but deriving little benefit therefrom, until at last the light burst upon my soul, and I felt myself a sinner. I prayed to be forgiven, but was most miserable. A coastguardsman seeing my distress, enquired the cause, and knowing him to be a good man, I unburdened my heart. He prayed for me, but still the load remained. I knelt down in the boat and prayed, "Our Father," when O, rapture ! God spake peace to my soul,—I rose from my knees and shouted, "My Father !" This was the happiest moment of my life : I felt my sins forgiven, and my soul was full of joy. I connected myself with the people of God, became a Sunday-school teacher and tract distributor, and took the *Bethel Flag* on board my little vessel, where I held prayer meetings and services. I used to collect as many men as possible

from the other vessels, and I shall never forget the first time I conducted the service. We mustered about sixty. My *pulpit* was an inverted *oyster tub*, covered with a clean sail; my *gown* was a *guernsey frock*; the congregation were accommodated with *baskets* and *boards* for seats. I prayed and expounded the Scriptures, and we sang together much to our own satisfaction, accompanied by a young man who played the clarionet. Of that congregation, one died clinging to Christ, another is a fisherman preacher at Colchester, while others are still members of Christian churches.

Out of twelve acquaintances during my apprenticeship, six were drowned, three met with sad ends, one was crushed between two ships, and another died covered with vermin. What a debtor I am to God not only for my prosperity, but for keeping me out of the paths of vice! I am prepared, in my humble way, to consecrate my property and my talents to his service. I am Circuit Steward at Southwark Chapel; Secretary to a branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society; Overseer of the Parish; and President of the Mariners' Friend Society; to each of which positions I dedicate as much of my time as is required of me. The circumstances which led to the production of this work were the following:—

A young lady solicited her friends to send her an original poem as a birthday present. I declined at first, never having attempted such a thing ; but she persisted, and so I complied and sent her a composition, believing it would cure her of asking any more. Judge, then, my surprise, when assured that my piece was the best ! This encouraged me ; and my wife expressing a wish for a piece to commemorate our twentieth wedding day, she became the possessor of my second production. Since then I have occasionally written pieces, sometimes on board ship, sometimes in the counting house, and also when travelling. I now, for the fifth time, present the productions of my pen to the Christian public ; and if it shall in any way enhance the glory of God, the good of mankind, or assist the institution for whose particular benefit it is now published, I shall feel that my object has been fully accomplished.

GEORGE JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.





The Ship's Captain.

HOW noble and grand the structure I view !
How fair the proportion and form !
That beautiful vessel—so graceful and new—
She's erected to weather each storm.

What tongue can foretell her a destiny bright,
When she floats on the boisterous main ?
Though she flies o'er the waves like a sea-bird so light,
Who can say she'll return home again ?

It seems as if Art had exhausted its store
In a form so enchantingly grand ;
How proudly she looks as she rests on the shore,
And waits to be launched from the strand !

Old England's fair ensign waves over her stern,
And the Union Jack o'er her bow ;
The Standard of Royalty, hoisted in turn,
Shows all is in readiness now.

The Ship's Career.

" Knock the dog shores away !" the builder hath cried
 And lo ! now the mighty mass moves,—
 Sliding downward majestically into the tide,
 Like a swan to the water she loves.

Soon through her own element nobly she'll ride—
 See ! her masts are all ready to rear ;
 The rigging is also brought alongside,
 And her large heavy cannons are near.

The masts are put up, the caps fitted strong,
 The rigging goes forward with speed ;
 The yards are all strung, so tapering and long,
 All must be a-taut, they're agreed.

The seamen the sails are beginning to bend,
 The riggers heave all taut in place ;
 And to sea the great vessel is soon fit to send,
 As a bulwark of Albion's race.

The ship is in trim, and the stores are on board,
 And now she is ready for sea ;
 The sails are all up, and the anchor is stored,
 And the land is far under the lee.

The glorious old colour that flies at the peak
 With dishonour shall never be stained ;
 While freedom to all ! is the voice it shall speak—
 Man's freedom it ever maintained.

The poor negro slaves who are stolen from home,
 And sold like the cattle on shore,
 How dreadful their fate, should a ship never come
 To give them their freedom once more !

"A sail, ho ! to leeward !" the look-out now cries,
From the topmast, the place of the tar ;
A large slaver schooner from thence he descries,
With its Yankee flag looming afar.

"Bear down, now, my boys ! bear down on that craft !
Hoist aloft the true colours we wear ! [aft,
Show that England's brave sons are prepared, fore and
To free slaves, wherever they are !"

But the schooner flies fast o'er the white foaming main,
While the groans from on board are distressing ;
The slaves are shut up in the hold once again,
And more sail on the ship they are pressing.

Hark ! hark ! to that gun, as it sounds o'er the sea—
See the shot as it bounds o'er the wave ;
'Tis a voice to the slave, to bid him be free,
And tell him they're coming to save !

And now the shot strikes the mast with a crash,
Which overboard goes with the sails ;
The vessel in chase comes on with a dash,
And her captain the slaver ship hails.

"Ship ahoy !" hear him cry with the trumpet in hand,
"Don't you mark the signal to back
Your sails to the mast, before reaching the land,
And your speed on the ocean to slack ?"

"Now lower our boat !" the captain cries out ;
"This trim-looking vessel now board ;
His papers examine, and look well about—
See what in his hold he has stored."

He lowers his flag ; they step upon deck,
 And search all his papers with care,
 From South Carolina, with rice loaded, back ;
 And all seems straightforward and fair.

 But a sickening stench from the hold doth arise,
 When the hatches are moved from their place ;
 O God ! what a horrible sight meets their eyes,
 Which ages can never efface !

There, chained fast together, the helpless slaves lie,
 Death marking them off for his prey ;
 How shocking the scene as for water they cry,
 While they one by one wither away !

Alas ! that mankind should e'er be so base
 As to trade in the blood of a brother !
 That mammon should bring so vile a disgrace,
 And God's creatures torture each other !

The Redeemer hath died to purchase us all,
 No matter what colour of face ;
 And the Gospel of love has bidden us call
 All brethren—of every race.

O when shall this horrible trafficking cease—
 The blood of the slave washed away ?
 When America lives out the Gospel of peace,
 There will come then a happier day.

Come, America's sons, wipe away this disgrace*—
 From you let it ever be hurled ;
 'Neath the sway of old England no slave can ye trace,
 When the banner of Freedom's unfurled.

* Since this poem was written, America has abolished the Slave Trade.

See ! the slaver is now being towed to the strand,
And hark to the groans on the way ;
While many have died, and gone to that land
Where oppressors can never hold sway.

What wonderful sights will meet their eyes there,
As heaven's gates open to view—
Those poor wretched captives, despised so much here,
With glorified bodies made new.

Where go the oppressors when *they* leave the world,
And their souls are removed from the strife ?
Like Dives, alas ! into hell they are hurled,
For the woes of an impious life.

Now the ship's work is done for which she did sail,
And the slaver is sold or destroyed ;
And again she starts on with a favouring gale,
All hands to make sail are employed.

The joke is passed round, as she skims o'er the sea,
The tars think of loved ones at home ;
The land is left far away under the lee,
As on she flies through the white foam.

But see that small cloud rising far in the sky,
Coming on like a treacherous friend ;
In the deepest repose does the azure sea lie,
Hushed and silent the terrible wind.

But list ! how the thunder booms over the main,
And the winds waken up with dread moan ;
The lightning darts over the watery plain,
Flashing round as the ship saileth on.

And see ! the red lightning has struck the lone ship,
 As she ploughs through the merciless waves ;
 The gale in rude gusts driving her through the deep,
 While a foaming broad furrow she leaves.

The topmast is shivered and split by the flash,
 And the wild waves break over the deck ;
 While all, apprehending the finishing crash,
 Prepare to abandon the wreck.

The waters are raging and swelling around
 With a terrible threatening roar,
 While the poor cabin boy sadly kneeling is found,
 He bewails that he ever left shore.

He thinks of his home with its peace-giving scenes,
 Of a mother who pillow'd his head,
 Of a father so good, who laboured for means
 Of daily supplying their bread.

Now he offers to God the long-forgot prayer,
 Taught him in earlier days—
 “ Our Father in heaven,” he cries, “ O me spare !
 And my life I'll devote to thy praise.”

And the sailor ofttimes at the coming of death,
 With a swelling and penitent heart, [breath.]
 Breathes the prayer of his childhood with soft sadden'd
 When about from this world called to part.

He thinks of the Bible that lies in his chest,—
 That Bible his mother has given ;
 Though often neglected, he now will protest,
 It shall hence be his guide unto heaven.

But the storm has increased as the sun has gone down,
With darkness of dreariest night ;
While the skies are portending with threat'ning frown—
They're lit with a deep lurid light.

O could we have seen that morning so fair,
With a breeze scarcely rippling the sea,
We could not have thought such a danger was near,
As the sun rose in bright majesty.

How fair has life's morning too often began,
And our path seemed all smiling with peace,
With youth's fondest ardour we laid out our plan,
Nor dreamt that our pleasures would cease.

The castle illusive was built in the air,
Fancy tinged with a gorgeous glow ;
Till life's sterner lessons that came to our share
Taught us happiness was not below.

And the brightening hopes of childhood's first years,
Like bubbles with dazzling hue,
We blew from our pipes, with hopes and with fears,
Saw them rising, then vanish from view !

And as years have rolled on in life's rugged ways,
And storms have o'ershadowed our course,
Fond mem'ry brings back our childhood's bright days,
Rushing on with its fresh vivid force.

Our lives are but spans and our memories die,
Oblivion covers our fame ;
Our deeds on the marble attract not an eye,
Forgotten as 'twere but a dream.

I covet no monument, marble, or shrine,
 That time shall soon crumble to dust ;
 The sculptor's fine emblem, the poet's chaste line—
 Or the praise—that on earth I was just.

Much rather in heaven's bless'd book be enrolled,
 Having souls to the Good Shepherd led ;
 Rejoicing redemption's grand tale to unfold—
 How his life's blood for them He shed.

To be but a vessel in the bless'd place
 Of God's precious grace to us all,
 And the means of redeeming our poor fallen race,
 Are monuments never to fall.

The crash of all ages, the wreckage of years,
 Cannot crumble the working divine ;
 Each soul that the image of Jesus Christ bears,
 In his kingdom for ever shall shine.

On monuments ever undying—on these
 Would I humbly decipher my name ;
 Religion upholding with all its decrees,
 Which elevates nations to fame.

But here I have wandered away from my plan
 Of writing the vessel's career ;
 Your pardon I crave, and return once again
 To mark life as its quicksands appear.

O how our life's voyage with storms is beset,
 Ever tossing mankind to and fro,
 While trials and cares often cause him to fret,
 How to steer oft he scarcely doth know.

And thus the fine vessel she lurched and she rolled,
While the waves mounted over her side,
And tinged by the lightning, like bright shining gold,
As its radiance shone on the tide.

But the gale it still strengthens, the ship rushes on,
The storm sails are all needed now ;
Each moment more dang'rous it grows thus to run,
All hands must be heaving her to.

The trysail is set—it has weathered the gale,
All headsail is stowed and secure ;
To the winds point the yards with tightly-furled sail,
The helm's hard-a-lee to make sure.

The captain now watches the waves as they spend
Their strength on the barque as they break ;
And the mariners all are at their wits' end—
For the ship, to make worse, springs a leak.

The pumps are all manned, but the leak does increase,
Their lives they work hard now to save ;
They think of the loved ones they last saw in peace,—
All expecting a watery grave.

Hark ! hark to that cry, causing hope to expire,
Death seems now awaiting his prey ;
An alarm is now given, “ The ship is on fire ! ”
As they lay-to in Biscay's rough bay.

How many brave hearts in those waters now sleep !
Biscay's bay their last sorrows could tell,—
Of loved ones that rest in its bosom so deep,
Who of home and of life took farewell !

Peace, peace to their bones, where'er they are laid !
 Some coral cave hides them from sight ;
 'Twas for them the widows and fatherless prayed,—
 To meet them in heaven's bright light.

Some upon Christ with their last ebbing breath,
 Like the self-abased publican, cried
 For mercy, free mercy to save them from death,
 And Jesus spake peace as they died.

They have gone to that home where storms cannot come,
 On angelic wings soared on high,
 To live with King Jesus in that blessed home
 Of glory beyond the blue sky.

But my muse seems determined to wander away
 From earth to things holy above ;
 Leaving all things below, in fancy to stray
 Where angels and saints sing and love.

Say, who can describe the horrors of fire
 On board with deep water around ?
 All hope from frail men seems there to expire,
 And help from God only be found.

But “*Nil desperandum*” the motto should be
 Of the sailor such scenes passing through ;
 How often in life he deliv'rance may see,
 When nought but death seemed in full view.

The captain cries “Courage !” and bravely the crew
 With redoubled energy try
 To quench the fierce flames, with hopes rising new
 That the storm may give place to bright sky.

The Ship's Career.

I

Together they labour and soon heave to shore ;
And the fire that once threatened to be
Their speedy destruction, is burning no more,
And now their deliv'rance they see.

'The winds are all hushed and sunk into rest,
The ship safely holds on her ways ;
Again is relieved the terrified breast,
And they shout their Deliverer's praise.

Ye sailors so brave, the wonders all see
Of that God whom all nature controls ;
But how strange it appears that many should be
So careless concerning their souls !

How mad a thing surely they ever should dare,
With a plank only between them and death,
To break holy laws, without the least fear
God should stop their presumptuous breath !

The Psalmist declares they should all praise the Lord
That oft see his works in the deep,
And the power and the goodness exalt which afford
Sweet protection awake or asleep.

O may the time quickly come that's foretold,
When the fruits of the sea shall be given—
When God shall have saved our sailors so bold,
And each ship be a Bethel—a heaven.

Then wherever they go they will loudly proclaim
God's mercy to poor fallen man,
And sound with glad singing their Jesus's name
To accomplish salvation's great plan.

But see how the land now bursts on their sight !

The white cliffs of England they view ;
And home-joys to them that do so invite
They think of with sympathy true.

And when they're all safe to their children they'll tell
How oft they deliv'rance have found—
How God in his love hath done ev'rything well,
For they're back on old England's ground.

Poor Jack.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

PN a seaport town, some twenty summers past,
My lot in life for some few months was cast ;
Where scenes I saw that filled my heart with pain :
Vice raged around, and following in its train
Were drunken brawls, 'midst loud and fearful oaths,
Made sad each day, and broke each night's repose.
One home I saw destroyed by drunken strife,
Where sat a cheerless, poor, heart-broken wife ;

One pale affrighted boy in terror shrank
To hear his father's tread along the bank,
Whose reeling steps too plainly told the tale
What made both wife and child look deathly pale.

They listening sat one night—no father come ;
“ Go child,” she said, “ persuade your father home.”
For sad experience still had left the trace
Of the drunkard’s blows upon her pallid face.
Too well his violence she had often known,
That made her fear to meet his angry frown.
’Twas near midnight, the waves broke o'er the pier,
The darkening sky forebode a storm was near;
From out the western sky the lightning flashed,
As the sea waves’ foam against the breakers dashed.
Large drops of rain fell patterning on the shore,
As the child departed from his mother’s door.

The rays were shining from the pier-head light,
That darted flickering through the darkening night.
Forth ran the boy with looks of deep concern,
While his fond mother prayed his quick return :
His little feet went bounding o'er the sand,
As fast he hastened o'er the shingly strand,
Until at length his drunken father spied
Along the pier, just by the water side.
High words and cursing met his trembling ear,
That filled his mind with dark foreboding fear ;
He found his father staggering to and fro,
His eyes all fire, and dark his angry brow.

"Come home, dear father," said the anxious child.
 He spoke in gentle accents, calm and mild,
 That would have brought the hardest heart remorse,
 Had not strong drink polluted reason's course.
 Foul imprecations left the father's tongue,
 As the poor boy persuasive round him clung ;
 He crying pleaded—fierce was each reply,
 Until there rose a sharp heart-rending cry,
 For with one kick the drunkard spurned his child
 Into the raging sea and billows wild ;
 Remorseless then he turned upon his heel,
 And left the spot—he long had ceased to feel.

At length he sobered, thought what he had done,
 How 'neath the waves he'd kicked his only son,
 Then wildly raved, and like a madman swore,
 His hands he wrung, his matted locks he tore ;
 The wind blew bitter, drenching fell the rain,
 The darkness made all hope of searching vain.
 He then the alehouse sought his cares to chase,
 But oh ! at every turn the pleading face
 Of his poor boy now terrified his heart,
 He swooning falls with fierce convulsive start ;
 And thus for hours unconsciously he lay—
 They bore him home a drunken lump of clay.

But gracious God ! thy saving help was near,
 The drowning cry, the helpless shriek to hear !
 A ship of war was anchored in the bay,
 And from the shore a boat's crew made their way,
 Saw the poor boy fall helpless from the pier,
 And rowing to him, raised a hearty cheer.

They pick him up—though weak and almost dead—
With tender care heap kindness on his head ;
They reach the ship—he tells his artless tale—
The vessel spreads her canvas to the gale.
“ Poor Jack ” they name him from his helpless state—
A tender reed tossed by the storms of fate.

And soon the broad Atlantic meets their view,
Our hero grows beloved by all the crew ;
Though weak and sick, in sweet content he lay ;
His now lost mother taught his lips to pray,
And now her words sink deeply in his mind,
He turns to God in Him his peace to find,
And soon he feels his sins all cleansed away,
Through Christ the Blest Redeemer, Light and Way.
Smart, faithful and obedient, soon he found
Himself in ties of strong affection bound
With pious men, brave sailors of the fleet,
Who feared no danger, England’s foes to meet.

These sailors brave would o’er their Bibles bend,
And love to talk of Christ, the sinner’s friend.
They joined each day in humble, earnest prayer
To God to keep them in his holy care.
Such men as these are ever firm and brave—
They know He died their deathless souls to save.
And they are calm in every danger found,
Because God’s love doth in their souls abound.
And thus they pass their useful lives away,
And seek a harbour where there’s no decay.
With Christ their pilot, constantly they try
To gain the port of heaven, and dwell on high.

But soon again resounds from shore to shore
 All nations' curse. The strife of awful war
 Spreads pain and woe, and desolation wide,
 And dyes with blood both land and ocean's tide.
 The conflict rages—death stalks o'er the deep—
 And many a soul is sent to his last sleep.
 The cannons roar amidst the dreadful fray,
 And decks are crowded where the wounded lay
 'Midst groans of pain distressing to the ear ;
 When lo ! the signals for a truce appear.
 Oh ! 'tis a frightful thing at war to be,
 When crowds of dead are thrown into the sea.

The battle past, the wounded claim all care,
 In which our hero takes a lively share,
 For by God's grace Poor Jack from first to last
 Through all the conflict almost scatheless passed.
 With gentle hand and kindly words he strove
 Their pains to ease, their comfort to improve ;
 He told of Jesus' love the lost to save—
 Faith's balm of consolation freely gave.
 All gladly listened to his words of cheer,
 Which had the power to dry the bitter tear ;
 A good Samaritan he proved to all,
 And taught them on their Saviour's name to call.

One poor old sailor, seeming dying fast,
 Upon " Poor Jack " a strange expression cast
 While praying on his knees beside his bed
 For Christ on him his boundless grace to shed.

The old man breathed in heavy choking sighs,
While sorrow's tears were streaming from his eyes.
“Can sinners black be saved?” he feebly cried,
“My bygone life in crime is deeply dyed.”
“Be calm,” said Jack, “though thou art lost in shame,
Just seek for pardon through thy Saviour’s name,
Who suffered on the cross and passed the grave,
The blackest sinner’s fallen soul to save.

He said that Jesu’s blood could cleanse from sin,
That Christ was waiting souls like his to win.
As he drew near and grasped his feeble hand,
Emotions felt he could not understand.
A link there seemed of sympathy that bound
Their hearts in one—a latent chord seemed found ;
He was consoled ; he closed his eyes awhile—
Some inward thoughts his senses did beguile ;
By pangs of bitter conscience sorely torn,
In mind and body crushed he lay forlorn ;
At last he raised himself upon his bed,
His features racked with horror, pain and dread.

And then he shrieked, “No murderer can be saved !
No, no !” he cried, and incoherent raved :
“My child ! my child ! my own, my darling boy !
O save him ! a boat ! a rope ! ship ahoy !
Hark ! he cries for help ! I hear him say,
‘O father, save me—cast me not away !’
He sinks—he dies—a murderer now am I !
Reproach me, wife, and wring your hands and cry !
‘Give me my child,’ she says, ‘my only joy ;
Husband, bring back, O, bring me back my boy.’

But she forgave me with her parting breath,
But long ago her voice was hushed in death.

Now vengeance comes ; O, see his dripping hair.
O, God of mercy, this I cannot bear ;
Those clammy eyeballs stare at me again.”
And so raved he in incoherent strain,
From sheer exhaustion till he sunk and swooned ;
“ My son, my son,” in anguish then he groaned.
Poor Jack fell weeping on the sailor’s breast—
His prostrate form he tenderly caressed.
“ My father ! father, here behold your son !
I did not sink, for the all-seeing One
Was near, and saved me from a watery grave—
I was picked up when sinking ’neath the wave.

And there is mercy for you, father dear,
Your Lord your Saviour He is ever near ;
To Him for succour now, for mercy fly,
For Him to save you ere you come to die.”
“ What ? ” cried the trembling man, “ my poor boy here ?
The same I dashed in madness from the pier ?
Art thou my boy—my own dear flesh and blood ?
A wretch I’ve been—to you a murderer stood !
Yes, ’tis he ; my Mary’s eyes ; O, grief !
My poor, poor boy shall bring my heart relief ;
And though through life I’ve played a wicked part,
O, God of mercy, purify my heart.”

His prayer was heard, and grace came from above,
He cast himself upon the Saviour’s love ;

With humble soul he pleaded meek and mild,
Shed tears of joy beside his long-lost child.
Father and son each day engaged in prayer—
God's saving grace shone forth resplendent there.
Before the father was removed from earth
His hopes were centred in the brighter birth ;
A pardoned sinner, soon his hour was come
To pass from earth and reach his heavenly home,
Where thousands once poor sinners here below
With Jesus dwell, where endless mercies flow.

Poor Jack still lives, a monument of grace ;
To faith's great rock he loving turns his face ;
He labours in the vineyard of his Lord,
And points the way where love and grace are stored ;
A pious humble saint, he grasps faith's spear,
Drives sin away, and dries the sinner's tear.
Champion of his Master, firm he stands,
To pilot sailors free from vice's sands ;
The gospel teaching, zealous in Christ's cause,
Regardless of this sinful world's applause ;
Living hourly in Christ's precepts given,
"Neath Calvary's cross advancing towards heaven.





The Dignity of Labour.

THREE'S dignity in the labour of every working man—

His brave and sturdy hand employed in works of every plan

That science brings to light or architect designs;

He raises lofty palaces and burrows in the mines.

The mechanics of our country, they are its greatest pride,

How vast their field of labour spreads, extending far and wide;

Their aid we cannot do without—they help in every way

To raise our country high in fame in this our glorious day.

How useless would be capital without their active hand—

They break the soil and sow the seed and cultivate the land.

God bless their arduous efforts with thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil !

Both bards and poets write and sing of dignity of race,
And heroes of the battle-field their pages often grace,
But seldom cast a thought towards the toiling busy throng,
Or make the sons of labour the burden of their song.
But mine shall be the noble task, yes, mine the good design,
To cheer the sons of labour with my poetic line—
To show forth their achievements throughout each passing day,
No difficulties daunt them or hardships e'er dismay ;
But on they plod with patience in every work they try,
With persevering energy their talents to employ.
God bless their arduous efforts with thy all-gracious smile,
And grant them all thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil !

The shepherd tends the pastures and labours for the sheep,
And brings them all into his fold, in safety there to keep ;
With kindly zeal he watches them and makes them all his care,
And shears their fleeces when they're grown, for raiment that we wear ;
And then the weaver weaves it into cloth of richest hues ;
To make our clothes the tailor then his handiwork pursues :

The prince's costly flowing robe with elegance he'll form,
 Or shape the labourer's working suit, to keep him dry and warm ;
 And thus they work together, supplying clothes and food,
 In mutual labour joining to work each other's good.
 God bless their arduous efforts with thy all-gracious smile,
 And grant them all thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil !

'Tis labour moulds the brick and tile, and quarries out the slate,
 Cuts out the stone for churches and other buildings great,
 And monuments most lofty in gorgeous pride it rears,
 Cathedrals, and most noble too each tapering spire appears,
 The merchant's splendid residence, with grand and stately domes,
 Likewise the dwellings of the poor, the cotters' humble homes.
 Labour dives down deeply into the solid earth,
 And brings to light the coal we burn, that hidden store of worth,
 To feed our thousand fires and keep us from the cold,
 And heat our many furnaces, producing wealth untold.
 God bless their arduous efforts with thy all-gracious smile,
 And grant them all thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil !

Labour smelts the iron ore, the silver and the gold,
And turns them to a thousand shapes delightful to
behold ;
The pond'rous, massive anchor, and shafts of mighty
size,
With the powerful steam engine along the rail that
flies,
With its strong and whirling wheels, its fine and
threadlike wire,
Likewise the molten furnace, with fiercely roaring
fire,
Driving on so rapidly it draws its heavy load,
With luggage cars and goods and grain, along the
iron road ;
Goods despatched at wondrous speed, all by the power
of steam,
What multitudes of blessings now to every quarter
stream !
God bless their arduous efforts with thy all-gracious
smile,
And grant them all thy comforts here, these hardy
sons of toil !

Labour hews the lofty oak and builds the noble
ship,
And fits it up with sail or steam to bear it o'er the
deep,
To wrestle with the tempest throughout its loudest
roar,
To bear the produce of each clime towards our peace-
ful shore ;

From India the richest silks, with stores of corn and rice,

And other precious merchandise, most costly in their price;

From China it conveys unto our shores the teas,
With all the choicest spices every one to please;
And sugar from the islands of the sunny distant west,
Supplying us with what we need of quality the best.

God bless their arduous efforts with thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

Labour from the flint-stone produces brilliant glass,
And moulds it into ornaments that nothing can surpass,
And melts it into plates and sheets to give to us the light,

Or places it in spectacles to aid defective sight.

Labour spans the river, likewise the valley green,
And builds the massive bridges o'er the deepest rivers seen;

It hollows out the tunnel beneath the mountain strong,
While millions travel through it borne by steam along;

It links together by the rail the nations of the earth,
And brings to light in every place the hidden stores of worth.

God bless their arduous efforts with thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

Labour sends its messages along the electric wire,
Coursing o'er its journey with wings of brilliant fire—
A mighty chain of network running through the world,
The grandest scheme that science ever yet unfurled.
'Tis labour takes the thought, commits it to the page,
Man's intellect to keep alive through every coming
age.

The dignity of labour our time would fail to tell,
Yet shall its daily triumphs our history's pages swell,
And monuments of genius reared by labour stand,
As ornaments and blessings around our native land.
God bless their arduous efforts with thy all-gracious
smile,
And grant them all thy comforts here, these hardy
sons of toil !

The Dreams of Mankind.

WHAT a strange and mysterious state do we find
When slumber engages the powers of the
mind !

What fanciful forms are presented to view—
So vivid and clear, as if real and true !

All ranks and all races, all sects are the same—
 When sleep hath surrounded and conquered the frame,
 How rapid the changes of life's running stream,
 What sights are revealed in one single dream !

What a solace doth innocence bring to the heart !
 Through the dark shades of sleep the keen piercing
 dart

Of truth will assert her imperative sway,
 Show the blackness of crime in its frightful array.
 While calmly reposes the innocent breast,
 And its sweet visions picture the land of the blest,
 Like celestial existence the bright moments seem
 When the angels' soft whispers are heard in a dream..

Though downy the couch where an Emperor lies,
 The flitting night prompter incessantly flies
 Around the rich tapestry, o'er the soft bed,
 Where imperial riches and grandeur are spread.
 Brilliant victories' charms cause his bosom to heave—
 In fancy he hastens his spoils to receive ;
 While in glory enthroned as a monarch supreme,
 He wakes and finds all is a flattering dream.

The Statesman retires to his chamber each night,
 After gracing the Senate with wisdom so bright,
 Reclines on his pillow, when lo ! to his view
 Come the years that are past—fresh, vivid and new :
 He labours aspiring to win a great name—
 To inscribe his renown on the records of fame,
 And quick beat the pulses of life's glowing stream
 As the ardour of boyhood comes back in a dream.

In the still shades of night, amidst calmness and love,
When all is resigned to the Father above,
The Pastor's meek eyelids droop calmly and close—
Released from the world, he is lulled to repose ;
But O, what a glorious vision is there—
The new land of Eden, the Paradise fair,
Where Christ and his angels sound forth the blest
theme,
While the man of God prays in the midst of a dream.

The fond dreams of Love, how charming they glide,
As in sleep by the brink of its murmuring tide
The bright bank of pleasure is wafted along, .
Midst smiles and caresses, and music and song.
At length love awakes to the stern living truth—
What cares will o'er take us emerging from youth !
Still let us rejoice in love's holy stream—
Preserve all we can of its first happy dream.

When the battle-field's covered with wounded and
dead

The weary, brave Soldier reposes his head ;
He dreams of his wife and dear children at home,
Of the fields where in youth he delighted to roam,
In fancy embraces his wife's darling form,
Feels her breath on his cheek, all glowing and warm ;
At length he awakes with a desolate start—
His dreaming hath left but a void in his heart.

When the waves of the ocean are mounting on high,
And the white crested billows shoot up to the sky,

Come, infidels, and see a Christian die :
 What safety could he now find in your creed ?
 If now he was from his loved Lord to fly,
 What would support him in death's hour of need ?

I've heard of infidels, when in death's grasp,
 Crying to Christ with despair in their sight ;
 But ne'er of a Christian returning to clasp
 Infidelity in his life's latest flight.

The Christian seeks truth in God's blessed book,
 And searches for treasures in that glorious mine ;
 The Holy Spirit's light for guidance he took
 To unveil the gems hid in the book divine.

Soon he found pearls of the greatest price,
 Which made him rejoice in that glorious plan ;
 Salvation he found through the blood of Christ,
 Given to fallen, degenerate man.

The miner digs deep in the bowels of the earth,
 Hard he labours to find the precious gem ;
 Others for gold dig, as though nothing was worth
 A thought beside it—it is all things to them.

There is joy that fills the Christian's breast
 Gold could not purchase with its mighty power—
 An undying peace, a sweet hallowed rest ;
 Gold is as nought to the true Christian's dower.

Though oft the good man in the fire is tried,
 The tempter's darts oft at him are thrown ;
 The foe had him down ; but the Christian cried,
 " Rejoice not, Satan ! Christ hath mercy shown."

And in powerful prayer he his Saviour sought—
The blood that still cleanses from every sin—
That wondrous fountain which Christ the Lamb brought
From heaven, to pardon and make pure within.

There was once a time he ran the giddy round,
And pleasure he sought in this sinful earth ;
In this broken vase no joys hath he found,
But in repentance found his second birth.

When the love of the Saviour thus filleth the heart,
How earnest to fill the Shepherd's pure fold,
As a good faithful preacher performing his part,
In saving poor souls not purchased by gold.

And after his living threescore years and ten,
And his hoary locks hath whitened his brow,
Both in season and out still labouring then,
Anxious poor sinners his Saviour should know.

O, glorious believer ! who hath borne the cross,
The fight of faith fought to serve thy great King,
And counted all earthly things else as but dross,
That thou mightest souls to thy Saviour bring.

There's a heavenly voice that beckons thee higher,
“ Come, and receive the reward for thy toil ! ”
He heareth the call, and his heart is on fire—
He longs to behold his Saviour's loving smile.

Look upward then now, the land is just in view,
That happy realm, the Christian's glorious home,
The mansion the Lord hath purchased for you,
And calls you to his rest—“ My beloved one, come ! ”

What a holy influence filleth the place !

It seemeth none other than the gate of heaven,
Where a standard-bearer thus ends his race,
Conquering grim death, by grace freely given.

The pearl-gates of heaven are all opened wide,
To welcome this true heir of glory there ;
See ! angels now are waiting at his bedside,
To waft him away, this pilgrim man of prayer.

All heaven is moved to see the victor come,
And saints and seraphs welcome him to bliss ;
Angels convey him to that heavenly home—
O wondrous glory ! toils to end like this !

But what form is that which meets his view,
On which he gazes now with joyous glee ?
“ I know ! 'tis Jesus, He who died for you,
And shows the scars He then received for me.

I see the mark upon that honoured brow,
Where thorns were placed, to purchase me a crown ;
The side they pierced, the hands and feet also—
In rapture lost, I at his feet fall down.”

And now we will think of him walking there,
In streets of pure gold, transparent as glass ;
And hear him exclaim, “ There's enough of bliss here
To make me amends for all I'd to pass.”

Then he sees some there who passed on before,
Sharing the joy in that blest world so bright,
To whom once he preached, and loved much more
Than all earthly pleasure that allures the sight.

He looks upon himself and then he says,
“ Can this be me with harp and crown of gold,—
Me with this robe of white that ne'er decays?
What wondrous glory now my eyes behold ! ”

And as he gazes on his Saviour King,
He joins with spirits in the song above :
There with the Redeemer he will ever sing
Loud hallelujahs for redeeming love.

Christ Crucified.

I OFTEN gaze upwards in stillness of night,
Beholding the planets, so glorious and bright,
And think of their grandeur and size :
And my spirit is filled with wonder and fear,
As I think of Him who created the sphere,—
And to Him my affections would rise.

And I ask, “ Can it be, that He who all made,
Calling things into being by a single word said,
Can e'er look with kindness on me—
Weak, simple, and low, rebellious and wild,
Oft spurning his love and mercy so mild,
Nor wishing his glory to see ? ”

I think of the wonders attending his birth,
 When angels sang peace and goodwill upon earth,
 And how hard he laboured for all ;
 I think of redemption—the glorious plan,
 Stamping God's own image again upon man,
 To raise him from sin's dreadful fall.

I think of the wondrous and great name of old,
 By saints and by prophets so often foretold,—
 O, Wonderful Counsellor, He !
 The omnipotent God, the eternal Sire,
 The great Prince of Peace, the foretold Messiah—
 In Jesus the man we all see.

I think of the wonders which He did perform,
 Stilling the waves, and calming the storm ;
 While the devils away from Him fled ;
 Of the lepers He cleansed, and the myriads healed,
 Giving sight to the blind, the gospel revealed,
 And Lazarus raised from the dead !

I think of the prophecies now all revealed,
 And how that in Christ they all are fulfilled,
 And astonished I look at the plan ;
 That He who created the earth and the skies—
 O, wonder of wonders, He suffers and dies
 For the souls of poor lost guilty man !

I think of the sun that in darkness was veiled,
 Of the cross upon which He was cruelly nailed,
 When in death He bowed his head ;

I think of the temple's veil rent in twain,
Of the dear Son of Man then dying in pain,
And of some rising up from the dead.

I think of his love to the rabble and rout,
Who repaid it again with their impious shout—
“ Away with Him, let Him not live !”
But amidst all their scorn and hellish disdain,
He uttered no sound of reproach or complain,
But prayed, “ O, Father, forgive !”

I think of the Roman centurion's fear,
As he gazed on the wonders exhibited there,
Exclaiming, “ This must be God's Son !”
I think of the power divine there displayed,
Enough to make sin-loving men all afraid ;
And of the great victory won.

With stern indignation my heart ever burns,
That his goodness should meet with such cruel
O, could I have e'er done the same ? [returns—
But, alas ! still, for me, against Him I sin,
Opposed to his Spirit the working within,
And this ever fills me with shame.

I think of myself through sin all undone,
And how utterly helpless I am to atone,
As the law now demands that I die ;
But looking to Calvary, joyful I see
God's only Son died and suffered for me,
And by faith now for pardon I fly.

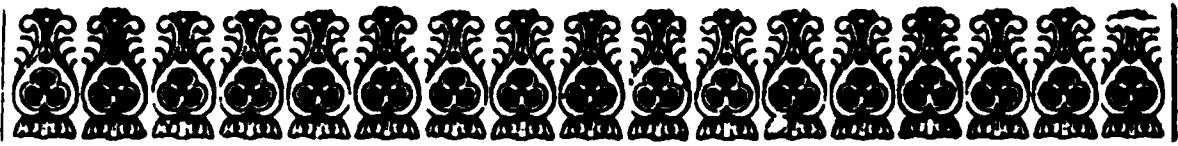
Humble, and yet by faith I'm made bold,
 On the Saviour's dear cross I fix my firm hold,—
 If I die it still shall be there ;
 And as there I gaze, and my Saviour I view,
 Saying, “ Poor sinner, this is all for you ! ”
 Faith banishes all of my fear.

I think of those mansions oft promised above,
 Purchased by his beneficent love,
 And my life seemeth nobly grand ;
 His friendship I have while dwelling on earth,
 And that makes my life of far greater worth,—
 As in Himself perfect I stand.

O, Jesus, dear Saviour, now reigning above,
 Draw me to Thyself by thy merciful love,
 In an endless communion divine ;
 In all my poor works may I lean upon Thee,
 A humble and penitent sinner to be,
 And pure in thy righteousness shine.

And when I have done thy work here below,
 O, call me to Thee, thy treasures to know,
 And in thy bright kingdom to rest
 With all the host ransomed who love and adore,
 Ever praising thy name on the heavenly shore,
 For ever to dwell with the blest.





On the Value of the Soul.

If every blade of grass which is displayed
In the green fields, in every nook and glade—
If every leaf in nature's lovely scene
Decking each tree and flower in hue of green—
Were into emeralds turned, even then the whole
Would be as nothing to a deathless soul !

If every sparkling dewdrop seen at morn
Glittering in hedge, on flower, or spreading thorn
Like pendant brilliants—on each leaf or bough,
Or purest crystal lit with sunlight glow—
Were to bright diamonds turned, even then the whole
Would be as nothing to a deathless soul !

If every grain of sand around each shore,
Washed by the ocean, vast as is the store—
Though infinite in number round each isle,
Could all be gathered up in one vast pile,
And to gold ingots turned—even then the whole
Would be as nothing to the deathless soul !

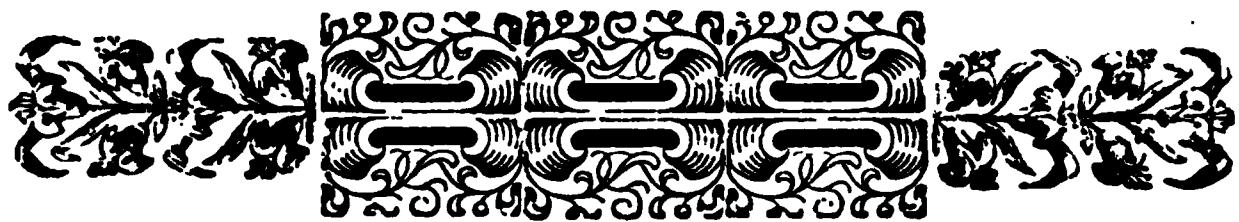
If every drop of every genial shower
 That falls on hills or plains or lovely bower—
 Which with its rich fertility doth bring,
 Till plenteous harvests from its blessings spring—
 Were into rich pearls turned, even then the whole
 Would be in value nothing to the soul !

If every star or planet seen by night,
 Studding the skies above with beams so bright—
 Or all we ever heard of—great and grand,
 From pole to pole, from skies of every land,
 Were altogether placed, even then the whole
 Would fail to purchase one immortal soul !

The soul will live when all has passed away,
 And time o'er worlds has ceased its mighty sway ;
 Scripture declares these orbs shall all expire,
 And earth dissolve in elements of fire.
 As long as ages ceaselessly shall roll,
 God's breath in man shall live—his deathless soul.

Then let us aim and do the best we can
 To save the immortal soul of every man.
 If others mock and God's great boon despise,
 And will not try to gain the glorious prize,
 But will be fools—rejecting God's control,
 We will his favour seek—and save our soul.





Lines

ON THE VISIT OF NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS TO THIS COUNTRY.

AWAKE, poetic muse ! and with thy earnest lays
Tell of old England in her ancient days ;
When her sons lived in rude and barbarous
style,

And naked danced around the burning pile—
The immolated victims to Woden's heathen god—
The idol then of Britain, our then benighted sod.
For midnight darkness then had rested on our land,
Before the Roman army landed on its strand.

But Britons then preserved their ancient valour good,
For years the Roman army gallantly withstood.

At length, o'erpowered by numbers, they suffered a
defeat,

And to their native woods they mostly did retreat :
But some were taken prisoners and sent away to Rome,
Leaving for a time their sea-girt native home.
Caractacus, their chief, stood there and gazed around,
Astonished at the buildings he in that city found.

Exclaimed :—“ O, why should such a mighty nation
 Bring to our English shores the fire of desolation ?
 With all this splendour round them, with all their
 pomp and pride,
 They could not leave in peace our island to abide.
 Surely, such a people, blessed with wealth so great,
 Could never wish to envy our poor and rude estate.
 And surely, they must see there's nought for us to gain,
 That they desire to bind us within a captive's chain.”

Such were the feeling words of this brave warrior-chief—
 He made his feelings known in hope to gain relief.
 Soon after this the Emperor made him free : once more
 Returned this noble Briton unto his native shore.
 Glad tidings soon were spread, when St. Augustine's band
 First brought true Christianity into our goodly land ;
 The Tree of Knowledge planted upon the British soil,
 From which such endless blessings have flowed upon
 our isle.

And men have gone from England to many a foreign
 shore,
 To propagate the Gospel among the heathen poor ;
 To each benighted land who've lived in darkness long,
 The lamp of life is lighted with its all-joyful song,
 The labours of our missionaries have been greatly blest,
 Opened the way for thousands to find the promised rest ;
 And now, throughout the world their sacred anthems
 ring,
 In praise of blessed Jesus, our Sovereign Lord and
 King.

New Zealand now has heard the Gospel's joyful sound,
And thousands there rejoicing in Jesus now are found ;
And from that distant land there hourly doth arise
Praises loud and earnest ascending to the skies.
And soon shall come that bright and long-expected day,
When all the earth shall bow before his mighty sway ;
Shall all acknowledge Him, and to his sceptre bend,
And shout their songs of praise unto the Sinner's Friend.

Once Lord Macaulay said, "that it may be the doom
Of England to decay and sink in shades of deepest
gloom ;

That in that day a traveller on London Bridge may
stand,

Sketching from the ruins of St. Paul's cathedral grand ;
And on this fine old city may rise another race,
And build a greater city on London's ancient space."

But that will never be long as the Gospel stands—
God's bulwark to protect all favoured Christian lands.

For on the English nation our God hath set his seal,
Bestowed his blessed Gospel, his servants to reveal.
Increased our nation greatly in dignity and might,
To send to heathen lands the Gospel's precious light.
And if we're only faithful unto his blessed cause,
Ever striving to uphold the honour of his laws,
Beneath his high protection at enemies we'll smile,
For God is sure to guard our glorious Christian isle.

Many battles have we fought, which made our foes
retreat,
Or bow down in the dust, most abject at our feet ;

While empires great have faded and fallen to decay,
 That time hath all destroyed and swept them all away.
 The desert now resounds with sad and bitter wail,
 Its funeral dirge is heard upon the midnight gale ;
 Idolaters there were, but now their time is past,
 While England's Christianity for evermore shall last.

And over all the nations Christ shall reign supreme,
 And all mankind shall drink salvation's healing stream ;
 For we have seen New Zealanders from their own
 native shore—

Their chiefs arrived in England, and his great name
 adore.

Once they were but cannibals, but now they've learnt
 the way

To sing the songs of Zion—before Him kneel and pray.
 On Southwark chapel's platform how meekly they did
 stand,

To tell the wonders God had wrought within their
 native land.

And our beloved country shall more and more increase,
 If faithful to proclaim the blessed word of peace.
 Excelsior ! be our motto—higher and higher still,
 Whilst the blessed message sounds aloud from hill to hill.
 We'll firmly serve our God and have no cause to fear,
 For He shall ever bless us all, and all our labours
 cheer.

Where'er the flag of England in freedom is unfurled,
 Our Christian principles may prove a blessing to the
 world.

Then listen, noble patriot, who loves thy country dear,
Its noble Christian principles throughout thy life revere;
Those precepts ever cherish that make thy country
great,
And everything debasing, O, chase away with hate.
Then shall our favoured country, with all its power
and might,
A blessing to the wide world be, with all its Christian
light;
With heavenly pointing flame her pioneers shall shine,
Until the whole world shall be filled with love and
truth divine.

*The Bright Light in the Clouds.**

HOW numerous the clouds that darken our course,
As we journey through life on our care-bestrewn
way,
That will threaten at times to shade with remorse,
And o'erwhelm our existence in gloomy array.

* Written on hearing the Rev. JOHN S. WORKMAN preach from Job xxxvii., part of the 21st verse :—“And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds.”

But although they may threaten we will not despair,
 And cheerfully through all their terrors will roam,
 For each cloud has a lining of silver so fair,
 That will guide every Christian on safe to his home.

The clouds of our childhood, when parents' hopes
 waver

In fear lest the beautiful bud should decay ;
 While appealing to heaven for merciful favour,
 To remove the dark cloud that endangers our way.
 'Midst paternal affection, and hearts filled with gladness,
 They watch the last shade of the cloud that departs ;
 Now the bright lining glistens and chases their sadness,
 Bringing rays of sweet peace and delight to their
 hearts.

The clouds of our youth, when the storms of temptation
 Encircle our footsteps, our souls to enthrall ;
 That darken the road to eternal salvation,
 'Midst scenes and transactions enough to appal.
 But through the dark shadows a kind hand extended,
 Disclosed the beams of brightness and love ;
 By pastors' kind teaching our lives are amended,
 And cloudless we view the bright mansions above..

When faltering in manhood, in worldliness waging,
 The clouds of backsliding embitter our path ;
 While mammon and pride all our thoughts are en-
 gaging,
 Thinking nought of God's mercy, his justice, or wrath.
 At length comes an hour when sickness and sorrow
 The latent spark kindles and fans to a flame ;

The cloud flies away, and we're brought ere the
morrow

To supplicate mercy, and call on his name.

What clouds will come o'er us when friends prove
unfaithful !

What temptations of evil encircle our mind !

When our bounty relieved them in the times most
needful,

They've proved most ungrateful and vilely unkind.

But, O, when a true friend once gladdens our dwelling,

Who proves in his heart and his dealings sincere,

How soon the clouds vanish—our pain all dispelling,

And our heart's best emotions in fulness appear.

The clouds of calamity gather around us,

When grieving to part with a dear treasured friend,

To whom the sweet ties of affection have bound us,

As over their last parting moments we bend.

But, O, what a halo of brightness surprises,

And chases for ever the dark clouds of gloom,

When we feel that the glorious spirit arises—

That the earthly alone is consigned to the tomb.

Dark clouds chill the frame as the aged decayeth,

When affliction with tottering steps may be seen,

As the brink of death's river the spirit approacheth,

With a slight single thread of existence between.

But how the cloud changes from shadow to sunshine,

When memory can bring no remorse for the past ;

When the last term of life spent resignedly praying,

In calmness awaiting the bliss that shall last !

46 *The Bright Light in the Clouds.*

Thus 'tis only when life has been frittered away,
While the bright clouds of mercy have ever been
near,
And the world's poor allurements have firmly held sway,
That death shows the clouds of desponding and fear.
No clouds chill or bleak or darksome soever,
In the breast of the lowest that treads the earth's sod,
Can terrors awaken, or confidence sever,
Who walks all his life in the favour of God.

None ever need fear, for God is e'er near us—
He rides on the clouds and the wings of the wind ;
Sends the beauty of nature and plenty to cheer us,
With a father's benevolence—loving and kind.
If clouds for a season seem darkening above us,
And complaining essays in our bosoms to dwell,
Cast away the foul tempter, there's brightness before us,
Be sure that our Maker doth everything well.

God's promise is faithful, his goodness unswerving,
To all who will seek Him and trust in his word ;
Through the clouds of deception his eye is observing,
The true Christian's pleading is sure to be heard.
Think not to deceive Him by faithless pretending,
The clouds of men's falsehood he pierces all through ;
But rather press on, to salvation transcending,
The brightest of happiness mortals e'er knew.

Let preachers and people now all work together,
The black clouds of Satan and sin to dispel,
Till all shall rejoice in the bright coming weather,
Where the host of redeemed in Paradise dwell ;

With earnestness meekly proclaiming salvation,
To cheer on the suffering, the toil-worn, and poor,
Till all erring souls in our much favoured nation
March onward with gladness to reach the blest shore.

Then vain all the clouds that come over our being,
The side of their brightness alone we shall see ;
In sanctified radiance before the All-seeing,
A crown with the blessed our portion will be.
Again, let's remember whatever may sadden,
What clouds may come o'er us as onward we roam,
Each cloud has a lining of silver to gladden,
And shed a bright light over every sad home.

*A Welcome to Garibaldi.**

HERE'S welcome to thee, GARIBALDI—
Thou bravest of the brave ;
The friend of glorious liberty,
Liberator of the slave !

* Dedicated to JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq., C.C., mover of the Freedom of the City of London to Garibaldi; and Honorary Secretary and Founder of the "Garibaldi Reception and Testimonial Fund."

As freedom's sons through England's isle;
 We hail thy coming here,
 And give thee a glowing welcome,
 With heart and soul sincere.

Thou patriot pure and noble,
 Unrivalled on the earth
 For thy virtues true and lofty,
 We love thee for thy worth.
 In bright and sunny Italy
 Thou'st made her children free ;
 Mankind through various nations
 Their homage pay to thee.

Bright as a beacon light of freedom,
 Where'er thou hast appeared
 Thou hast riven the chains of slavery—
 Thy fettered brothers cheered.
 'Tis not for thy own self-grandeur
 That thou hast fought thy way ;
 No, it was for thy suffering nation
 Thou battled through the fray.

'Twas for religious liberty
 Thy bravery was displayed—
 Opening the Inquisition prisons,
 Where captives long were laid.
 Thou opened each dark dungeon,
 The prisoners didst release,
 And bid them go and serve their God
 With freedom and in peace.

And 'tis such noble men as thee
The great pioneers have been,
As foremost ranking with the free,
Best friends the world hath seen ;
Who opened the way for the Bible
And its glories to display.
May all the sons of Italy
Be cheered by its brightening ray !

Let no narrow-minded bigots' creed,
Or church zeal—however right,
Twixt God and man ever interfere,
Let his conscience be free as light.
Let that be free as heaven's pure air,
Blessing each benighted sod ;
His right is freedom everywhere—
In his own way to worship God.

In vain shall despots' minions' voice
Be raised to cause thy fall ;
For freedom's sons shall thee sustain,
Defiant to them all.
Of thy fair glory all shall hear—
It flies from pole to pole ;
While British hearts all bless thy name,
Fear fills each tyrant's soul.

And all whose deeds forth nobly stand—
The great, the wise and good,
Shall hail thee as a kinsman true,
In lofty brotherhood.



They'll hail thee great among them all,
 And warmly grasp thine hand,
 Give thee a brother's welcome here,
 To our free native land.

And England now will gladly greet
 The man whose dauntless toil
 Has planted Freedom's banner oft
 On many a blood-stained soil.
 Whose efforts all unswerving firm—
 Whose every scheme and plan—
 Were formed to crush all tyranny,
 And free his fellow man.

All hail thee, liberator great !
 With pure affection greet ;
 With warmest hearts, both small and great,
 Come forward thee to meet.
 Thy self-denying lofty soul
 Leads thousands to aspire
 To emulate thy brilliant fame,
 And freedom to desire.

Foremost thou in every battle—
 Thy powers swayed the fight ;
 Ever in the cause of justice—
 Firm to uphold the right.
 Thy soldiers all to thee devoted—
 A faithful, loving band ;
 Well they helped thee win thy laurels,
 And free their native land.

What crown of gems, however bright,
Is meet to grace thy brow?
Gold and diamonds all would fade,
Thy glories forth to show.
The granite pile, or marble reared,
Would fail to show thy worth;
Long as man shall value freedom,
Thy fame will live on earth.

May Heaven's abundant blessings
Rest on thee, hero brave!
Whose soul—fired with devotion,
Risked life to free the slave.
Thine has been a bright example
Of deeds most nobly planned;
And Italy may well be proud
Of the hero of her land.

May peace be thy happy portion!
And free from battle's strife,
Around thee gather all good men,
And angels guard thy life.
May thy glorious bright example—
Thy actions nobly done,
Fire the patriotic bosom
Of each Italian son.

Let all tyrant despots tremble,
And hate thy honoured name;
But all the sons of liberty
Shall hand it down to fame.

Thy virtues they will emulate
 Through every land and clime,
 And GARIBALDI's name shall last
 Till earth's remotest time.

Another.

AIL, hail, noble patriot ! a heart proffered
 greeting !

Humanity welcomes and blesses thy name ;
 Every soul in our island receives thee with gladness,
 All honour thy virtue, thy worth, and thy fame.

Not alone for the mighty exploits of thy daring—
 All standing unrivalled in brilliant relief,
 That have borne their fair banner of freedom unsullied,
 And immortalled thy memory as liberty's chief :

“Tis the pure sterling truth of thy steadfast devotion,
 That rouses our country to honour thy worth,
 And moves the whole soul and the voice of our nation
 Thy presence to greet—as the noblest of earth.

'Thy love for thy country inspires veneration,
And warm blessings freely shower down on thy head ;
In thy advent we bow at the shrine of true freedom,
Whilst tyranny trembles and shudders with dread.

With hearts overflowing, we feel in thy presence
Emotions no language hath power to pourtray ;
The path that thou tread'st seems vested with goodness,
The sun's line of truth seems to hallow thy way.

GARIBALDI, thrice welcome ! the prayer of thy brothers,
Whose chains thou hast broken, and bid them be
free,
Of the captives once dying in tyranny's dungeon,
In gratitude rise to heaven for thee.

'The babes of thy country in lisping sweet accents,
'Neath mothers' fond teaching, shall prattle thy name ;
Historians and poets shall count it an honour.
To bear thy renown on the annals of fame.

O long may thy life—still surrounded with grandeur,
Be spared to partake of the fruits of thy toil ;
To see thy dear country united in freedom,
No foreign oppressors to darken her soil.

And Italy rise once again in her beauty,
Send her sons and her daughters to gladden the
world ;
Again may her hearts and her muses still flourish
Beneath the bright banner of freedom unfurled.



The Bible.

DEDICATED TO THE JUVENILE BIBLE SOCIETY.

GLORIOUS old Bible! the best book on earth.
It showeth how great is the soul's precious
worth;

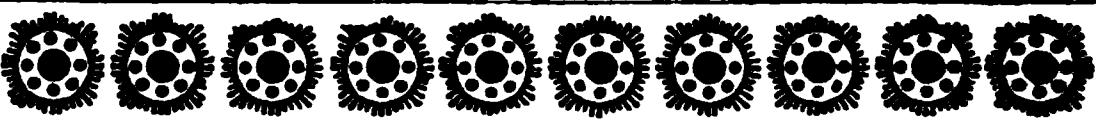
'Tis a gracious charter where we may all see
God's mercy and goodness to all men are free.
A lever, whereby man is helped to arise,
And seek for a mansion of bliss in the skies.
For a patriot band are those noble youths,
Who seek by all means to publish its truths.

This is the book which has made England great.
Dispelling our ignorance—raising our state;
Given to England to spread through the world,
Diffusing its truths where our flag is unfurled :
And if we desire true freedom for man,
We shall give all our aid to this glorious plan.
For a patriot band are those noble youths,
Who seek by all means to publish its truths.

Sometimes we hear enemies talk of this land—
They tell us that armies will come on our strand ;
But true to the Bible, we at them may laugh,
With God our protector, we'd beat them to chaff :
If faithful to Him, we'd invaders defy,
Yet will send them our Bible—to save them we'll try.
For a patriot band are those noble youths,
Who seek by all means to publish its truths.

Go on then, young friends ! in this work engage
For the glory of God and the light of the age ;
Do all that you can God's love to reveal,
Make your lives glorious, and labour with zeal
To spread the blest Bible wherever you can,
And be benefactors to perishing man.
For a patriot band are those noble youths,
Who seek by all means to publish its truths.

And be well assured if you work for the Lord,
Your labour and zeal He will early reward ;
And He'll be your guide through all the world's strife,
Will bless you with favour through this earthly life ;
And after you've done with the mission of love,
Will call you all home to his glory above.
For a patriot band are those noble youths,
Who seek by all means to publish its truths.



The Dream of Heaven.



ONE night, worn and weary, I went to my bed,
And my sorrows and cares hardly press'd,
When a beautiful vision came into my head,
And I dreamt I was safe with the blest.
No cares or sad thoughts overshadowed their brow,
They rejoiced in full glory above ;
The light from the Lamb did brilliantly glow
All full on the saints of his love.

But how can I tell you the beauties of heaven,
Revealed unto me in my dream ?
To mortals or angels it never was given
The power to describe the blest theme.
I'm longing to tell it, but feel at a loss—
So wonderful 'twas and so grand ;
And all upon earth seemed but refuse and dross,
When compared to that far better land.

But if now my memory will serve me aright,
I will tell of my dreaming so fair ;

Of the glory and beauty of that world so bright,
And the peace and the happiness there.

I saw the archangels, with gossamer wings,
There did seraphs and cherubims raise
Their voices in rapture, as each one now sings
So sweetly his great Maker's praise.

I have seen the bright sun sink away in the west,
Like a flame of pure amber and gold ;
But that, when compared with the saint's happy rest,
Was as nothing at all to behold.
With rapturous awe I looked all around—
New glories kept meeting my sight ;
A stream of pure happiness constantly found,
In this beautiful heaven so bright.

Its gates of rich pearl did in grandeur surpass
Far more than my thoughts could conceive ;
Its streets of pure gold were like clear shining glass,
More glorious than man could believe.
Its high walls were studded with rich precious stones,
Like sapphires and rubies they shine ;
In brilliance and beauty so matchless they show
The maker's the Builder Divine.

In amaranthine bowers, all clothed in white—
On their brow was inscribed the new name,
The white stone that glistens so lovely and bright—
Were the saints with the emblems of fame.
On earth they were never ashamed of the cross,
And conquered through Christ's mighty love ;

All worldly-sought gain they counted but loss,
And they reign now 'midst riches above.

And some I saw there who on earth were opprest—
In troubles passed over life's race ;
But in joy they arrived at the home of the blest,
And were saved by the riches of grace.

Their clothes—soiled and ragged—were taken away,
And white robes were supplied to each one ;
In glory celestial, reflecting Christ's ray—
In his image they shone like the sun.

I saw a clear river, so pure and so bright,
That flowed on, refreshing all there ;
It dazzled my eyes as it streamed in the light,
And, like crystal, resplendently fair.
The Lamb to this river of water did lead
The flock He redeemed with his blood ;
In lovely green pastures his saints He did feed,
And his love comforts in that abode.

The blest tree of life it was there bearing fruit,
Of its virtues all there could partake ;
All blessings were there the righteous to suit,
And those who had lived for Christ's sake,
Who'd accomplished some mission for Him upon earth.
To bring others to love Him and praise,
And lead them to seek for the Spirit's new birth,
Who from death to a new life did raise.

My soul seemed enraptured with holy sweet joy,
Seeing myriads of saints walking there ;

In hymns of loud praise their time they employ,
Singing sweet in that region so fair.

On a throne of bright jasper the Almighty King
Displays the rich fund of his love ;
The rainbow illumines—the choirs loudly sing,
And fill the whole heaven above.

One I loved I saw there, with scars and with wounds,
Calm holy rays beamed from his face ;
With loud hallelujahs his temple resounds,
All his saints now rejoice in his grace.

Sweet music arose now from trumpets and strings—
Flowing melody on my ear broke,
In praise of their Saviour—the great King of Kings,
While in ecstacy sweet I awoke.

Revivals of Religion.

WHAT are Revivals? and what do they show?—
God's wonderful love to mankind below ;
For He hath the power—if his churches
will pray,
To save a whole nation in one single day.

'The church is the light of our God on this sphere ;
 'The Bible the light by which his saints steer ;
 'The gospel, the life-boat, to us sinners sent,
 'That Christ preached on earth, wherever He went.

'Tis Christ's people's duty to preach it to all,
 And sternly uphold it whatever befall ;
 A Christian that's idle, wherever he's found,
 His duty neglects, while men fail around.

But the church's opponents very often will say—
 ‘What good is it for you to preach and to pray ?
 And why do you make this fuss and this noise,
 'The worlding to stop from earth's carnal joys ?

‘Why not let him take all the pleasure he can ?—
 For short is this life, and contracted its span ;
 'Then let him alone, and let him enjoy
 The pleasures of life, if his soul they destroy.

“Yes, let him alone ! what is that, then, to you,
 That about his great soul you make this ado ?
 It is nothing to you—that I know very well,
 If he's journeying to heaven, or going to hell.”

Mortal man ! let us beg you—entreat you—take care ;
 Of slighting God's word I would have you beware ;
 'The wicked He can consume with a breath,
 And send them direct to eternal death.

But Christians must labour and sow the good seed—
 What mortals may say they never must heed ;
 They must use their talents—by God to them given,
 'To rescue poor souls, and direct them to heaven.

To me, a true Christian's first duty appears
To fear God and do good wherever he steers ;
If he saves but one soul from sin's erring ways,
For ever that convert will show forth his praise.

What would be said of us, if when passing by
We heard from the river a piteous cry,
Appealing to us a poor creature to save
From losing his life in a watery grave ?

The world would say truly we were worse than brutes.
If we passed by unheeding on other pursuits,
And left a fellow-creature to sink and to die,
With power to rescue, but cared not to try.

God's churches in apathy ne'er should be found,
Whilst sinners are daily departing around ;
But their duty to him is to labour and pray,
That God his great mercy and power would display.

Thy Spirit, O Father, from heaven now pour
On this city a full and benevolent shower ;
While for a revival thy church lifts its voice,
O, hear Thou their prayers—let thy children rejoice.

Receive thine own work in our land, we now pray,
And show thine own power in a Pentecost day ;
Throughout many lands thy grace has been shown,
And glorious showers have fallen on our own.

We bless thy great name where'er Thou hast trod,
Showing to man 'twas the work of our God,
All glory to Thee—thy servants shall tell
How much Thou hast shaken the shackles of hell.

Come now, blessed Lord, and show forth thy sway,
 And send us thy blest Holy Spirit's bright ray,
 And over earth's darkness shed wonderful light,
 To fill all the world with thy presence so bright.

Soon may all the earth before thy throne bow—
 We know it will be, let us each see it now ;
 Dispel, we beseech Thee, old Satan's dark night,
 And over this earth put forth thy blest right ;

And then the whole world very clearly will see
 All revivals whatever proceedeth from Thee,
 As tokens they're sent of thy fatherly love,
 To prepare us to dwell in a heaven above.

The Saviour's Invitation.

" Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

 MIDST scenes of trial and numerous foes,
 O, where shall I go to seek for repose ?
 Dear Saviour, I come unto Thee ;
 Weary with sadness, the sound of thy voice
 Oft causes my trouble-worn soul to rejoice
 That happy with Thee I may be.

Thy voice, dearest Jesus, is oft heard to say,
“ On Me all your cares and your sorrows now lay,
 In Me find a haven of rest ;
For envy and pain, tribulation and strife,
You'll meet and endure through the course of your life,
 But in my love you still shall be blest.

“ Come now to the life-giving waters, O, come,
And find for yourself a peace-giving home,
 Your long-sought and solacing place ;
Drink, drink of the life-giving stream that I give,
Stoop, poor thirsty soul, drink freely—and live—
 From the streamlets of God as they flow.

“ If the way be as dark and as black as the night,
Look faithfully up to thy guide for the light,
 And rest upon me, weary soul ;
Draw from the pure fountain which streams from
The river of God overflowing with love, [above,
 And thou shalt then be made whole.”

We certainly know there are many an one,
Have proved Thee often their shield and their sun,
 Through this vale of darkness and tears ;
They come unto Thee to heal every wound,
And quickly revived their souls they are found,
 On Thee they could cast all their cares.

Our great and good Shepherd has promised to keep
In safety his ransomed and purified sheep,
 On the bread of his love they may feed ;

His love to them all He daily will show
 Throughout all their pilgrimage dwelling below,
 Then all to his green pastures lead.

There is nothing can move from the Almighty hand
 Those who on the Rock of Ages shall stand,
 For on Him their foundation's secure ;
 On this firm corner-stone how strongly they build.
 The rock that no storm can loosen to yield,
 Their defence and their hiding is sure.

O fix me, dear Saviour, on this solid rock,
 That I may be free from each earthly shock,
 Let me in thy sweet image rise ;
 Each day help me on to live unto Thee,
 From evil repining and murmuring free,
 To press for my heavenly prize.

Before Thee in holiness joyous to walk,
 Continually anxious of thy love to talk,
 Nor ever thy good Spirit grieve.
 With what Thou bestowest, O make me content :
 My life in thy cause shall ever be spent,
 While here upon earth I may live.

How oft have I drank of the heavenly stream,
 And felt all my joy come only through Him,
 Enjoying the beams of his light ;
 And glad on the staff of his friendship below,
 To lean upon here, as forward I go,
 Till faith is all changed into sight.

Feeling earthly affections no pleasure afford,
Like the glories in store for our final reward,
When Christ our Redeemer shall come
To call every weary worn soul to his rest,
To repose in delight on his holy breast,
In the promised mansion at home.

Then let the world move at the Almighty's will,
We're journeying onward to Mount Zion's hill,
The glorified spirits' abode ;
And soon we shall see that his ways were the best,
To lead us by love to the land of the blest,
The promised abode of our God.

Yes, thousands have gained that glorious land ;
Though sorely tried here, they did firmly withstand,
Made strong through his almighty love ;
They conquered all through much patience and faith,
Victorious proved over Satan and death,
And now reign in glory above.





Secret Power.

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

AH! Is it so, St. Paul? What can you mean?
Strange statement this, upon our earthly scene!
Is it not vanity for you to say,
You can do all things in your pilgrim way?
But stay! I see it's not in your own might,
But Christ the living Way, the Truth, and Light.

Ah! Paul, in this with you I will agree,
For in his power the weakest saint can be
Made mighty by his all-sufficient grace,
And valiant be in this his earthly race;
By Christ he may in good works oft abound,
In fruits of righteousness be ever found.

There we may listen to his loving voice,
And in his strength may evermore rejoice;
And we may always hear Him kindly say,
"My strength is given equal to thy day;"
And glad may be, although in deep distress,
And rest in Him who surely will us bless.

And thus we may, just like St. Paul of old,
Keep journeying on towards the heavenly fold ;
Still doing all things with our earnest love,
Till He transplants us to the fold above ;
Living to Him we shall find all secure—
This Rock of Ages ever shall endure.

Human Frailty.

“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the
Lord abideth for ever.”

 ALL, all is fleeting here on earth,
Subjected to continual change ;
Their value is of little worth,
With all the things that men arrange.
But those who build their hopes on high,
And seek to lay their treasure there,
On faith’s strong pinions upward fly,
And live above this world of care.

On Christ their Blessed Saviour rest—
On this Rock they build secure ;
And with his Spirit here they’re blest,
And thus their happiness is sure.

The mansion promised by his love
 Firm as Eternity shall stand—
 The Christian's glorious home above,
 Jerusalem the better land.

The Great Commission.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

HE word shall win its widening way,
 For God hath said the word ;
 Then let each one be valiant still,
 In fighting for their Lord.
 For sure the victory we shall gain,
 If for Him we shall fight ;
 And earth shall shout his praise again,
 For sending peace and light.

Though clouds and darkness o'er our camp
 Hang thick in dread array,
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
 And make a glorious day.

Lord, help thy servants where they are,
Thy radiance let us see ;
And bless thy missionary sons,
And give them victory.

The combat of the living truth
Right well our fathers fought ;
Though many years have passed and fled,
Since first the word was taught.
And still we grasp within our hands
The weapons they used well ;
Armed with the blessed Bible Truth,
We'll beat the hosts of hell.

Though many years have passed away,
Religion's still the same
As when the Patriarch Abraham
Felt faith's enkindling flame.
And we, too, by the help of God,
Its living light shall raise ;
And plant the cross in every land,
And labour all our days.

Long lines of saints are looking down,
A white-robed host are they—
Our fathers in the faith, and lived
To light an evil day.
And we will follow in the track
Of those who've gone before ;
When life is passed, again we'll meet
On the eternal shore.

Then children of the saints arise
 To follow those of old,
 Who now have gained the glorious prize,
 And strike their harps of gold.
 God calls on us to trample down
 The dragon-monster—Sin ;
 And then receive a glorious crown,
 And hear Him say “ Come in.”

The Death of the Righteous.

“ The righteous hath hope in his death.”

WHAT sweet peace there is surrounding the
 dying,
 When he reaches the margin of life in the vale :
 The fountain of being in him is fast dying,
 The cheek which once bloomed is now haggard and
 pale.

But list to his voice, as with his latest breath
 He tells you “ the righteous hath hope in his death.”

He tells you of joy o'er his spirit now beaming,
 Of hope which does always his bosom illume,

Bright visions of glory on his soul are streaming—
They gild the dark valley, which leads to the tomb.
His soul is in rapture, while with his last breath
He whispers “the righteous hath hope in his death.”

Thus, over his bed the angels are waiting,
To carry his soul in triumph away ;
To those who surround him he keeps on relating
The joys which await him—to each one does say,
“ I shall soon be in heaven, and with my last breath
I tell you ‘the righteous hath hope in his death.’ ”

O, thus let me conquer, my Saviour, through grace,
Assist me to run till I gain the great prize ;
And when I have finished my course Thee embrace,
In that world of glory, beyond the blue skies.
When friends gather round me to catch my last breath,
O, show them “the righteous hath hope in his death.”

O, may we at last as righteous men die,
Our spirits depending alone on the Lamb ;
And then He will beckon us each to the sky,
Where we shall for ever exalt his blest name.
And then we shall prove the Scripture which saith
To each one, “the righteous hath hope in his death.”



Inward Folly.

“The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.”

FOOLS may say that my faith is deception,
“A doctrine of priests—a fable—a lie ;”
And the sceptic refuses to give it reception,
And says “ ‘tis all folly on such to rely.”

But I envy not those of their boasted opinion,
But laugh at their folly when faith they deny ;
It always gives peace in every dominion,
And teaches the Christian in triumph to die.

The foul tongue of slander may try defamation,
And seek by injustice each good to revile ;
But those who have seen the power of salvation
Will say that no malice its name can defile.

And this is the balm of our sweet consolation,
That soothes the sad heart when with sorrow distressed—
The hope of the Christian in his contemplation,
Some day to reside in the land of the blest.

Let them say what they will of our glorious foundation,
The Rock of our safety—despise it who may;
Fix'd on this Rock is our certain salvation,
Secure it shall stand when earth fades away.

Our religion through life we surely may cherish,
And glorify God with lives just and pure;
For the sceptic shall in his unbelief perish,
While the Christian's Salvation shall ever endure.

Prayer.

“ Pray without ceasing.”

WHAT is prayer? The soul's desiring:
'Tis the spirit's communion rare,
In wishes to our God aspiring—
A tear is oft the loveliest prayer.
What is prayer? Converse with Heaven;
Wings to soar from earth away;
Most precious boon to mortals given;
Christ charged us all to watch and pray.

Oft hath grief my heart been rending,
 For it knew not what to say ;
 It strove to rise, but swift descending,
 I groaned to feel I could not pray.
 But my trembling soul that fluttered,
 Dark, disconsolate, dismayed,
 O'ercame and conquered, as it uttered,
 For in that deep groan it prayed.

Then Satan fled, the Spirit entered,
 Gloom and doubt were chased away ;
 And my soul on Christ was centred—
 Then 'twas pleasing work to pray.
 Thus praying, we resist the devil,
 Near praying breath he cannot stay ;
 It keeps and guards the soul from evil—
 O, think on this and ever pray.

When vain and worldly cold professors
 With stumbling-blocks shall bar thy way,
 Heed not their words—become possessors,
 Look to Jesus—watch and pray.
 In Him feel all your consolation,
 Look to Him to clear thy way ;
 Take Him for your great salvation,
 Love to go to Him to pray.

When in waves of sorrow sinking,
 When your brightest hopes decay,
 Still on former mercies thinking,
 Spite of feelings, strive to pray.

Oft in hours of fierce temptation
Satan triumphs, faith gives way ;
Search what cause for condemnation—
Look to Christ, believe and pray.

When a selfish world is frowning,
When its threats would cause dismay,
And its cares your thoughts are drowning,
Close your hearts to all and pray.
When near death your fabric sinking,
The spirit parting from the clay—
When you feel life's bowl is breaking,
In that solemn moment pray.

The Saviour's Promise.

“I will never leave thee.”

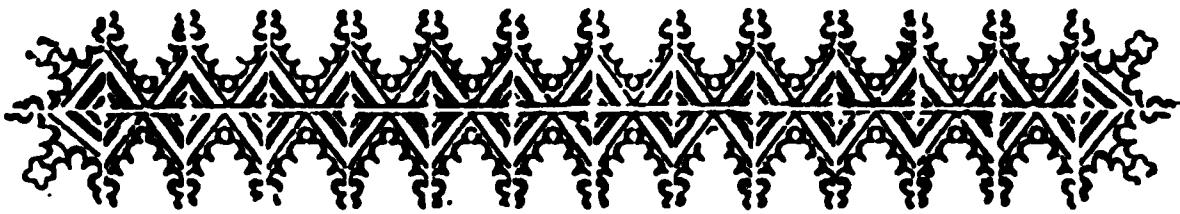
HAST Thou said Thou will not leave me ?
O, Thou God of truth and love,
Hast Thou promised Thou will ever
Faithful to that promise prove ?

Not to me alone thou speakest,
 O thou gracious, loving Lord ;
 But to all in Christ—the weakest,
 Thou proclaim'st the wondrous word.

“ I will never leave thee, never !
 I, thine all-sufficient Lord ;
 I, thy shield and buckler ever,
 Thy exceeding great reward.
 I can well preserve thee ever,
 All thy foes and dangers see ;
 And will suffer nought to sever
 Thy confiding soul from Me.”

Lord, thy goodness thrills my spirit,
 ‘Tis enough thy word so passed ;
 I thy presence shall inherit,
 Long as endless ages last.
 Thou wilt never leave me, never,
 God of love, on whom I call ;
 God, my God, and mine for ever !
 And for ever all in all.





Gratitude.

“ What shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies toward me ? ”

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive,
From God's, the bounteous giver's hands,
My soul what canst thou give ?
Mercies that make my cup run o'er,
For every blessing given ;
Drawn from God's all bounteous store,
And glorious hopes of heaven.

Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth ?
My best works stained with deadly sin,
My all is nothing worth.
The best returns for one like me—
So sinful and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw the plea,
To ask Him still for more.



And then when I shall see his face,
 And bow before his throne,
 I'll sing the wonders of his grace,
 And bless the great Three-One.
 I'll tell of mercies gone and past,
 That led me in his way ;
 This, this will be the song to last
 Through an eternal day.

Trust.

“ Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.”

GREAT God ! to Thee what gratitude I owe,
 For all thy mercies shown me here below ;
 Bought by thy Son's most precious blood divine,
 All that I have—O consecrate it thine.
 But O how weak are all my vows to Thee,
 In myself such sinful weakness I see ;
 Hold Thou me up, O God ! shall be my cry,
 Though weak I am, on Thee I can rely.

For Thou hast power and gracious love to save
Me from all sin—the power of hell to brave ;

And whither should I go, but unto Thee ?
O Rock of Ages, unto Thee I flee !
Fixed on the Rock, I have my faith assured—
Thou hast for me eternal life secured ;
And feel through faith, in the atoning blood,
Thou art my Christ, the glorious Son of God.

Viewed in the light of heavenly things divine,
How little earthly things appear to shine ;
Riches and fame, with all their earthly joys,
The mind of man soon satiates and cloys.
The pleasures all, that o'er our minds hold sway,
Are fleeting all, and fading fast away ;
For this world holds so many burning snares,
“ Dangerous to man ”—the word of God declares.

Lord, let me find Thee in thy Gospel Word,
And rest my soul on Thee, my gracious Lord ;
Have all my functions by thy grace renewed,
All sin in me by thy great love subdued.
May mighty grace in me its power display,
To save me in thine own appointed way ;
And in my heart delight to rule and reign,
Nor of thy absence ever more complain.

Hold Thou me up by thy own truth and love,
Send forth thy spirit from thy courts above ;
And O, in sinful me now deign to show
What thine almighty sovereign grace can do.
Thy gospel, Lord, can all our souls revive,
May I obey its voice, and in Thee live ;

My sins all pardoned—clothed by Thee afresh,
My heart of stone turned to a heart of flesh.

Hold Thou me up, and my whole soul renew,
That all may see and love my Jesus too ;
The love that saveth me doth here engage
A safe defence for all from Satan's rage.
Be Thou my pattern, make me here to bear
Thy gracious image—and thy love declare.
Then God, my judge, shall own my humble name
Among the followers of the glorious Lamb.

Enlighten with thy Spirit's heavenly ray,
My shades and darkness—turn them all to day ;
Thy Spirit's whisperings make me ever know,
Be Thou my refuge while I'm here below.
And let my conscience hear thy gracious voice,
And trembling, in its mighty Lord rejoice ;
Fix on Thyself my faithful, steadfast mind,
And all my springs of blessings in Thee find.

Enter my soul with all thy lovely train,
Let it the Master's richest love contain ;
For others' souls thy loving pity feel,
And fill them all with pure and earnest zeal.
Be Thou my portion and my happy choice,
Hold Thou me up, in Thee may I rejoice ;
Help me to bear from Thee each earthly rod,
O, fill my soul with glory, gracious God.



Jacob's Complaint.

"All these things are against me."

WHEN over life's path shadows gloomily fall,
And affliction and sorrow attend on our
steps,
How cheering to think One's above ruling all,
Who over his children a constant watch keeps.

And works, too, in wonders, for their good he loves,
He controls every thing by his almighty power :
And a well-tried friend He constantly proves,
Dispensing his love in a glorious shower.

"All things are against me," the patriarch said,
When from Egypt his ten sons again had returned ;
"My Joseph is gone ; I know that he's dead,"
And all consolation from them he thus spurned.

"And you would take away Benjamin too,
My youngest, best comfort, and joy of my life—
The dear cherished boy of life's short day of woe.
All that's left me of Rachel, my best beloved wife.

“O, do not of him my sad soul bereave,
 Or let him from me, his father, be torn,
 Nor leave me for him in lone sorrow to grieve,
 Lest in sorrow my grey hairs to the grave shall be
 borne.”

He little thought, then, he his Joseph should see,
 Or that Providence had him ordained to be sent
 Into Egypt, the family preserver to be—
 There fixed by his God with the kindest intent.

He little knew, either, the ruler who spake
 To his sons so roughly as spies, when they came,
 Was the son for whom his poor heart did ache—
 The second in Egypt, and Joseph that same.

But the corn was soon gone ; they must go again
 To Egypt’s full storehouse, to purchase some more.
 To let Benjamin go caused his father great pain,
 As fearing they never his son would restore.

“But if he must go, then a present you take
 Of spices and fruits, for the governor there,
 And God grant you favour, and me ne’er forsake ;”
 So bowed he his spirit in reverent prayer.

Nor thought he the governor’s sternness would melt
 When into his house his brethren were brought,
 Nor ever thought he what his son Joseph felt,
When, melting to tears, his chamber he sought.

But the brethren before him began most to fear,
As conscience to memory brought back the black
deed,
When they Joseph's pleading refused to hear,
Nor cared how they made his fond bosom bleed.

They thought of the time when his raiment they took
To their sorrowing sire, as his clothing he rent ;
" Some beast hath devoured him," they said, with sad
look,

When, bold with this falsehood, they unto him went.

He never thought Joseph again he should see,
Or that God had him sent, his own life to preserve ;
And had any one said that his son e'er would be
A ruler the nation of Egypt would serve,

He'd have said that it could not possibly be,
Nor anything of it could he have believed ;
The ways of his God he could not then see,
Or he would not so hard for Joseph have grieved.

The waggons are sent, they make him revive,
And he longs to go down from Canaan's land ;
" I will go," he said, " and while yet I live
The goodness will own of God's mighty hand."

How weak is our faith when to trouble we're brought,
And on a sick bed in sorrow are laid !—
Think, when we're cast down, that we serve God for
nought,
And of being abandoned are sadly afraid !

In many a case this, alas ! is the way,
 And we cry, " All this now is against me ; "
 But it is to bring low at his feet, and to say,
 " O God ! our help and our trust be in Thee ! "

Then let us break off that harassing chain,
 That burdens our mind so oft with despair,
 And ne'er at his ways with our pining complain,
 But cast, all through life, on Him every care.

Consolation.

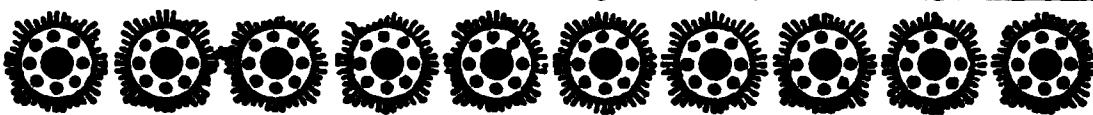
" Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"**B**LESSED are the mourners," Jesus said,
 " Who sorrow on account of sin :
 In them my mercy is displayed,
 And heaven they are sure to win."
 Fret not, poor mourners, on the road,
 That brings you nearer to such bliss ;
 Look upward to that blest abode,
 Where end the heavy toils of this.

'The blackest cloud to us displays
 The rainbow in its brightest form,
Reflecting God's own covenant rays—
 The bow of peace succeeds the storm.
. So in the darkest storms of life,
 When rough waves nearly overwhelm,
Remember, through this earth of strife,
 That Christ is always at the helm.

'Tried souls of Christ, with trusting mind,
 Doubt not his love, you are his care ;
'To lambs like you he calms the wind,
 And tells you never to despair.
. 'Tis He alone can guide you well
 Through life, if on Him you depend ;
-'Tis He your fears can all dispel,
 And prove life's best and faithful friend.

And He shall pilot your frail bark,
 Shall bid temptation's storm to cease,
And when it seems to you most dark,
 Will still the waves, till all is peace.
The storms of life may round you war,
 And fill your soul with anxious fears,
You're journeying on, and soon will soar
 Above this world of sighs and tears.



Resignation.

“Thy will be done.”

MY Father, God, to Thee I humbly bend,
Convinced in Thee I've ever found a friend ;
Parent, I'm living by thy power supreme,
And grateful love still shall be all my theme.
To Thee I bow at this the evening hour,
To praise thy goodness and extol thy power ;
Thou art my friend, and I have lived to see
Thy gracious bounty showered down on me.

O, help me now, with grateful sense imbued,
To offer up to Thee my gratitude ;
That Thou art love thy nature does reveal,
And thy benevolence I daily feel.
O, keep me in the narrow path, I pray,
Leading me on thine own appointed way ;
Save, I beseech Thee, through thine only Son,
Help me to gain the plaudit of “well done.”

Help me each day thy mercies to rehearse,
In songs of love offer up every verse.
Take from me all that feeds my selfish pride,
Help me to cleave unto thy loving side.
Help me, by thy good Spirit ever trained,
To find again my Paradise regained ;
And in each trial, through thy loving Son,
To say " My God, my God, thy will be done ! "

The Mariners' Friend Society.

 At Wapping, in the east, you'll find
A charity to bless mankind,
Which is established to do good
To sailors in that neighbourhood ;
And now I will try to rehearse
Its benefits in simple verse.

Its *Mission Work's* a glorious plan
To save benighted fallen man ;
Leading to Jesu's blessed fold,
A Shepherd they in Him behold ;

This Seamen's Bethel is the place
Where nought is preached but sovereign grace.

'Tis here you'll find in every tongue
The *Bible* both for old and young ;
In twenty languages are tracts,
To give on board of ships or smacks,
And these do oft a blessing prove
The sailor's stubborn heart to move.

On board the *Ravensborne* the crew,
Numbering in all just thirty-two,
Were through these means divinely blest,
In Christ they found the promised rest.
The sailors asked the mate to read
A tract—'twas bless'd to them indeed.

The *Free Schools*, too, are spreading light
'Mongst those who sat in darkest night ;
Visits are made—each child brought in,
The teacher seeks their hearts to win.
The low, the poor (these are the rules)
All find a welcome in these schools.

The *Missionaries* preach the word
Inviting men to Christ the Lord.
The docks are visited each day,
To sing, to read, to preach, and pray ;
On vessel, barge, or on steamboat,
These services are held afloat.

May we not ask each patriot true
To help us?—there is much to do.
To benefit our fellow man,
United effort is the plan.
Reader, if you have aught to spare,
Pray think of *Wapping*, send it there.

Relying on God.

 REATOR and Ruler divine,
Thy presence all nature doth fill;
All worlds and all beings are thine,
All ages roll on at thy will.
All nations compared with Thee
Like dust in the balances weigh,
The isles are a speck in the sea,
And thousands of years as a day.

Ere beamed the first light of the sun,
Or earth's deep foundations were laid—
Ere time had its courses begun,
Or man in thine image was made—

Relying on God.

'Thy throne from eternity stood,
 And Thee thy dominions proclaim
 All-wise, and all-holy, and good,
 In might and in mercy the same.

'Though guilty and helpless we are,
 And Thou art of glory the King,
 The poorest may pour out their prayer,
 The meanest thy praises may sing :
 The highest must bow at thy feet,
 The lowest may rise to thy throne,
 The abject in Thee be complete,
 The vilest thy mercies may own.

As creatures, for succour we fly ;
 As sinners, we seek a reprieve ;
 As mortals, who shortly must die ;
 As souls, that immortal must live.
 As humble disciples, we sue
 For strength to reach on to the prize :
 That the days we are spared to renew,
 May leave us more meet for the skies.

We pray for the land of our birth,
 That peace may with plenty be crowned :
 That truth may spring up on the earth,
 And righteousness flourish around.
 As men, who in brotherhood join,
 For nations in darkness we pray ;
 Arise ! Sun of glory, and shine,
 And pour down the brightness of day.

Where brutish idolatry reigns—
Where blind superstition depraves,
Break, mighty Redeemer! the chains,
And liberty publish to slaves.
Go forth with thine heralds, who bear
The message of mercy abroad ;
This year a rich harvest prepare
Of souls gathered home to the Lord.

What is Faith?

FAITH is the cable of the soul—
FA A rope when stormy billows roll ;
Its anchor hope within the veil
When tempests rude our souls assail.
How glorious to have a calm,
To sit and sing a holy psalm ;
To realise sweet peace and joy,
And cheerfully our powers employ.

'Tis well the soul should have relief,
Arising from a firm belief ;
Not in the maze of error led—
The *clouds of life* we so much dread.

Some feel, but all good feelings spurn ;
 Some scorn, because they cannot learn ;
 Some, tossed upon the sceptic's foam,
 Decry heaven as their future home.

Some with knowledge are puffed up,
 Who never taste religion's cup—
 The antidote of human woe ;
 With earthly wisdom on they go.
 Others, on faith's strong pinions borne,
 Rise far above all human scorn ;
 They mount as on an eagle's wings,
 And see, by faith, the King of kings.

They have the martyrs' dying faith,
 For they believe what Jesus saith ;
 They hear the heaven-convincing theme,
 And know it is no idle dream.
 They see the orbs which night displays—
 The countless host whose paler rays
 So beautifully gem the sky,—
 And thus their thoughts aspire on high.

They see the stars of lesser light
 All moving in their course aright,
 Each guided in its wondrous way—
 The moon by night, the sun by day.
 In these they see infinity,
 Mysterious as the Trinity,
 Far, far beyond all mortal sense,
 The work of God's omnipotence.

I see these wonders of the night—
My soul is humbled at the sight,
As I the vast creation scan,
And then compare with works of man.
O, God of power, how can it be?
My spirit asks—I cannot see—
Why Thou for worms like us shouldst die.
I'll trust in Thee, on Thee rely.

The Pleasure of Doing Good.

 S through this life we journey on,
What sore distress we meet,
Of others as they show to us
Their troubles, in our street.
The lame, the sick, the halt, the blind.
We find in many a place;
The miseries of human kind,
The woes of Adam's race.

But we may have a joy sublime,
If we our portion bear,
To mitigate these woes of time,
And dry up sorrow's tear.

God wills that man should never live
 Unto himself alone ;
 But that he should his talents give
 To help each sorrowing one.

Be thankful for his every gift,
 And use them for man's good ;
 Let charity thy bosom lift,
 As every Christian should.
 Show thyself as one who learns
 Thy gracious Master's laws ;
 His love, that in thy bosom burns,
 Shall help thee in his cause.

Thou canst have pleasure in this way,
 By drying sorrow's tear ;
 Thou canst do good in this your day,
 And help their woes to bear.
 Be glad thou hast it in thy power
 To cheer the dying in their pain ;
 Be glad 'tis thine to pass an hour
 That shall be recompensed again.

Yea, let thy time on earth be passed
 In doing all the good you can ;
 Here it fails us long to last,
 Do your part in God's great plan.
 So when you before Him stand,
 The sentence then for you shall be—
 “ Inherit now the promised land,
 You did for them, 'twas done for Me.”



Missionary Enterprise.

MANKIND are equal in God's sight—
The bond, the free, the black, the white ;
He made us all, then freedom gave—
God made man, man made the slave.
But there are willing slaves of sin,
And these our missions try to win.
Great God ! send down thy saving love,
Thy Holy Spirit from above,
And let thy servants do their best—
In blessing others be each blest.
May all who try men's souls to win,
And save them from the guilt of sin—
Who nobly wage the battle strife,
And fight Christ's cause through all their life—
Who heart and hand work in the cause,
And show to men the hallowed cross—
Great God ! their humble efforts bless,
And crown their work with great success ;
Till the bright beams of heavenly light
Chase from this earth sin's hellish night ;
Till the full blaze of gospel day
To all thy glorious grace display ;

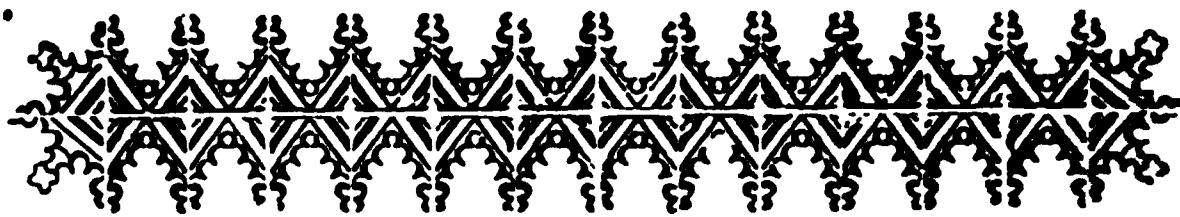
This earth, a wilderness of woes,
 Shall bud and blossom as the rose.
 Yea, shine on all mankind, O Lord,
 Bless every nation with thy word,
 And let thy glorious kingdom come—
 Call every wandering sinner home ;
 Bind Satan with thy powerful chain,
 And take thy rightful power to reign ;
 Let all mankind upon Thee call,
 Till Thou Thyself art all in all.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

FAITH, with its lovely beams so bright,
 Shines through our world, and yields us light.
 Which to the mind of man displays
 The glories of our future days.
 With soaring wings, faith forward peers,
 And looks into our coming years.
 A telescope for Christian eyes,
 Believers by their power applies,
 Till on faith's mountain strong they stand,
 Gazing into the promised land ;
 What prospects are thus brought to view,
Proving religion to be true.

Hope looks backward to God's plan,
Devised to save rebellious man ;
Looks onward, through the gospel glass,
Till promised blessings come to pass.
Hope warms the mind with constant glow,
Waiting until God's mercies flow ;
Content to labour and to wait,
'Midst storms and calms, its coming fate ;
Steady progressing through life's ways,
Anticipating brighter days.
Thus, hope is found amidst the strife,
Expecting everlasting life.

But charity or love we find
Brings heaven at once into the mind,
Basks in the promise God has given,
On earth it realizes heaven.
Through faith and hope we mount above,
But charity's the power of love.
Faith with expectation glows ;
Hope procures the soul repose ;
Charity takes each in turn—
Makes the heart's affections burn.
Faith and hope in heaven above
Are lost in everlasting love.



The Good Man's End.

"The end of that man is peace."

BEHOLD a son of Adam's race—
Redeemed by blood and saved by grace—
Called home to his eternal rest,
To be with Christ for ever blest.

Though born in sin—a child of woe,
Yet early taught himself to know ;
Drawn, by Jehovah's boundless love,
To fix his hopes on things above.

He felt himself a sinner lost,
Yet gloried in a Saviour's cross ;
No works, no merit of his own—
His trust was fixed on Christ alone.

His heart with sacred truth well stored ;
His map and chart, God's holy word :
Its precious promises were sweet—
His joy, his trust, his heavenly meat.

How strong, how firm his faith and love—
His best affections fixed above ;
'Twas his delight to search and trace
The height and depth of sovereign grace.

How many years he lived to prove
The strength of God's unchanging love ;
His heavenly Guide, his faithful Friend,
Preserved and kept him to the end.

His hoary head with honour crowned ;
Though weak his voice, his judgment sound ;
Strong in the power of Jesu's might—
His blood-washed soul for glory right.

When death announced his soul's release,
How calm the change—his end was peace ;
And angels bore his soul away
To realms of everlasting day.

The battle's fought, the victory's won,
The armour dropped, the crown put on ;
No more pent up in mortal clay,
He reigns in everlasting day.

O, could we see him now at rest !
His head reclines on Jesu's breast,
In the bright mansions love ordained,
No more by sin or sorrow pained.

Farewell, dear saint ! we say farewell !
No longer on this earth to dwell ;
The tomb shall hold thy mortal clay
Until *the great resurrection day.*

Like him, I soon must yield my breath,
 And lay this body down in death ;
 O, may my end like his be found,
 With joy and bliss and glory crowned !

The Beauty of Night.



COULD my soul, like David's, catch the fire
 Of inspiration rare while viewing worlds of
 light,
 All thoughts of earth would then from me retire—
 My mind would soar to contemplate the night.

The glorious sun now sheds its latest ray,
 And all its golden beams from earth retire,
 Tinging with glory closing scenes of day,
 While every hill seems capped with glowing fire.

How sweet to scan the soft approach of night,
 As from the east it slowly wends its way !
 Fast from our view now fades the glimmering light—
The landscape sleeps beneath its ebon sway.

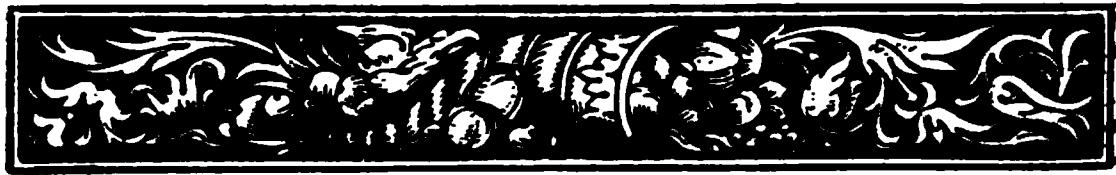
Now, faintly gleaming o'er the dark blue sky,
The glittering stars their softer radiance throw,
Piercing the veil which shuts them from the eye,
Till heaven's grand arch is one resplendent glow.

Mark with what lustre o'er the mighty sea
The full-orbed moon—the empress of the scene—
Sails in the pomp of cloudless majesty,
Gilding the prospect with her dazzling sheen.

What glorious thoughts entrance my wondering soul
When in the silence of an hour like this !
What heavenly music o'er my senses roll,
Bathing one's spirit in a sea of bliss !

O royal Psalmist ! thou didst feel its power,
When thou didst wondering ask, "Lord, what is
man ?"
A worm—an atom—creature of an hour,
Compared with God's great universal plan.

Like thee, our thoughts we now would upward raise ;
Like thee, with gratitude our hearts ascend ;
Like thee, give to Jehovah all the praise,
Both now and evermore, world without end.



Old England's Power.

THOUGH the guns of old England no longer are
hurling
Destruction on ships of France or proud Spain.
Yet insult her, and soon her pennant unfurling
Will show you old England rules over the main.

Though her navy lies moored on her peaceful waters.
And over her decks peace seemeth to reign,
Let but the boatswain pipe his tars to quarters,
They would soon prove old England rules over the
main.

Then think not, ye despots, whose dreams of dominion
Have painted her glory and power on the wane:
Let the demon of war at her shake his pinion—
Her decks would be manned to rule over the main.

The shades of her Nelson around her would hover—
His name through her ranks would re-echo again:
And the crest-fallen foe, when the conflict was over,
Would acknowledge old England ruled over the
main.

Though they may not know our old warriors' glory,
Who enwreathed on the ocean deeds of their fame,
Let them read her history, and there find the story
How England, old England, ruled over the main.

Has all Europe forgot when the waves of Aboukir
Were dyed with the blood of the vanquished and
slain ?—

When Trafalgar saw Nelson with blood sign the
charter

That England for ever should rule o'er the main ?

By the death of her warriors undaunted she swears
O'er the ocean her trident of power to maintain ;
Unconquered herself, the vanquished she spares,
For England, old England, rules over the main.

Some may sneer at the flag unfurled on each ocean,
And try with their treachery its freedom to chain,
Yet must bend submissive in war's rough commotion,
For England, old England, rules over the main.





The Men of Briton.

I LOVE my country ; who is there will dare
To invade my beloved land so fair ?
Whose sons are hardy, bold and brave—
Would fight unto the death to save
Their homes, their children, and their wives,
And for them sacrifice their lives.

England's brave sons will do or die—
In fiercest battles they will never shy ;
On sea or land, it is well known,
True courage they've at all times shown ;
And whenever war's banner they've unfurled,
Have proved a terror to the world.

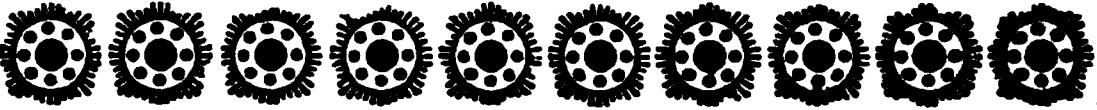
Against them at Agincourt were three to one,
And yet the victory they nobly won.
Henry the Fifth, the hero of the day,
Unto his army thus did bravely say,
“ Is there a man in my army afraid ?
Let him go home, let his passport be made.”

Not one in all that noble army's band
Wished to return unto his native land,
But fought like lions on that battle-field,
And the whole French army forced to yield ;
Beaten by Briton's sons, they fled away—
Thousands were slain in that bloody fray.

England long has swayed the sceptre of the sea,
Bidding mankind under her rule be free.
Trafalgar and Nile saw her brave sons beat
Superior numbers in the hostile fleet ;
And Briton's history does plainly show
We have no reason now to fear a foe.

Waterloo showed how bravely they could fight—
How their oppressors they could put to flight ;
How nobly there they did the victory gain !
And the British flag is seen in every plain.
Through all lands, then, who is afraid
These foes will e'er our native land invade ?

If they are bold enough they soon may come,
But they'd be glad again to get back home ;
One hundred thousand riflemen so brave
Would send them quickly to an early grave ;
A hostile foe now landed on our shore
Would be destroyed and never heard of more.



England the Light of the World.

SHINE, Britain, shine ! thy virtues we commend :
Thy light to distant nations shall extend.
A city on a hill cannot be hid,
Nor canst thou be, while Heaven lifts up thy head.
Shine, Britain, shine ! O, send the Bible forth
To each benighted corner of the earth ;
Till all with joy its richest blessings taste,
And share with us the glorious gospel feast.
O, happy people ! highly favoured isle,
Which shares the sunshine of Jehovah's smile !
The scenes thy sons and daughters have enjoyed
Kings have desired to see, but were denied.
We hope the sounds of discord soon will cease,
And angels sing a universal peace !
And still we pray, Lord, let thy kingdom come.
And bring thy many ransomed children home.
Both far and near thy sway extend,
By all our ships thy glorious message send.
Let Bethel flags, high waving in the air,
Call seamen to engage in praise and prayer.

May they, reformed, the great assembly join,
Speak with new tongues, and sing in songs divine.
Then heathen lands with mercy shall abound,
And Christ be worshipped the wide world around.
At thoughts of this the lonely desert sings
To see Christ worshipped as the King of kings.
See ! glorious prospects all around us rise,
And angels' songs shall fill the upper skies ;
While liberated captives shout applause
To Zion's King and his victorious cause.
Hasten, O Lord, the long, long wished-for day,
When, favoured with thy truth's enlightening ray,
Poor hottentots shall raise the song divine,
And savage Turks the heavenly concert join ;
When blacks and whites—a vast redeemed throng—
Shall all unite to swell the mighty song,
Worship one God, and hail Him Lord and King—
Through the world the Saviour's praises sing.

The Retrospect.

THE retrospect of former days
Is solacing and sweet employment,
It makes our providential ways
Both food for profit and enjoyment.

I muse in silent ecstacy
 On many a happy friendly meeting ;
 And while I feel a lively joy,
 I mourn to prove those joys were fleeting.

No, not fleeting : their still sweet breath
 Remains o'er time and change victorious ;
 Their odours shall revive in death,
 And make eternity more glorious.

Hope dies not while at Jesu's feet
 Our faithful spirits hold communion,
 And by anticipation sweet,
 Look forward to eternal union.

Though hid the ways of Providence,
 We'll acquiesce in calm submission ;
 We walk by faith—nor sight nor sense,
 And bow and bless his wise decision.

We know our Father's hand controls,
 We trust He will approve and love us ;
 On Christ we build our faithful souls,
 Nor from this rock shall aught remove us.

Past hours of social intercourse
 Are fraught with many a bright reflection,
 And though we often mourn their loss,
 They fondly cling to recollection.

And while we take a calm review,
 We feel a sacred consolation ;
 The hand that guided hitherto
 Will end the glorious consummation.

And as we view his gracious care,
In adoration meekly bending,
Ascends to heaven our grateful prayer,
Like incense to the throne ascending.

It rises to yon sapphire throne,
Where heaven's High Priest appears before it,
Andmingleswithourprayershisown,
And breathes sweet holy incense o'er it.

He brings it in his hands to God,
The Holy Spirit o'er it hovering ;
Points to his wounds and streaming blood,
And all sins' cleansing fount discovering.

The heart of God it moves on high ;
The hosts of heaven are all in motion ;
The love that sent his Son to die
Fills all their souls with deep devotion.

The countless company are there—
There with the blest they hold communion ;
Departed is all earthly care,
With Christ they're joined in endless union.

Who would not then here bear his cross,
And ask for help here to be given ?
To count no sacrifice a loss,
To gain a brilliant crown in heaven ?

How happy then the man whose life
Can bear a retrospect unflinching ;
Where truth's gems shine through ills and strife,
And all the snares of earth unquenching.



Life's Sermons.

OUR preachers they are always teaching
Life is subject to decay;
As bubbles perish—they are preaching—
All shall die and pass away.
Each fragile flower in its decay,
Each summer's shower that passes by,
To all of us the truth is saying,
“The time will come when you must die.”

The fallen leaves in autumn lying,
Bestrew the ground and plainly say—
“O, let us each, while time is flying,
Now make the best of life's short day.”
It is a solemn thought—how fleeting
Is our existence here on earth !
But Jesus calls us, with love's greeting,
Unto a brighter, holier birth.

Yet God, our God, our Father dearest,
A throne on high for all hath made ;
Through all the earth his love appearest,
In lustre true, time ne'er can fade.

His mighty works our earth adorning,
A sermon teaches to mankind ;
The starry night, the beams of morning,
Instruct the calm and thoughtful mind.

And sickness preaches to our hearing
A sermon bidding all prepare ;
Passing our lives in heavenly fearing,
That we the promised rest may share.
But let us all, each hour improving,
While here on earth time flies away,
Be sure that onward we keep moving
To heaven above, where's no decay.

Foreign Missions.

REAT God, what offering shall I bring
To aid our missions' righteous cause ?
That makes dark heathen lands to ring
With joy beneath thy glorious laws.
How many an Indian, once so wild,
Has now been taught to read and pray ;
And Thou hast owned him for thy child,
And brought him forth the heavenly way.

And many a lost benighted race
 In darkness sunk beneath the sod,
 Now own their priceless crowns of grace
 To gospel pioneers of God ;
 Who, braving clime, disease, and pain,
 'Midst burning heat and withering cold,
 Salvation for the lost to gain,
 A home in Christ's redeemed fold.

Each torrid zone, and frozen pole,
 Have heard the blessed gospel's sound ;
 O, may its gladdening tidings roll,
 And everywhere with light abound.
 And still the glorious gospel rays
 Shine forth to bless and cheer the world,
 'Till every land exult in praise,
 Beneath Christ's banner wide unfurled.

For God hath formed the human race
 Of soul and flesh and blood the same ;
 All free to gain his sovereign grace,
 Whate'er their colour, caste, or name.
 Then let us do our duty here,
 Towards the heathen show our love,
 Let each one labour in his sphere,
 To guide their souls to heaven above.

Great God, the offering I would lay
 Low at thy feet, is one poor heart,
 Who humbly seeks from day to day
 The warmth of gladness to impart ;

To soothe the erring wanderer's breast,
To bring him to the Christian fold,
To guide his steps to peace and rest,
When Christ with saints communion hold.

The Life Boat.

HE winds lash the waves, the surge mounts on high,
Still the crew of the life boat the tempest defy,
The blasts of destruction they brave;
'Neath the thunder's loud roar and the lightning's flash,
With stout British hearts, on they fearlessly dash,
'Midst the cries of distress and the ship's breaking crash,
 The hopeless and drowning to save ! .
Huzza ! man the life boat, and let the storm rave,
Our watchword is rescue !—we'll perish or save.

O'er the white crested billows she manfully sweeps,
Like an angel of mercy she gallantly leaps,
 Rejoicing all terrors to brave.

Now lost to the view, now mounting on high,
 As flash after flash illumines the dark sky, [fly,
 Through the death-dealing torrents and breakers they
 As the hapless they hasten to save.

Huzza ! man the life boat, and let the storm rave,
 Our watchword is rescue !—we'll perish or save.

Hark, hark ! the wild shout—now heard 'mid the
 blast,

Huzza ! now they board her—the grapnel is cast ;
 'Tis joy from the wreck that is heard !
 They rescue her crew from the rigging and mast
 Of the ill-fated barque, and on they speed fast—
 To the shore the boat flies like a bird.

Huzza ! man the life boat, and let the storm rave,
 Our watchword is rescue !—we'll perish or save.

Like sea dogs they shake the wet spray from each
 vest ;

The fears of the rescued are past and at rest,
 While a sobbing and heart-touching prayer
 From a fond mother rose, as her sailor boy pressed
 In safety once more to her joy-beating breast ;
 And a husband again by a fond wife caressed,
 And joy takes the place of despair.

Huzza ! man the life boat, and let the storm rave,
 Our watchword is rescue !—we'll perish or save.

Haste hither, ye wreathed ones, with victory crowned,
 Say where in creation rich gems may be found,
 To sprinkle on honour's bright pile,

All worthy of yours in a wreath to be bound.
What jewels too costly their brows to surround,
What praise is there equal their merits to sound,

The men who dare death for a smile ?

Huzza ! man the life boat, and let the storm rave,
Our watchword is rescue !—we'll perish or save.

Then build them a home where old age may glide—
Twould redound to our country's honour and pride—

Till they reach the confines of the blest ;

Where kind mercy hovers, where justice would chide,
And win them a prize oft to greatness denied,
Blotting out all their follies from life's erring tide,

As they journey in peace to their rest.

Huzza ! man the life boat, and let the storm rave,
Our watchword is rescue !—we'll perish or save.

The Re-erection of a Chapel.

THY days are all numbered, for Time's iron hand
Lies heavy, old chapel, on thee ;

But long be remembered the patriot band
Who braved even death and each monarch's command,
Till they won for their children the boast of our land,

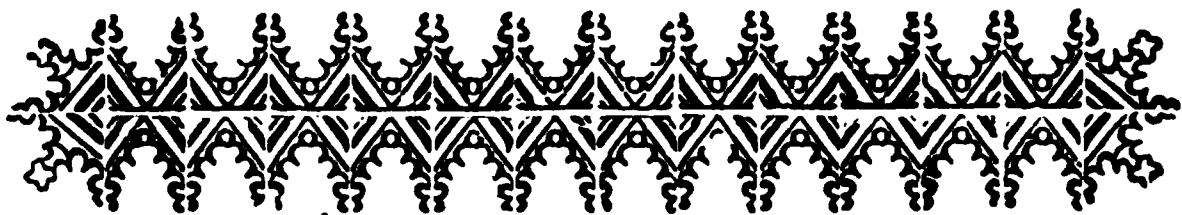
That man's conscience should ever be free.

But though thou must fall, from thy ashes shall rise
A more costly and beautiful shrine ;
Where our children may worship Jehovah, and prize
The memory of those who to yonder bright skies
Have been called for their worth from all earthly ties,
As stars in his presence to shine. .

When the chosen of old to their Maker would rear
A temple, wherein to adore,
The rich gold of Ophir they held not too dear,
Nor the wealth of their kingdoms, his name to revere,
Of Him who in visions had deigned to appear,
They deemed all an offering too poor.

Then let not our dwellings be decked and arrayed
With grandeur and pride to behold,
When houses of God are imploring our aid,
When time-honoured structures have sunk and decayed ;
If you give to his cause you shall be repaid,
And become the bright sheep of his fold.

Cast fearlessly, then, on the waters thy bread,
And He who sees all with his eyes,
Ere the days of thy life shall have vanished and fled,
Shall return in bright blessings tenfold on thy head,
And thou, through life's valley, in safety be led
To thy glorious home in the skies.



The Contrast.

HOW shall my feeble muse pourtray
The end of those who pass away
Without their sins forgiven?
Of those who waste their time on earth,
And let it pass in sin and mirth,
And never seek for heaven?

Can mortal man the horrors trace,
Upon that pallid dying face,
Who finds now to his cost
That from the world he's forced to go,
To sink 'midst anguish, pain, and woe,
With those for ever lost?

All language fails and is too weak
Of the impenitent to speak,
Who're filled with sad despair;
No ray of hope now can they gain—
On their past life they look with pain,
The future dread to dare.

A painful sight, glad would they fly
To Christ for mercy, e'er they die,
 But fixed is their doom ;
The harvest past, their mercies end,
And now their guilty souls descend
 To everlasting gloom.

The Judge arrayed in glorious power,
Though long delayed the avenging hour,
 Now on each guilty head
The summons comes without delay—
“ Depart to punishment away,
 On thee my wrath is shed.”

Their sins now stare them in the face,
How they despised God’s loving grace,
 And pleading now is vain ;
For hell is open to each eye,
Now racked with dark despair they cry
 In anguish and in pain.

And there in deepest misery placed
Among the lost, by fiends embraced,
 Yet never to expire ;
They once would jeer at things divine,
In evil with companions join—
 Now dwell with them in fire.

My muse would now a contrast show,
And leave these solemn scenes of woe,
 And sing a holier strain

Of others—saints that graced our earth,
Whose pure religion, truth, and worth,
Chased sin and care and pain.

And thus we leave the fallen throng,
And turn to one whose dying song
Was faith and hope so bright ;
Whose sins, through Christ, were washed away,
Who fought faith's fight in life's short day,
Then soared to endless light.

As his last lingering moments come,
He's waiting to be gathered home—
Just view his radiant smile ;
No stings of conscience cause alarms,
Embraced within his Saviour's arms,
He rests from all his toil.

His troubles here for ever cease,
He's longing to depart in peace,
According to Christ's word :
“ I've done with earth, and now I feel
My anchor's cast within the veil ;
I'm waiting for my Lord.

“ Come, angel hosts, fetch me away
To brilliant realms of endless day,
To join with you in song !
To chant of Christ's redeeming love,
Amidst triumphant hosts above,
With the holy, happy throng ! ”

The summons comes—by death released,
 His joys for ever are increased ;
 He joins the holy band ;
 While all the saints their voices raise,
 He chants with love his Saviour's praise,
 In the upper, better land.

Loud hallelujahs he will sing
 Before the throne of heaven's High King,
 In lovely meekness crowned ;
 His joys will never have an end,
 For Christ will ever be his friend—
 At his right hand be found.

My Native Land.



LD England, my native land, what shall I speak
 of thee ?

Thou art above all nations, land of the brave
 and free.

The waves that wash thy shores, now loudly lift their
 voice,
 And sparkle in the sunbeams, so freely they rejoice.

On the cliffs that guard thy coast, around our happy isle,
I see bright freedom's beacon flame, with fadeless
splendour smile ;
To cheer the hardy labourer's lot—the more successful
home,
And sweeten all with happiness, where'er its blessings
come.

Old England, thou art greatly famed in the annals of
the world,
Thou art renowned for enterprise, where'er thy flag's
unfurled.
The voice of fame exalts thee high through every
distant clime ;
A world thou art within thyself—thy triumphs swell
with time.
The freedom of thy press and speech sheds mightiest
influence round,
Is fast dispelling ignorance from off thy glorious ground ;
The tree of knowledge flourishes upon thy happy shore,
And shall dispense its healing leaves, when time shall
be no more.

Old England boasts her heroes great, in many a battle
famed,
And long as this dear isle shall last, a Nelson shall
be named
With honour as the nation's pride, who served his
country well,
And in the hour of victory he for that country fell.

“England expects each man to do his duty!” loud
he cried,

Then fought the foe, and victory gained, but in that
victory died;

He nobly did his duty then, and England mourned
her son,

For with such a hero’s loss the victory’s dearly won.

Old England mourns her Wellington, whose noble
deeds of arms

Abased Napoleon’s vaunted pride, and stayed his
war’s alarms;

That eagle-crested hero great, who many a battle won,
Yet struck his flag at Waterloo to Britain’s valiant son.

“Up, guards, and at them!” was the charge our
noble soldier gave,

And gallantly was he obeyed, for the guards were
nobly brave;

The grand old guards of France so brave, that ne’er
had feared a foe,

Before old England’s sons gave way—fled from the field
of woe.

Old England mourns her Havelock; posterity will tell
Of many glorious heroes’ fame, who for their country
fell.

But we hope the day will shortly come when com-
merce shall be found

Bringing peace and joy and plenty to all the world
around;

While true religion's glorious laws shall bind the
tribes of man
In golden links of friendship true, each other's good
to plan.
Then, then the world shall soon become a family of
love,
And having done their work on earth, shall meet in
heaven above.

My Much Loved Prize.

BE still, fond heart, nor let thy throbbing tell
How warm you beat for her you love so well ;
The sigh subdued, the tear and blushing cheek,
Discover thoughts the tongue can never speak.
Why is it thus ? 'Tis honour stills my voice—
I'm yet too poor for her I'd make my choice ;
Yet I'm resolved with manly zeal to rise,
And gain her maiden heart—my much loved prize.

When fortune gilds my now aspiring name,
With others blazoned on the scroll of fame,
I'll then declare how oft my heart has beat
To lay myself, though humble, at her feet.

I'll tell her then how ardently I strove
 To raise the flame, the mighty power of love ;
 'Twas loving her that caused me thus to rise,
 And then I'll fondly ask my much loved prize.

The boon is granted. Like music is her voice—
 It has the power to make my loving heart rejoice ;
 My love's returned, with pure affection fraught.
 Her blushes tell how oft of me she thought.
 She now rejoices, in love's transcendent bloom,
 To be the darling helpmate of my home.
 What gratitude ! I feel my star of hope did rise
 To send me this life's joy—my much loved prize.

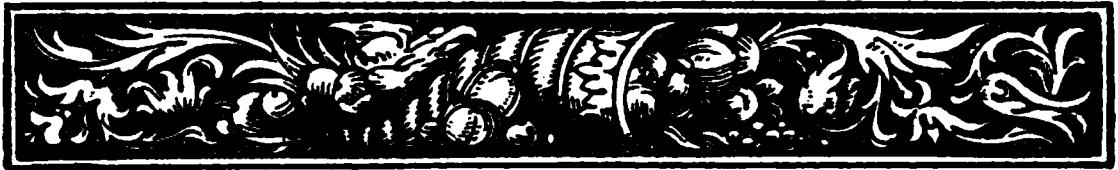
The Lost Soul's Lamentation.

WHAT would I give were life's probation
 Allowed once more to me again,
 I would not then slight my salvation,
 Nor treat my Saviour with disdain.
 For life's allurements I would never
 Barter my soul—no worlds could buy,
 I'd count loss all things else ever,
 To gain a mansion in the sky.

No more should worldly pleasures blind me
In vice to cast my soul away;
Life's nothingness should e'er remind me
To make the most of life's short day.
No more should Satan make me sever
From my salvation and the Lord;
I'd hourly strive to gain for ever
That mansion promised in his word.

Life's course has past and I am lost,
Alas ! in torment doomed to dwell ;
Called by his Holy Spirit's voice,
I scorned to hear, am now in hell ;
And here for ever must remain,
No hope to cheer my woes—no end,
For ever waiting racked with pain,
For slighting thus the sinner's friend.

O sinner ! think before too late—
Life back you never can recall—
The next life's an eternal state,
O, now on Christ for mercy call ;
Then when before the judgment seat,
With nations at his bar appear,
Bright endless joys you then shall meet,
By serving God while dwelling here.



The Returned Prodigal.

SEE, the prodigal home is returning,
Long fed on the husks of the earth ;
On his brow shame and sorrow are burning,
As he's seeking the home of his birth.

Yet over his soul there is beaming
A light shed from Calvary's brow,
Though tears o'er his features are streaming,
And the tide of his grief overflow.

A penitent spirit comes o'er him,
Now softening his heart, once of steel,
And he looks with a new light before him,
With a conscience awakened to feel.

In the dark gloomy silence of night
A voice has broke in on his ears,
Which he heard with enraptured delight,
And he thinks 'tis some seraph he hears.

His soul thrills with trembling and awe :

“ God save the poor sinner ! ” he cries ;
“ Though often I ’ ve broken thy law,
Yet mercy still dwells in the skies . ”

A blest welcome ! now banish thy sadness :

A glorious light from above
Now brings consolation and gladness
From the mansions of heavenly love.

Thy petition is heard, and thy fears—

Which thy sinning has caused—shall depart ;
Thy sorrows, repentance, and tears,
Through Christ, shall bring peace to thy heart.

Thou art weighed and found wanting ; but though

Thy sins as bright scarlet appear,
Jesu’s blood washes whiter than snow—
Redemption through Him we have here.

The prodigal, once sinful and wild,

Through his blood now made spotless and clean,
Is adopted once more as his child—
At his feet a true Christian is seen.



My Redeemer.

SEE there my Lord upon the tree—
I hear, I feel, He died for me !
O love divine, how can this be ?
Say, dear Redeemer !

O, say and speak it to my heart,
That from thy love I ne'er depart,
But of thy fold may form a part,
Thou great Redeemer !

In thy fond heart soft pity dwells ;
The gospel thy compassion tells ;
My heart with loving rapture swells
To our Redeemer.

Upon the cross He bore my load,
And for my sins He shed his blood,
And thus disarmed the wrath of God,—
Did my Redeemer.

For me his head was crowned with thorn,
For me his side was pierced and torn ;
He hath my sins and sorrows borne—
My kind Redeemer !

On me He hath compassion shown,
For me He breathed the dying groan,
For me He pleads before the throne—

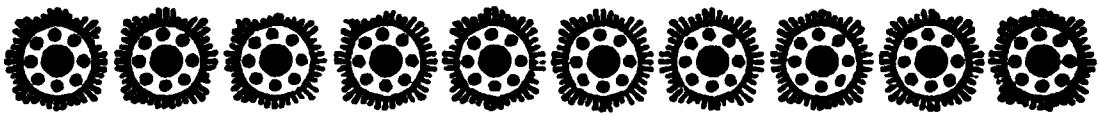
My blest Redeemer!

My Advocate and Priest above
Shows there the tokens of his love,
And thus my truest friend doth prove,—
My good Redeemer!

My Saviour, now I trust in Thee,
For now my guilty soul is free;
Jesus, I know Thou lovest me,—
My own Redeemer!

And when Death comes to seize his prey,
And I from earth am called away,
May I behold, in endless day,
My dear Redeemer!





Farewell

OF THE DYING SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

BOY.

WILD was the night, the storm loudly raging,
When poor little Tom stood on the deck,
The ship with its fury in battle was waging,
Alas ! to become a most terrible wreck.

Tom then thought of home—of those who were dear.
Of mother and sisters, from whom he did part,
And he lifted his sleeve to wipe the sad tear,
And sobbed “dearest mother !” with his breaking
heart.

The dark clouds in wildness are rolling along,
The flash of the lightning hastens to destroy,
The sea waves seem chanting a funeral song,
And pale is the brow of the desolate boy.

But hark ! now the ship on the rocks is dashing,
The masts all broken go by the board,
The planks and the timbers now are all crashing,
No life boat to save—“ Have mercy, good Lord ! ”

No fond mother near to hear his last sigh,
No sisters or brothers to pray for him now ;
But in the wild breakers to perish and die,
Far from his home his body laid low.

“ Good bye, dearest mother, good bye now to all !
For these my last prayer on earth shall be given ;
Time there was given on Jesus to call,
And I hope to meet all in the harbour of heaven.”

‘The storm is now over and bright is the dawn,
Alas ! it discovers the wreck on the shore ;
The night that was dismal brings him a bright morn,
But the crew of the ship are heard of no more.

Welcome to Lord Clyde.



HAIL, hail ! once again to the shores of Great Britain

We welcome our hero in safety returned,
Whose deeds on the column of fame shall be written,
For he shall receive the laurels he's earned.

That son of the highlands with honour unclouded,
 The muses of Burns hath oft raised thee in song ;
 The bright Caledonia with valour unshrouded,
 What glorious renown to thy cities belong !
 What hardihood, daring, and fortitude ever
 Hath filled the patriots of Scotland's fair land !
 The fiercest of wars or tumults could never
 Chase fire from the bosom or warmth from the hand.
 Ever true to their chieftain, like rock in position,
 No foe in their presence a hold could maintain ;
 Thou hast, gallant leader, returned from thy mission,
 We greet thee, Sir Colin, with welcome again.

Thy Crimean achievements are duly recorded
 On memory's escutcheon fresh ever in mind—
 Those deeds which our country has loudly applauded,
 When the first post of honour to thee was assigned.
 When Alma's loud cannon like thunder was roaring,
 And death-dealing grape-shot spread terror around,
 The highlanders' volleys like lightning were pouring,
 The foe was destroyed and covered the ground.
 But upward you bounded, all terrors defying ;
 From the trumpet's first sound when the day had begun,
 You ceased not advancing till the foes were all flying
 And the batteries ceased firing, for Alma was won.
 Then hail, noble chieftain ! thy fame is enduring—
 Through ages to come it shall still be the same ;
 In grateful remembrance its lustre ensuring,
 We greet thee, Sir Colin, with welcome again.

Balaclava, too, saw the pride of thy daring,
The proud Russian army were scattered in flight ;
In the midst of thy soldiers their perils wert sharing
In the cause of thy country—the battle for right.
Throughout that campaign, when danger loomed o'er us,
With the foremost assailants you always were nigh ;
Like a star of success you then shone before us,
And led on the army to conquer or die.
And likewise in India's far climate maintaining,
With valour undaunted, much skill and success,
Those ties of allegiance to country pertaining,
With high traits of daring and honour no less.
And now thou'st returned to thine own noble nation,
A soldier—a patriot—in heart, limb, and brain,
To receive from our Queen marks of high approbation—
We greet thee, Sir Colin, with welcome again.

Never Repine.

 O not repine when fortune frowns on thee,
Or when severed rudely is friendship's fond
chain ;
Up, up and be doing, hope smiles o'er the lea !
And loss of a false friend is true ones to gain.

'Tis vain to repine—despair's a dark shadow,
 That phantom-like round feeble hearts doth entwine ;
 In this world for us all there is sunshine and sorrow,
 Then up and be doing, and never repine !

Never repine, storm clouds soon pass over ;
 Trouble, when past, it is best to forget ;
 While memory of bright days—sweet hours of rapture—
 Will oftentimes sad ones beguile from regret.
 From our hearts let us banish the dark and the stormy,
 The pleasant and happy we then will enshrine ;
 In the world for us all there is sunshine and sorrow,
 Then up and be doing, and never repine !

The Saviour's Assurance.

"It is I; be not afraid."



LET me never quit thy side,
 My Saviour and my Friend ;
 Still deign to be my gracious Guide
 Unto my journey's end.

When clouds of sorrow round me lower,
 And all earth's comforts fly,
 Say to my heart in that dread hour,
 "Fear not, for it is I!"

When overwhelmed in sore distress,
No help appears in view,
Do Thou support my feebleness,
And bring me safely through.

When sickness wastes my feeble frame,
And suffering low I lie,
Vouchsafe to say amidst my pain,
“ Fear not, for it is I ! ”

And when approaching Jordan’s wave,
Trembling I fear and sigh ;
Still be Thou near me, strong to save,
And whisper “ It is I ! ”

The Promised Comforter.

OME, Holy Spirit, from heaven descend.
Come now and prove Thyself my Friend.
And dwell within my breast ;
Thy promised grace to me display,
And banish all my guilt away,
And set my soul at rest.

My anchor in the veil is cast,
Yet oft assailed by earth's rough blast,
 Time's cares my cable shake ;
Sin's gales would loose my anchor's hold,
And drive my soul from Christ's sure fold,
 But the rock will never break.

On Christ my rock I'm fixed secure,
His love to me will still endure—

 My Lord will not deceive ;
'Tis in his love that I confide,
And with his presence satisfied,
 I joyful to Him live.

And soon He will send me the word—
“ Come and receive your great reward,
 Thy warfare now is done.”

Bright angels come on golden wing,
To bear me to their heavenly King,
 The crown of victory won.





Trust in God.

" My trust is in the living God."



LORD, choose for me—my time is going fast,
And my hope is to be with Thee at last ;
O Lord, Thou know'st I try to leave with Thee
The ordering of my steps, whatever they may be.

But, Lord, I need Thee through this mortal strife—
I need thy help through every day of life—
I need thy help when death's shrill waves do roar—
I need thy staff to gain the heavenly shore.

God of my life and everlasting stay,
Be Thou near me when nature does decay ;
Then death no terrors shall hold out to me,
But welcome joy to bring my soul to Thee.

Not only peace, but victory Thou dost give,
And all from Thee their every grace receive ;
Victory over death, through power divine,
Since I am Christ's—all things in Him are mine.

Our warm regards the force deserves—
 Its manly bearing claims respect ;
 Our country's peace it well preserves—
 Its members crime with speed detect.
 Though oft a thankless office theirs,
 Still care and prudence they display ;
 And though amidst a thousand snares,
 Yet sense of duty cheers their way.
 Humane through many trying scenes,
 Our obligations do increase ;
 To keep the peace they try all means—
 All honour to our brave police.

With no such force to watch and guard,
 This city—with its wealth so great—
 Temptations numerous would afford
 To gangs of thieves that round it wait.
 They'd spread a terror through the town,
 And, ruffian like, would all molest,
 But they're so hunted up and down—
 The brave police give them no rest.
 Their haunts are known, they're rooted out ;
 These lawless bands now fast decrease ;
 In safety all may walk about—
 All honour to our brave police.

And we will say, God bless them all !
 To whom our safety oft we owe ;
 So ready they at duty's call—
 In dangers great they often go.

Fires they are oft the first to find ;
Many by them have rescued been—
Saved with a brave, heroic mind,
Such resolution seldom seen.
But they have souls which never die—
On earth may they with God find peace ;
And after death, above the sky,
May we all meet our brave police !

The View from Pisgah.

HE prophet had finished his work below,
And was summoned up to Mount Nebo,
To view the promised land.
From the top of that mount he saw the clime
That would never fade by the touch of time,
And he longed in its beauty to stand.

Though he has not told us what he saw there,
Yet the Scriptures reveal its glories fair,
And tell of the world to come ;
Of its golden streets—of the dazzling light,
Outshining the diamond's rays so bright—
The Christian's future home.

Not Dead.

Ear hath not heard, nor eye hath seen,
 Its swelling songs, or its changeless sheen ;
 For vests of light and harps of gold,
 And crowns of glory wax not old,
 Nor fade in that sun-light clime.

'Tis where the song of the seraph swells,
 Where the radiant Lord of brightness dwells ;
 Where amid all things fair is given
 The home of the saved—whose name is heaven—
 O, think will your home be there ?

Not Dead.

“ She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

WE have stood beside the grave,
 And have shed the bitter tear
 O'er the ashes of the dead.
 And yet they are not dead—
 They only sleep ;
 Why then should tears be shed ?
 Why should we weep ?

The cares and storms of life
Sweep o'er the grassy grave,
But they touch not the dead.

And yet they are not dead—
They only sleep ;
Why then should tears be shed ?
Why should we weep ?

Ourselves must pass away
From earthly deed and doom,
To the silent couch of death.

Yet we shall not be dead—
But only sleep ;
Why then should tears be shed ?
Why should friends weep ?

The trumpet call shall sound,
The dead shall wake again
To a beauty all divine.

For no, they are not dead—
They only sleep ;
No tears of sorrow shed,
Nor hopeless weep.

The fiat of Omnipotence goes forth—
 “ Perish all nations ! ”—stern, imperious fate.
 The soul of man, that only gem of worth,
 Survives the wreck of works and cities great.

Where are those towers, those battlements so high,
 That seemed to bid defiance to the world ?
 Time’s all-destroying hand hath bid them fly,
 And all their glory to oblivion hurled.

Where are those cities on the scroll of fame ?
 Where are those monuments, each sculptured bust ?
 Where the great men, and their long glorious name ?
 All, all are fallen, silent in the dust !

Alas ! how sad to think that all must die !
 Those, too, we love, who make us cling to life ;
 Youth, glory, riches, all life’s joys must fly,
 And death, with its own darkness, end the strife.

But thoughts arise that gild this theme of woe,
 And bid us look for higher joys above—
 Joys our great Saviour purchased here below,
 And made for ever sure by dying love.

Religion, as with angel hands, points up,
 And drives away the fear that makes us sigh ;
 Our dear Redeemer drank death’s bitter cup,
 And ope’d the way for us to mount on high.

The pearly gates of heaven shall ne’er decay ;
 And if through Christ we once have entered there,
 The golden light of God’s eternal day
 Shall bid us all his heavenly joys to share.



Lines

TO THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES ON THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

"We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God."—Acts ii. 11.

 WAKE, Christian churches ! arouse from your slumbers !

Many strangers are coming to visit this land ;
Up, then, and be doing ! to add to the numbers
Of those who've enlisted in Christ's happy band.
Up, Christians, and at them ! till every false system
Before the truth falls, like false Dagon of old
Fell down 'fore the ark—boasted god of Philistine—
Was broken in dust and before the ark rolled.

Let no Christian shrink from the battle now raging,
But firm for the truth may each boldly stand ;
And not be ashamed in Christ's cause engaging,
To chase sin and error away from our land.
Haste now to the rescue in your day of living,
Death's night will soon come, when you cannot tell
About Christ your Redeemer, on the cross giving
His own life to rescue poor sinners from hell.

150 *Lines to the Christian Churches*

Old England ! thy destiny's grand, if revealing
The gospel of Christ—his own hallowed word ;
To thy Saviour be faithful, with Christian love feeling,
And plant through each land the cross of our Lord.
Work on till all nations his sceptre brought under,
Till empires and colonies bow to his sway ;
Let thy zeal in Christ's cause be a blessing and wonder,
And hasten the glorious millenial day.

Old England's the life-boat for all men's salvation,
Her language is spoken in every clime,
Her religion is best for each generation,
Present light of the age and glory of time.
Why should we fear in this day of probation
To man this good life boat, our bright colours hoist—
Undaunted to show them to each tribe and nation,
For salvation of man and glory of Christ ?

English pastors and people now all join together,
The Bible distribute to every one,
In their own language give it, as here they all gather
From out of all nations under the sun.
While science and art are here each combining
To exalt this great palace in annals of fame,
Work nobly for Christ—with true love entwining,
And bring all you can to call on his name.

Let not this great gathering pass by unheeded—
Such may never occur in old England again ;
Show forth the blest Gospel ! by this world so needed,
Never let it be said your religion is vain.

'Tis your bounden duty, and if you neglect it,
And your talents are hid in a napkin away,
Souls surely will perish—you may not expect it—
Of you be required in God's judgment day.

May Christians in faith, their standards appearing,
Now publish with joy the truths of his word ;
And all those who long for his kingdom appearing,
Proclaim free salvation through Jesus our Lord.
Christians, put on your robes—radiant and glorious !
From thy Saviour received, his righteous robe bright ;
Then pray for his Spirit, which will prove victorious,
To show to all people how Christ is their light.

Awake from your slumber ! put on Christian armour,
Let all join together—his standard unfurled ;
Fight for the truth in the ranks of your Saviour !
To bring to his cross the whole of the world.
This world shall be his—the Scriptures declare it,
Subdued to his sceptre all nations shall be ;
His truth shall shine forth, in rays so resplendent,
Filling earth as the waters and sands of the sea.

Fight on the side which will sure prove victorious !
Press forward with truth—let it be in the van !
Raise high the blest cross and show it forth glorious,
Preach Christ as the only redemption for man.
Do not hang in the rear, but be valiant and true,
Undaunted as saints refreshed by his love ;
And ne'er let your talents be hidden from view,
But labour to fill his bright heaven above.

A Pentecost time the blest Spirit invoking,
 That every stranger may hear the glad sound
 Of the grand gospel truth, in his own language spoken,
 At the feet of the Saviour be penitent found.
 Then as they all listen to hear the glad story,
 What Jesus hath done—each and all being blest,
 Will return to their homes all filled with his glory,
 With the new beams of life his love hath imprest.

Then when He comes with his angels surrounding,
 With all heaven's host in his power supreme ;
 His faithful shall find his love all abounding,
 To repay them for all their labours for Him.
 He will say, " Come, ye blest of my Father, inherit
 The mansions prepared for those that I love ;
 Take thy robe and thy crown, a reward for thy merit,
 And enter for ever my kingdom above."

Earthly Pleasures.

EARTHY pleasures ! earthly pleasures !
 Vanishing and fading treasures ;
 Sparkling, fleeting, fast they fly,
 Though to hold them still we try ;
 They shine like dewdrops on the rose,
 And for a season brief disclose

A transient beauty that decays,
E'en while we on that beauty gaze.
Drawn by the sun's restless fire,
They droop, they fall, and then expire.

Such are earth's pleasures to our view,
We grasp and find them only dew;
For still is life beset with snares,
The world is full of anxious cares;
And all its joys are at the best
Foundations false whereon to rest.
Each of its roses has its thorn,
Fades in the holding, soon is gone;
Blest virtue's path is only sure—
Its flowers for ever will endure.

Childhood's Woe.

ON SEEING TWO LITTLE GIRLS WEEPING OVER THEIR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Hark to that sound of grief
From children young and fair!
At the grave they seek relief—
For their fond mother's there.

O'er the grave their tears are shed,
 Around them all is stilled ;
 Both weeping o'er the dead—
 With sobs the air is filled.

The sun withdraws his beams,
 All nature miss his light—
 Hills, vales, and flowing streams
 Have lost his glories bright.
 Sad tears were on my cheek
 As I gazed silent there,
 And upward looked to seek
 Her spirit in the air.

I thought her form I saw,
 O, beautiful and bright !
 Her guardian course she bore
 'Midst rays of fadeless light.
 I thought how much this scene
 Had charmed the children dear,
 Could they her form have seen,
 A guardian angel there !

She looked on them with love—
 So lovingly repaid ;
 In innocence they gazed above—
 She guards them with her shade.
 A ministering angel bent
 O'er them with loving eye,
 To salvation's children sent,
 To raise them up on high.

When here their race is run,
Their spirits soar away,
And when life's toils are done
They'll meet in brighter day—
Ne'er more to part again,
But bless'd with parents sing,
In heaven's bright shining plain,
The praises of their King.

The Law and the Gospel.

“The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.”—John i. 17.

 **O** Horeb's Mount God's angel came,
Where Midian's shepherds watched their sheep;
Spake from the bush of fiery flame
High holy words of import deep.
For God had heard from Egypt's land
His chosen people's cries and chains,
And came to save with mighty hand,
And lead them forth to Canaan's plains.

God sent his servant Moses forth
 To set his bonded children free ;
 And Egypt's tyrant felt his wrath,
 And perished in the deep Red Sea.
 Soon after God revealed his word,
 To Israel gave his ancient law,
 Which Moses took with trembling hand,
 And to the priests the message bore.

On Sinai rang the tempest loud—
 The lightning flashed, the thunder pealed !
 When God came down 'midst fire and cloud,
 His laws to Israel's tribes revealed.
 Well may they stand in awful fear,
 And strongest men in terror quake,
 When God to them did thus appear,
 And by his power the mountains shake.

Now ages passed and time rolled on,
 The earth grew dark with sin and shame,
 But still the Father's mercy shone,
 Though men reviled his holy name.
 His word to Abraham of old,
 To send his Son the world to save,
 Was now fulfilled, as 'twas foretold—
 He now the true Messiah gave.

The gospel came on wings of love,
 And angels sang in joyful strain ;
 “ Goodwill to all from heaven above,”
 Was echoed over Bethlehem's plain.

“ Glory to God ” their heavenly song,
And “ peace to all who dwell on earth,”
Sound it, O Lord, the earth along,
The tribute of Immanuel’s worth.

O haste the time so long foretold,
Of Christ’s redeeming gracious sway,
By holy prophets—men of old,
And bring to pass that glorious day,
When Christ the Sun of heavenly Light
Shall through this world of darkness shine,
And men shall see—O glorious sight !
Earth filled with righteousness divine.

Birthday Ode

TO MR. JOHN BAXTER, ON ATTAINING
HIS FIFTY-SECOND YEAR, 1858.

 CCEPT, dear friend, this tributary lay,
Called forth by friendship on thy natal day ;
And let the effusions of my mind now raise
Affection’s tribute in a Baxter’s praise.

In social life how oft we try to find
A friend indeed just suited to our mind !
One sure and firm in bitter times of trial,
To cheer our hours of gloom with friendly smile.

If honest worth can claim a note of praise.
Accept, dear friend, from me these humble lays ;
And let my muse with earnest candour pen
The genuine virtues of the best of men.

No pomp surrounds him with the breath of fame,
Nor trumpets to the world a victor's name,
Nor deeds of valour on the battle-field,
Where right to might is often made to yield.

Religion guides his way and rules his heart—
His loftiest aim to act the good man's part,
To soften every woe that he may find,
And be the generous friend of all mankind.

Years fifty-two have gone and passed away,
Since Leigh, in Essex, heard thy infant lay ;
Unto thy parents then a child was sent,
To bless their hearts with joy and sweet content.

And in thy future journey on through life,
May piety within dispel all strife ;
While always feeling thy acceptance sure
For that blest mansion Christ died to procure.

The poor in thee have often found a friend,
To tell them of the joys that never end ;
With liberal hand bestowing clothes and food,
And leading them to seek the Shepherd good.

And as old Time, in his resistless flight,
Brings thee still nearer to the realms of light,
May God's own promised staff thy comfort be—
And all through life may'st thou his mercy see.

May smiling Peace, with Plenty by her side,
Long o'er thy house with happiness preside ;
Religion with her glorious truths impart
Her virtue still to adorn thy manly heart.

And still long years may'st though be spared to live,
To crown thy home with excellence, and give
Thy dearest wife love's generous faithful care,
And keep her on her way to heaven with prayer.

Thus while thou sailest through life's boisterous seas,
Each striving how the other most shall please ;
Bound for the haven of eternal rest—
To be with Jesus there for ever blest.

But should misfortune, with its fiery dart,
Pursue thee on through life and pain thy heart,
'Tis done, remember, by parental love,
To fit thy spirit for his courts above.

Or should prosperity attend thee here,
Place not upon it too much thought or care ;
Though worldly trifles may the heart allure,
Let thy salvation's state be made most sure.

May'st thou have faith from Pisgah's top to view
The promised land, as Moses looked it through ;
And see the Lamb in all his beauties there,
The object bright of holy faith and prayer.

And may'st thou oft to Calvary turn thine eye,
And cry, " Alas ! and did my Saviour die ?
My sins with thorns then crowned my Saviour's head,
For me He died, for me his blood was shed."

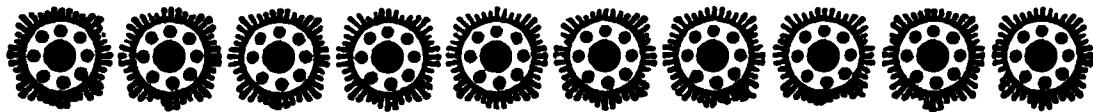
Then when in angel-choir thou lift'st thy voice,
And with the ransomed blood-bought throng rejoice,
This shall thy hallelujah chorus be,
" My Lord has bought this fadeless crown for me."

There shalt thou meet the friends that went before,
Now singing their new songs on Canaan's shore ;
'Mid heaven's high arches shall thy joy-notes rise,
And grateful praises echo through the skies.

Nor shall thy time of praises e'er be past,
But long as an eternity shall last,
With God shut in for ever to be blest,
And with his saints enjoy the heavenly rest.

And when thou thus shalt join the host above,
And sing with rapture thy Redeemer's love,
Thou wilt acknowledge God does all things well,
And through eternity his wonders tell.

May this, dear friend, be thy most happy state
When life is ended here, with joy elate
To tread heaven's realms, and all thy powers employ
In praise, in love, in ecstacy and joy.



The Poor Outcast.

POOR helpless outcast, scorned by almost all,
From thee both Priest and Levite turn aside,
Yet there are those who contemplate thy fall
With deep regret as you from virtue glide.

The coldly virtuous from thee turn away,
And sneer as they thy fading form pass by ;
Nor will reflect that in thy earliest day
Thou wert unsullied as the morning sky.

And once the pride wert of thy humble home,
Watched o'er by parents anxious, kind and true ;
With every virtue thou didst seem to bloom,
And made their loving hearts with pleasure glow.

But since, perchance, thou'st broken a mother's heart,
And brought with sorrow to his lowly grave
Thy grey-haired father, who tried every art
From shame his lovely daughter's life to save.

But the vile tempter came, and thee beheld,
Like some fair rose, some beauteous fragrant flower ;
With passion his unhallowed bosom swelled,
And how he watched to have you in his power !

He fascinated as with serpent's eye,
 Till he had drawn you to his cursed embrace ;
 Then left you, like a villian, lost, to sigh,—
 A monument of guilt and sad disgrace !

That was not dreamt of when thou gav'st in faith
 Thyselv, and all thy virtue had to give ;
 Thou only thoughtest of the joy till death
 With him as his beloved wife to live.

Who would have thought that he could so deceive,
 Or in thy breast plant such a bitter thorn ;
 Or crush so sweet a flower, now left to grieve,
 Heart-broken, blighted, for the proud to scorn ?

And there are moments when thy thoughts survey
 The past, that now seems like some fevered dream,
 Shocked that from virtue thou shouldst ever stray,
 And guilty live in life's tempestuous stream.

And how it grieves the virtuous, when they hear
 Thy language, which their modesty doth shame,
 And see thee cast the insidious, lustful leer
 On youth and age, their passions to inflame.

Thy end, perchance, the suicide's sad grave,
 To plunge in some dark stream, and end thy woe ;
 Dread thought ! shall no good creature try to save,
 But let thy soul thus to perdition go ?

Poor profligate ! for thee we shed the tear,
 And beg thou wilt the precious Saviour try,
 Who ne'er cast out a penitent, while here,
 That for his mercy humbly did apply.

O, go to Him whose blood was shed for thee,
And you shall find a friend both kind and true,
Who died for outcasts, although bad they be,
His loving mercy ever doth renew.

And you, self-righteous ones, that pass her by,
Gazing with anger in your breast alone,
The Saviour's test to your own selves apply—
“ If without sin, then cast ye the first stone ! ”

Home, Sweet Home.

HERE is a little spot on earth,
Hallowed by strong affection's tie—
It is the home that gave us birth,
Where all our choicest treasures lie.

How sweet that place at close of day,
When twilight throws its shades around,
To see the children there at play,
Their childish toys strewn on the ground.

The traveller as he journeys far,
Through foreign climes compelled to roam,
He thinks of scenes where parents are,
And dwells with rapture on his home.

How memory lingers o'er each scene
Made precious by the loved ones there,
Where glowing hearts and smiles have been,—
'Tis thoughts like these his bosom cheer.

Of friends he thinks, now passed away,
Gone to far better realms above—
Shining with everlasting ray—
Made happy through a Saviour's love.

Their ransomed spirits, though at rest,
With joy beholding Jesu's face,
Though far away in glory blest,
Seem hovering o'er the hallowed place.

But there's a home that never fades,
A mansion blest for ever sure,
Where sin or sorrow never shades,
And bliss for ever shall endure.

There is a home where all unite—
Saved from a fading world like this—
Shall live and love, with souls delight,
In an eternal age of bliss.



The Marriage of the Prince of Wales.

HAIL ! noble Prince, son of a sire so dear,
Whose memory England ever will revere ;
Hail ! noble son of our beloved Queen,
The greatest monarch earth has ever seen.
To thee our homage we desire to pay,
We greet with love on this auspicious day ;
We hail thee Prince, as old England's pride,
And wish thee happy with thy lovely bride.

Lord ! hear thy people's voice,
Through England far and wide,
Bless Albert and his choice—
His lovely Danish bride.

O God of goodness ! we will Thee implore
From heaven on them thy choicest gifts to pour.
Deign, we beseech, this union here to bless,
Crowning their lives with health and happiness.
Beloved Prince, may father's pattern lead,
Old England then will sure be blest indeed ;

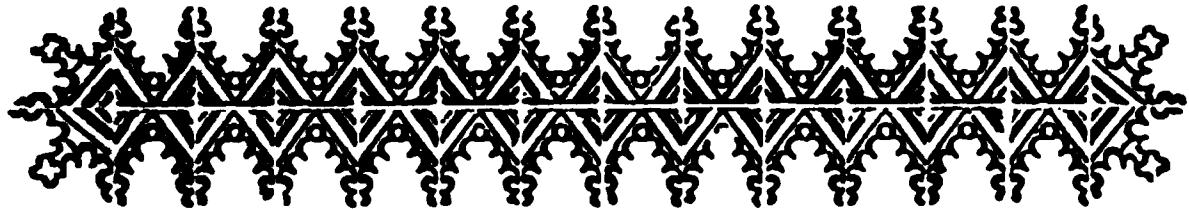
With gratitude will hail thee England's pride,
Have cause to bless thee and thy lovely bride.

Lord ! hear thy people's voice,
Through England far and wide,
Bless Albert and his choice—
His lovely Danish bride.

For thousands will be looking up to thee,
Through England's realms their pattern here to be ;
And thousands more will elevate their voice
To bless thee and the Princess of thy choice.
The English and the Danes together bear
Their voices high in humble, fervent prayer,
That God through life will bless old England's pride,
With Alexandra, his beloved bride.

Lord ! hear thy people's voice,
Through England far and wide,
Bless Albert and his choice—
His lovely Danish bride.





Ode to the Princess Alexandra.

BRIGHT star of the Danes ! we hail thy appearance
With rapturous joy on our free English shore ;
Sons and daughters of Albion greet thee with
welcome,
And blessings abundant on thy head they pour.

We know thou hast left thy home and thy kindred,
The land of thy birth, among strangers to come ;
But right is the faith thou has placed in old England,
And in Albert's true love, the Prince of our home.

Thou hast come to the heart of a Prince great and noble,
The hope of our land in its glory and pride,
Whose care through this life will be for thy comfort,
Who'll rejoice to make happy his own lovely bride.

Thou art come to the heart of our virtuous Queen,
To our Sovereign, thy mother, who ever will prove
A kind parent and friend like those thou hast left,
Who will gain thy esteem, veneration, and love.

Thou art come to the hearts of a brave, loyal people,
 To the greatest free nation e'er known upon earth,
 Who welcome thee to them with love's best affection,
 And rejoice to approve and acknowledge thy worth.

And though like a flower from thine own land
 transplanted,
 We will cherish and prize thee with true English love,
 In our own land will tend thee with kindest affection,
 Till thou art transplanted to thy home above.

Sabbath Meditations.

IS Sabbath day. How calm, how chaste
 Seems all around, with reverence graced !
 Approach the toil-worn artizan
 To bless the day God gave to man ;
 To serve Him in his house of prayer,
 His precious flowing grace to share,
 His word to hear, his peace to prove,
 To taste the manna of his love.

, Delightful, blissful, glorious day !
How grateful to our feeble clay,
When souls in pure devotion meet
To lay their sins at Jesu's feet ;
In meekness bent to supplicate
For mercy on man's fallen state,
Inspired by Christian faith alone,
Before the high eternal throne.

All nature seems to share the charm,
The solace of the Sabbath's calm :
What comfort to the heart opprest
Is this great boon, this day of rest !
O, that man should live so base,
To turn aside from mercy's face,
To tread a guilty, headlong way,
And desecrate the Sabbath day.

Alas ! alas ! how much we see
Of human vice and misery,
By worldly gain and folly made,
Of those engaged in Sabbath trade ;
Whose lives no thoughts of heaven control,
And thus falls many a youthful soul,
Who else had sought the better way,
And bless'd God's own great Sabbath day.



The Death of Prince Albert.



MOURN, England, mourn ! for death assails
thy great,

A noble one hath fallen from his high estate ;
Loved Albert, now laid low by death's cold, icy hand,
Has passed away and left us for the better land.

Thou Prince of truth and worth, we wished thee long
to live,

To thy adopted nation thou didst blessings give ;
Pure charity and love with thee their names enrolled,
And noble institutions long thy fame unfold.

Through all the time thou dwelt amongst us here,
Thy warmth of heart made all thy name revere ;
Cherished and loved alike by great and small,
A household word thy name, endeared to one and all.

Were it a first stone for some charity to lay,
Thy hand was ever near, apart from proud display ;
For each asylum o'er its peaceful door,
Proclaim thee benefactor to the old and poor.

Our numerous ragged schools have lost a friend,
Thy love was ever ready, thy constant aid to lend ;
And when the Palace of Industry we see,
It awakens in our hearts the memory of thee.

Our handsome Coal Exchange, with noble motto
stored,—

“The earth and all its fulness belongeth to the Lord,”
Recalls thy form to mind in health and vigour’s glow,
And bids the saddened tear of gratitude to flow.

But thou hast passed away, and mourners’ broken sighs
Arise from every heart, and tears bedim their eyes ;
We feel thy absence still, and grieve thy early doom,
Our loving aspirations ascend above thy tomb.

Our noble nation weeps, so soon with thee to part,
And for our Queen’s bereavement with almost broken
heart ;

In sadness grieves for him who caused her heart to glow,
But now struck down by death to the cold tomb below.

They think upon that home where thou didst once
preside,

With happy wife and children loving by thy side ;
Now bowed by grief and widowed mother’s care.
But for our Queen, O God ! accept our earnest prayer.

And though we mourn thee, Prince, yet still thy God
in love,

Hath taken thee from earth to thy blest home above ;
Now thou art far removed from evils yet to come,
And landed with the blest in thy eternal home.

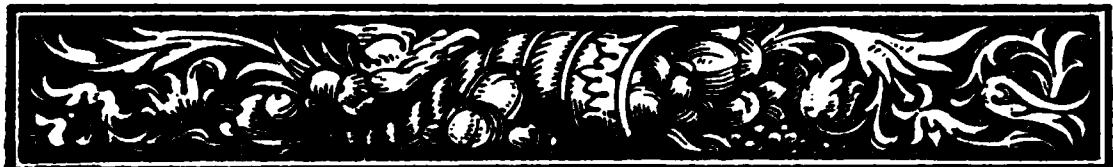
A worthy, noble father! it was thy manly pride
In holy virtue's path to be thy children's guide;
The whole wide world will yet their lofty influence feel,
As kings and queens devoted to their country's weal.

It oft hath been fair Albion's dreary lot to mourn
For loss of lofty ones whom death hath from her torn;
But ne'er has England's people shewn more genuine
grief,
O'er monarch, prince, or statesman, or noble warrior
chief.

O thou great God of mercy! who now hath thus
bereaved
Our Queen, which has our nation deep and sorely
grieved,
Beneath this heavy stroke we all most humbly bend,
And crave thy loving mercy for the Queen our friend.

Be husband to the widow in all her great distress,
A father to her children, who now are fatherless;
O thou most gracious God! on Thee we humbly call,
That Thou would'st send thy blessing upon the heads
of all.

O, our dearest Queen, this is thy people's prayer,—
That God for many years thy life will deign to spare,
To live to bless us with thy talents given,
Then join thy loving husband in the bliss of heaven.



Christ our Intercessor.

ALL men are sinners while on earth
Their hearts to evil are inclined ;
Their best works are but little worth,
And poor to God's all perfect mind ;
And when we our own doings scan,
And see sin cling to all we do,
It makes us cry, " O wretched man !
Who will atone for one like you ? "

But Christ above hears all our prayers,
Pleads with them at the throne of grace ;
He there on our behalf appears—
He knows the frailties of our race.
For he hath borne life's care and grief,
And felt the feebleness of man ;
Then died to bring us full relief—
And now He pleads love's gracious plan.

In all life's trials here below
For us He intercedes on high ;

As each little memento they view,
 Of one to their hearts very dear,
 Its remembrance their sorrows renew,
 They silently oft shed a tear.

Yet they hope, free from sorrow and pain,
 Their spirits shall one day arise,
 To meet their dear daughter again,
 United to dwell in the skies.

Time.

"**L**IFE let us enjoy," some recklessly say,
 "We know it is short and will soon pass
 away;
 Let us eat, then, and drink, and banish all sorrow,
 And live well to-day, we may die on the morrow."

This is what the gay and the worldling oft say,
 As life's generations pass quickly away;
 Only cumbering the earth as onward time flies—
 In uselessness lives and unhonoured dies.

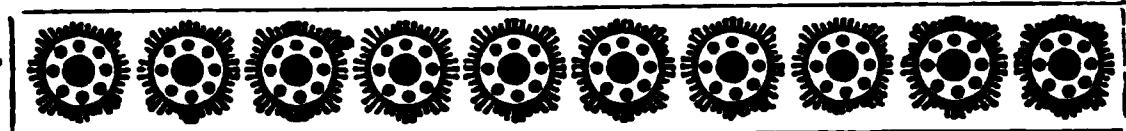
But the Christian says always, “ I will work to-day,
Improve every moment that’s passing away ;
Probationers here while dwelling below,
The seed of the gospel delighting to sow.

“ The world by our lives something better should be,
For all our good actions our Master will see ;
Endeavouring the good of our fellows to prove,
Laying up for ourselves a rich treasure above.

“ If we labour in love for God and for man,
While living do always all good that we can,
Working hard in the vineyard laid out by our Lord,
He will give us a bright and a lasting reward.”

To make the world better is the duty of man,
Each one in his sphere to do all that he can,
And those who do nothing as on the hours fly,
Like fools only live, and like brutes only die.





The Convict before Execution.



GOD ! can this be he—the youth who once was
gay,

But now so prodigal, has trifled life away ;
Who in a gloomy dungeon now is thrown,
Whose conscience does the sentence justly own ?
He was found guilty and consigned to death—
A few short hours and he'll resign his breath.
I hear his voice, his agonizing cry,
“ What can I do—where, where for comfort fly ?

“ Am I the boy whose young life bid so fair
To recompense my gen’rous parents’ care ?
Alas ! ’tis past—my life is thrown away,
Hard is my heart, I’ve lost the power to pray !
O Memory ! what scenes of sin—how sad—how true—
Dost thou discover to my frenzied view,
Till my poor soul with evil thoughts is driven
To rail and curse the just decree of heaven !

“ It was not always so ; but now it is my doom
To end life in disgrace and sink into the tomb.
These cold, bare walls—the strongly bolted door—
The grated bars—the chilly pavement floor ;

The straw my bed—a stool—the *blessed book*,
Though on its pages I dare hardly look.
I hear the jailer with his stealthy tread,
He brings my water and my prison bread.

“ My mind keeps wandering back to earlier days,
Which oft I spent at home in prayer and praise.
Who would have thought it e'er would come to this,
That I'd forsake the only path to bliss ?
I ask, Can it be me ? Surely it is a dream,
I never could forsake the Great Supreme,
To whom we bowed at home in solemn prayer,
And parents prayed that I might be his care.

“ Too well I know there is no dreaming here,
These prison walls confirm my anxious fear ;
All hope is lost and I am broken-hearted,
Blighted by crime, my every joy departed.
My mind's distracted, almost mad I'm driven :
Can crimes like mine e'er hope to be forgiven ?
It seems to me they cannot—God is just ;
What shall I do ? where can I put my trust ?

“ It was the fatal cup brought me to this,
And turned my footsteps from the path to bliss.
Curs'd be the hour I took the tempting bowl—
It has destroyed my body and my soul !
Curs'd be the hour when my companions gay
Lured me in error's guilty paths to stray !
Curs'd be the hour I God's house did leave,
To roam in sin, his Holy Spirit grieve.

“Where are the lessons taught in Sunday school?
Alas! how madly I have played the fool!
My mind untrained has grown quite wild,
My conscience hardened, and my soul defiled.
O, when I think of what I might have been,
And see all ruined by the curse of sin,
My brain is mad with fear and guilty dread
Of God’s just judgment coming on my head.

“O Time, how often have I murdered thee!
And now no chance at all remains for me.
My life I’ve wasted—none for me remains:
I’ve *sown* destruction, and now *reap* my pains.
My frantic soul looks back upon the past—
It seems enough my guilty soul to blast!
My soul, I know now to my bitter cost,
Is near eternity, and I am lost!

“O God of mercy! canst Thou pardon me?
I see my Saviour bleeding on the tree.
For his sake speak, as Thou didst to the thief—
Thy voice alone can give my soul relief.
Speak, Saviour, speak! my crimes do Thou forgive;
Tell me that at thy feet my soul shall live.
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive a wretch like me.
And I will praise Thee through eternity.”



What is Death?

WHAT is death? They say my mother died;
Her form is lifeless on the dry, cold bed;
Her soul is gone to take its place beside
The throne of Him who is her Life, her Head.
Why talk of her as dead? she is but gone to rest,
Not lost for ever in the silent tomb;
That mortal shall in immortality be dress'd,
And incorruption be the spirit's home.

There is a voice I hear, rich in its tones,
Which makes our hearts thrill with supreme delight;
It dries our tears and hushes all our moans—
It speaks of rapture when our spirits bright
Shall take possession of the clay restored;
Though once its beauty faded and was gone,
Yet now it shall be like its risen Lord,
And evermore remain a perfect one.

That voice is silent—once its tone was sweet;
That form has withered, like the flowers of spring;
But still the loved one seems our souls to greet,
And we can almost hear her spirit sing.

Earth's flowers soon fade, to rise in deathless bloom,
 They droop in silence—death is nature's dower;
 But they shall rise again, fresh from the tomb,
 And grow in beauty in the Saviour's bower.

Faith, joy, and hope illuminate the breast,
 Since life and immortality are brought to light;
 The spirit has departed to its rest,
 And with the ransomed clothed in robes of white.
 Riches in glory are for those who love the Lord;
 Why should we grieve for those who pass away?
 For their frail tenement shall be restored,
 And live with Jesus through an endless day.

For death to those who love and serve the Lord
 Is but the passage to their Father's home;
 Removed from hence to reap a rich reward,
 Where sorrow cannot be nor trouble come.
 We listen not to nature's treacherous wail,
 Or we'd be filled with gloomy, dark despair;
 In heaven above no foes can us assail,
 For all is peace and joy and freedom there.

Then for the dead why should we ever grieve?
 Why mourn the triumph of their latter end?
 The grave may seem to us the shade of eve,
 But the freed spirit meets a heavenly friend.
 Bless'd be the book such glories to unfold;
 Bless'd be the One who undertook my case;
 Bless'd be the Spirit which led me to the fold;
 And bless'd be God, who called me by his grace.

O, what glories does the book make known !
What rapture gladdens now the eye of faith !
Eternal life through Christ is all mine own !
My Jesus speaks to me—He sweetly saith,
“ ‘ I am the Resurrection and the Life ; ’
I did not bleed and die for thee in vain :
Thou shalt but sleep when ended’s mortal strife—
Thy spirit shall return, thy body rise again.”

Richmond Theological Institution.

**Lines dedicated to the Rev. J. CUNNINGHAM, Missionary in
India.**

TIS not of ancient pile my muse would write,
Of gorgeous palaces that awe the sight,
Nor time-worn temples, calling forth my
Neither of armies on the battle field, [strain ;
Where the brave warrior scorns to flee or yield,
Shouting, “ To victory or death ! ” upon the plain.

'Tis not of forts with many a bristling tower,
Their armoury of cannon, whose dread power
With still repeating echoes shakes the earth ;
Of kings or queens I here no line indite—
Of sun, nor moon, or stars, or planets bright ;
But of a building of the noblest worth.

High upon Richmond Hill the building stands,
And growing fame through all the earth commands ;
From thence has come forth many a faithful son
To uphold the sacred banner of the cross,
Preach Christ, without regard to gain or loss,
And show how heavenly glory may be won.

The sacred lessons they imbibe while there
They treasure up in mind with anxious care,
That they by faith this world of ours may raise ;
Till the time prophesied shall surely come,
When all mankind shall seek their heavenly home,
And with one heart and voice their Saviour praise.

But what devout affections centre there ;
Oft for its inmates upraised is the prayer
From fondest mothers, who their sons have given,
As dedicate to God in youthful days,
That they through life might manifest his praise,
By leading sinners in the path to heaven.

Its missionaries sent unto the heathen world,
With Gospel truth and light their banner wide unfurled,
Seeking to enlighten the dark and savage race—

As shepherds of Christ's flock searching out his fold ;
To tell them of his love—that tale so often told—
 To make them all the subjects of his grace.

Deep pain oft rends the mother's heaving breast,
When parting with her son she loves the best,
 To go where she may see him ne'er again—
Where oft the fatal climate hath destroyed
The moral hero, who for God employed
 His hallowed energies as if in vain.

Oft little marks the missionary's grave ;
Perchance some beauteous wild flowers o'er it wave,
 And show the spot where rests his hallowed dust :—
But still his name is written in deep love
On many a heathen's soul, now blest above,
 Who through his preaching did in Jesus trust.

Such glorious monuments shall ever stand,
A portion of heaven's eternal, happy band ;
 In love to chronicle the name of these
Who parted with their homes and friends so dear—
Ready themselves to offer—to duty clear—
 To bring poor sinners in the paths of peace.

The crash of ages and the wreck of years,
Man's works destroying all his hopes and fears,
 Shall on these monuments possess no power ;
But in Christ's kingdom they shall ever shine,
And bear the stamp indelibly divine,
 Which sin and sorrow shall defile no more.

The pastor there shall see his work again,
That oft discouraged him and gave him pain ;

There in those glorious realms shall it be found—
As gems in Jesu's crown the souls appear,
He laboured hard to save from hell while here,
While heaven shall with their praises loud resound.

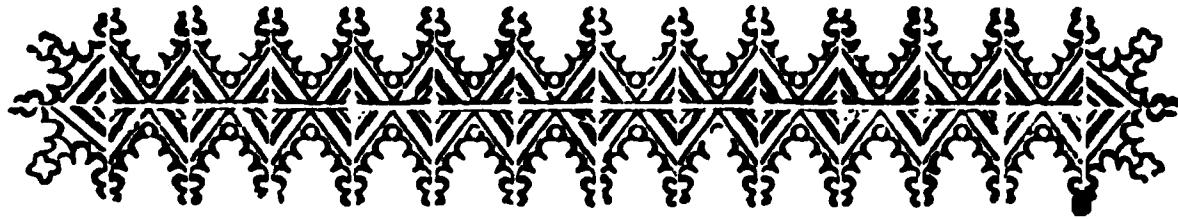
Then who would hinder us to make our boast
Of work like this, and try to raise a host

Of godlike, working, self-denying men ?
Wesley's right glorious principles act out,
Shouting, "God is with us !" his last dying shout,
And help to renovate the world again.

Firm may this building stand to latest age,
An honour to our land on history's page !

And from it oft may Christian men go forth
To uphold pure godliness in all its truth ;
While justifying faith be dear to youth,
And Methodism spread in all its worth.





The Christian's Crown.

THERE is a crown, most gloriously bright,
Laid up for those who truly love the Lord—
Who here maintain his holy cause, and fight
Most nobly with the Spirit's powerful sword ;
These faithful warriors shall his kingdom share,
Wearing that crown of many fadeless gems,
And gold and pearls, with costly jewels rare,
Shall glitter in their blood-bought diadems.

Warriors their laurels win and gain renown
Through blood and strife and ghastly victims dead ;
While kings and queens, too, wear a fading crown,
Though gorgeous, to decorate each head.
The Christian's diadem is nobler far
Than all earth's crowns or glory's wreaths of bay,
Shining more brightly than the morning star,
And never, never can it fade away.

Ne'er will its lustre tarnish or decline,
But deck with glory each true Christian brow ;
A glorious wreath laid up by hands divine,
For all who love and serve the Saviour now.

Press forward, Christians ; gain the heavenly prize ;
Conquer the world, tread sin and Satan down ;
Press forward to thy mansion in the skies—
Fight faith's good fight, secure the promised crown.

The trials we are called to suffer here
Will help us on toward that better land,
In wisdom given to prove our faith sincere,
Will all be over when in heaven we stand.
O trembling Christian, hence dismiss thy fear,
Press forward, the infernal host keep down,
And conqueror prove until your Lord appear,
And then receive from Him your heavenly crown.

Death of the Daughter of a Friend.

HE is gone from our sight ! our loved one's departed,
And we weep for her loss almost broken-hearted ;
Thus link after link in life's chain we sever,
Earthly unions are broken to be blended for ever.

She is gone from our sight ! the delight of our eyes,
Taken from us by death to her home in the skies ;
Arrayed as the purest in white robes so bright,
She now is an angel in that world of light.

Though our loved ones before us are oftentimes taken,
Our heavenward thoughts it but tends to awaken,
Adding still to our treasures stored up by God's love
In the blest realms of glory, the bright world above.

They are flowers transplanted, removed from earth's
sod,
And will blossom for ever in the garden of God ;
And though on earth we may ne'er meet them again,
We shall join them for ever on heaven's bright plain.

Yet her voice and her features in memory will last,
Recalling to mind those happy days past ;
The joy of our home, and the pride of our life,
Is taken for ever from this world of strife.

Though her body now rests within the cold tomb,
She has gone to a better, a heavenly home ;
She dwells now in peace, having gained the rich prize,
Like a blossom all pure where love never dies.

Like an angel of light she looks down from above
On friends left behind, with feelings of love ;
Our hopes become bright when we think of her rest,
Our spirits mount up to the home of the blest.

Then dry up your tears, ye fond parents, awhile,
Yield your treasure to Christ, He has taken your child ;
Though heavy the loss, view it all for the best,
Thy loved one now dwells in his promised rest.

O mourn not, O sigh not, but comfort receive
From God's blessed word, which all Christians believe ;
Have faith, strong and sure, in his promises given,
Though here you have pain, you will have joy in
heaven.

O sweet consolation ! O life-giving balm !
To think of thy loved one now free from all harm—
From Satan's temptations and sin's luring snares,
For the glories of Jesus her Saviour she shares.

Then let us improve each bereavement we meet,
And bow with submission at Jesus's feet ;
When heavily laden, with sorrow oppressed,
He invites us to Him and He promises rest.

“Come to Me”—there's a volume of love in that word—
“Come to Me, and your burden I'll bear,” saith the
Lord ;

“Come to Me, come to Me !” O hear the glad call,
And low at his feet in humility fall.

O, Christ ! with glad hearts thy call we obey,
Still be Thou our Guide, our Light, and our Way ;
We bless thy compassion, which calls us to prove
Thy glorious salvation, thy fulness of love.

Fade then, our beloved ones, from earth fade away;
Lay them low in the tomb in the dust to decay;
But remember, Christ conquered both death and the
tomb,
And will raise us to heaven for ever to bloom.

Ordination of Missionaries

AT LAMBETH CHAPEL.

TN Lambeth chapel solemn silence reigned,
When at communion young men meekly knelt
As missionaries there to be ordained,
Their grave responsibility they felt.
Their calling, O how solemn, yet how grand!
In heathen lands they're going forth to preach—
Christ's love to magnify within a foreign land,
His mercy to a savage race to teach.

And now the hands laid on with solemn prayer,
That these young men should firm and faithful prove
And do their work with earnestness and care,
And tell poor sinners of a Saviour's love.

In solemn song the congregation join,
 And tuneful anthems fill the holy place ;
 Christ's flock surround, with voice of praise divine,
 And pray for God's protection and his grace.

Around God's glorious throne of grace on high
 Silence there reigneth while the hymns ascend,
 And human praises rise up to the sky,
 And God in mercy deigns to condescend
 To bless these young men with his Spirit's might,
 Of grace a double portion to them given,
 Each be a burning and a shining light,
 To lead poor heathens safely home to heaven.

The Drunkard.

HOW many men, with talents rare,
 Oft plunge into a dangerous snare,
 Through insatiate love of drink ;
 It drowns their senses, and still worse,
 It proves to hearth and home a curse—
 Can ever drunkards think ?

Of all the men on earth accurst
A drunkard surely seems the worst,
Who thus himself degrades ;
When drunk what folly he'll commit,
While in his beastly sottish fit
A laughing-stock is made.

His character, his health and time,
Destroyed by this debasing crime,
Death's in the fatal bowl ;
The poison lures him from the right—
Who'er would seek in it delight
Endangers life and soul.

He in the tempter's snare is caught,
His peace of home is gone to nought,
His life a wretched blight ;
Now down destruction's path he goes,
A prey to grief and stung with woes,
Rob's wife and children's right.

He still keeps on his fearful course,
And headlong goes from bad to worse,
The gin-fiend drags him on,
Inflaming body, soul, and mind,
To ruin all he seems inclined—
His soul hath Satan won.

Who can the joys of drunkards see ?
He swallows his worst enemy,
Is like a bondman led ;

And when th' inflaming spirit dies,
 A shaft of agony through him flies,
 And racks his throbbing head.

To think of home, and fond wife there,
 Lonely and sad in deep despair,
 How he performs his part ;
 Her at the altar vowed to love,
 Protector, guide, through life to prove,
 But now he breaks her heart.

Within her home she sits and weeps,
 With scalding tears her pillow steeps,
 Alas ! her sorrow's vain ;
 Her patient care he'll oft abuse,
 Her sinking form with blows ill-use,
 Till life's one scene of pain.

He wallows like a beast in mire,
 Drinks till his body seems on fire,
 And all his sense is fled ;
 Then when his money is all gone,
 His looks most abject and forlorn,
 With shame he bows his head.

O, drunkard ! think before too late
 What, what would be thy awful state,
 If a drunkard thou should'st die ?
 For such as thee, the Scriptures tell,
 Shall have their portion low in hell,
 Through all eternity.

Then turn at once, poor drunkard, turn,
Repent of this thy sin, and mourn
 The wasted life thou'st passed ;
Turn now to Christ without delay,
For He can wash thy sins away,
 And save thy soul at last.

Haste ! fly to his atoning blood,
And there be cleansed in mercy's flood,
 Ere time shall cease to roll ;
Bid drink, the alluring fiend, depart,
And yield the Saviour all thy heart—
 He'll save thy precious soul.

Memory.

WHAT wondrous power our memory shows,
 To retain the much-loved forms of those
 Whose image tells of scenes long past
Of childhood's joys, of hopes and fears,
Of youth's and manhood's riper years—
 Of scenes too bright and fair to last.

How memory still delights to trace
Some bygone scenes, some well-known face—

Dear relics of our life's joys past—
Which it delights to bring to view,
Again pass life-like in review,
Imprest on memory's tablet fast.

I'm pleased that memory will retain
Love's enshrined forms to bring again,

Friends' image stamped upon our breast ;
Restores them with all bygone joys,
When memory sweet her power employs,
Those who have gained the promised rest.

We call them back, and then pourtray
Their vivid scenes in bright array,

From forth the stores of memory borne ;
What magic power have those wrapt there,
Beyond the scenes each hour so near,
That all is not to oblivion gone.

Is memory soul's connecting chain,
Linking us to earth, scenes to retain,

In all their powerful form and force ?
If so, how careful should we be,
That memory only scenes should see
To bring delight with our past course.

Let conscience now then have the sway,
Do good in this our life's short day,
For truth determined e'er to fight ;

Like champions bold we'll nobly stand,
Chase sin and error from our land
And fill with heavenly light.

To Z. C. Pearson, Esq.,
MAYOR OF HULL.*

TRUE liberal men most liberal things devise,
And blessings to their fellow-men arise,
When throb their hearts with patriotic glow,
And on their countrymen their gifts bestow.
Thus liberal Pearson, favoured man of heaven,
The park at Hull so liberally hath given,
That all his townsmen may pure air enjoy,
And their spare hours in pastimes may employ.

His name in honour shall be handed down,
In distant years, a blessing to his town—
With Wilberforce and such, that men may see
Who are old England's true nobility ;
Whether they be, alas ! men who are bent
On self-exalting with no good intent,
Or those who by their merits rise and live,
And wealth and talents to their townsmen give.

* On the occasion of his presenting a park to the inhabitants of the town.

Men who are foremost in each noble cause,
Upholding England's honour and her laws—
True patriots, whose aim it is to plan
Schemes that will benefit their fellow-man ;
While labouring in this hive-like world like bees,
Extracting honey from life's flowers, are these
Philanthropists transmitting down to fame
A useful, virtuous, and long-honoured name.

Inhabitants of Hull may safely boast
That of great men it has produced a host :
First, Andrew Marvel, who, two centuries ago,
Its honoured member stood, as all men know ;
And Hogge, the sheriff—once a sailor boy—
For people there his talents did employ ;
While others, now long dead, once living there,
Were patriots all, too numerous to declare.

But there are some who are misnamed the “great,”
Because, perchance, they own some large estate,—
Though how it came to them but few doth know,
And they perhaps would hardly like to show ;
But they have got it, and think life to enjoy,
Their means in trifling pleasures oft employ,
And, like the butterfly of summer's day,
In flitting follies waste their lives away.

O, foolish worldlings ! life you can't enjoy—
The world's vain pleasures satiate and cloy,
Man's many wants in life are very few,
And one must strive to do as others do—

Must labour to enjoy refreshing sleep,
Use exercise, in perfect health to keep ;
And if he would be wise in life's short day,
Be useful unto others as time departs away.

Freedom's blessed time is surely coming on,
When offices alone by merit shall be won ;
When birth, rank, or family, however high in caste,
Unless with worth and talent link'd will scornfully be
pass'd ;
And men of mind and honour, however mean their
birth,
Shall occupy high places foremost through the earth ;
And men who wisely act will not their lives debase,
But labour here right manfully to raise their fallen race.

Pearson ! the best proof of thy exalted mind
Is thy desire to benefit mankind,
And ever to do good while thou art here in health,
Distributing aright thy great and princely wealth.
Hull well may proudly speak of such a noble friend,
Its rights to entertain, its honour to defend ;
And while this splendid park to pastime may allure,
Shall Pearson's honoured name in memory endure.



Hymn of Invocation.

COME, Holy Ghost, with light divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine ;
While we with penitence draw near,
With heartfelt love and mind sincere,
And humbly bow before thy throne,
Great God ! to us thy love make known,
That while we at thy footstool bend
Thou'l show Thyself the sinner's friend.

We do not in our own strength come,
For works of merit we have done :
We come invited, Lord, by Thee,
Through Christ, the sinner's only plea.
We come, because the Saviour died,
Opened the fount of mercy wide ;
We come, because we feel our need
Of pardon for each sinful deed.

Lord, we believe Thee just and true,
Thou can'st our stubborn will subdue :
Thy Spirit can bow down our pride,
Bring us to Jesu's wounded side.

Beam on us, Lord, with heavenly light,
And let us feel thy Spirit's might ;
While in thy house we humbly pray
Grant us to feel and own thy sway.

O, Father, hear our earnest prayer !
And for the sake of Jesus spare ;
In honour of our great High Priest,
Let us partake of mercy's feast ;
And let each feel the atoning blood,
And know we all are born of God !
May we now feel our sins forgiven,
And shout, " This is the gate of heaven."

The Shipwreck.

HARK ! how the storm is raging,
The sea rolls mountains high ;
The elements war seem waging,
The vivid lightnings fly.

Borne on the winds are heard
The cries of deep despair ;
And from the sinking ship
Ascends the voice of prayer.

The Shipwreck.

For succour now they look,
 But seem to look in vain ;
 They cannot see the shore,
 Through storms of drifting rain.

Their sails to atoms torn,
 The ship strikes on the rock ;
 She surely soon will sink,
 So fearful is each shock.

Now in the water's roll
 She's bilged and on the strand ;
 The sea breaks o'er her deck,
 How can they get to land ?

As hope begins to fail,
 A boat appears in view,
 It is the gallant life boat,
 Manned with her noble crew.

They come to save—or die—
 All these poor shipwrecked men
 And through the raging waves
 They pull with might and main.

As through the foaming surf,
 They strive the ship to reach,
 Around them roars the storm,
 And wild the sea-birds screech.

Undaunted on they pull,
 And reach the ship at last ;
 They rescue all the crew,
 Despite the roaring blast.

To land them now they haste,
Upon the rocky shore ;
Secure in safety placed
The hardy crew once more.

Then up ascends their prayer
For the life boat's gallant crew ;
O, God ! for ever bless them,
To them our lives are due.

Had they not come to save us,
We soon had sunk and died ;
Our bodies lost and drifting
About the rolling tide.

Thy blessing give them now,
Let life to them be given,
Numbers more to rescue,
Then land them safe in heaven.

Each sailor perils braves,
Of ocean rough and wide ;
Its wonders and its grandeur,
Its ebb and flowing tide.

Friends he leaves behind him,
His children and his wife,
Who anxious mourn his absence,
And pray God spare his life.

When homeward bound he comes,
With honest joy and pride,
His heart with fervour yearns,
To view his own fire-side.

When landed home he bounds,
 And brings his hard-earned store,
 His perils all he tells,
 Since last he left the shore.

Then thankfully they join
 In humble, earnest prayer,
 To God for his great love,
 Their parent's life to spare.

And thus on life's rough sea,
 They sail in peace and love,
 And brave its every storm,
 Till called to heaven above.

The Bouquet:

ITS LESSONS.*

 HIS handsome bouquet, formed of very choice flowers,
 Has lately been plucked from this garden of ours:
 It gladdens the heart and it pleases the eye,
 But its beauty must fade and its loveliness die.

* Written after hearing a speech on flowers by the Rev. Enos COUCH, F.S.A., Chaplain to the "Mariners' Friend Society."

Yet there are some lessons which it doth impart,
So full of true wisdom to strengthen the heart.
How varied its colours ! Here's the lily, the rose,
Carnations, geraniums—as you may suppose ;
The violet, the fuschia, camilla and fern,
Verbena, the snowdrop and heartsease, in turn,
Jasmin, polyanthus and moss-rose I see,
All bound up together in this lovely bouquet.

So Christians are flowers, each one in his place,
The Church is the garden, the soil divine grace ;
Opinions may differ in some things, 'tis true,
But all have one object for ever in view.
Our *National Church* is blooming and fair,
For the rose, the shamrock, and thistle are there ;
The *Wesleyan Church* like an evergreen stands,
And this plant is now growing in almost all lands ;
The *Congregational Church* like a fuschia is seen,
And the *Baptist* a cactus so lovely and green.
May each like a lily in purity prove,
And form a bouquet bound together in love.

'These flowers I have here, so choice and so rare,
Have been planted and nurtured with every care ;
'The soil was prepared and the good seed was sown,
Or else this bouquet would never have grown.
Just so in each heart God findeth a place,
'To sow divine seed prepared by his grace ;
It taketh deep root and upwards it springs,
"Growing up into Christ its head in all things ;"

It groweth in grace, in faith and in love,
 And the Master comes down from his mansion above ;
 He watches it grow in his own lovely bowers,
 And takes back a bouquet of beautiful flowers.

How lovely each tint—no beauty like this !
 'Tis the work of a master—our Father He is ;
 He designed every petal, each leaf and each stem,
 And all their fair colours He gave unto them.
 Just so in each soul should beauty be seen,
 In its mixture of colours—red, blue, pink, or green ;
 Like Moses of old, our faces should shine,
 Pourtraying in beauty the glory divine ;
 Or like a bright angel in features appear,
 As Stephen the martyr, bereft of all fear ;
 And rise to the home of blest spirits above,
 To bask in the beauty of perfected love.

There's a fragrance delicious in every flower,
 Which it sheds forth so gratefully after a shower ;
 And the bouquet I hold to all doth impart
 An odour delightful—it cheereth the heart.
 Just so should the prayers of the Christian arise,
 Like a sweet-smelling savour go up to the skies ;
 For God will receive our prayers if they come
 Up sweetly perfumed in the blood of his Son.
 Like incense they rise, go up to his throne,
 And He is well pleased his children to own ;
 Like a bouquet of flowers its scent shall be given,
 And a perfume impart to our Father in heaven.

How fruitful is every green plant we behold—
Some beautiful ones, with their blossoms of gold !
The trees of the garden, the corn and the vine,
Produce most abundantly for thee and for thine.
So we should be fruitful, for this is the test
By which we can show our religion the best ;
In labours of love we should always be found,
The fruits of the Spirit should in us abound.
We'll plant gospel flowers in every land ;
United our effort, together we stand ;
A bouquet then, Lord, we'll present unto Thee—
“ Here am I and those Thou hast given to me.”

If God sent no water these flowers would decay—
No fragrance would come from this splendid bouquet ;
The seed would not grow, the plant would not bloom.
But all would be desolate, dark as the tomb.
Just so would all efforts of ours be in vain,
Unless God pour on us the heavenly rain.
This water divine the Spirit bestows,
And so in proportion our piety grows.
The first-fruits of earth, the choicest of flowers,
Are plucked by the Saviour in this world of ours.
And taken above, where they cannot decay,
To form by his love a glorious bouquet.



Lines on the Brig "Gem."*

LOUD roared the winds as the ship "Gem" lay
Near the great south rocks of Robin Hood Bay ;
From Hamburg they'd sailed, and mistook the
land,

And were near being lost on that rocky strand.

William Storm was up on the heights, and saw
The ship's fearful danger, as near she did draw
To that rocky shore where scores have been lost,
And to Whitby for help away did he post.

But when he got there the pilots did say,
" It blows so heavy, we can't go to-day ;"
But he pleaded hard that some should e'en try,
And not these poor sailors abandon to die.

Then forward they went to that fine noble pier
Of Whitby ('tis famed for miles far and near) ;
There saw the captain of a steamer afloat,
Who offered to go with Storm in their boat.

* The brig "Gem" was nearly lost in Robin Hood Bay, on her passage from Hamburg, getting almost on shore on the rocks, when a friend of mine, Mr. W. Storm, was the means of saving the ship and crew.

He determined to go, and they got up the steam,
And loosed from the pier, and into the stream ;
With brave valiant hearts, they determined to save
Those poor sailors bold from a watery grave.

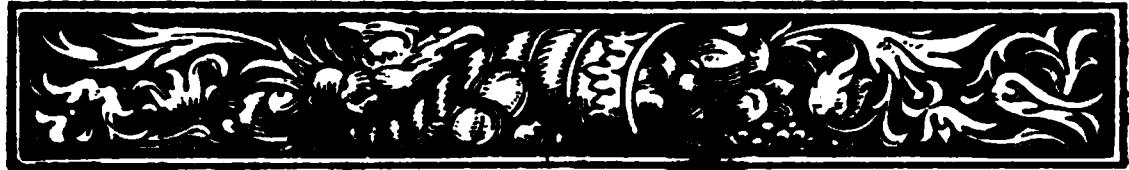
Out bravely they went, but the sea ran high,
And broke o'er the steamer, and seemed very nigh
To overwhelm her and sink them while going out ;
But well they all knew what they were about.

And soon from the harbour they got clear away,
To steer to the rocky and dangerous bay ;
And glad were the sailors when watching them come,
To save them from shipwreck's deplorable doom.

They steer to the ship, and a hawser they take—
The anchors are weighed, and now in the wake
Of the steamer are towed to a safe harbour near,
And grateful they're left at Scarborough pier.

Then success to Storm and the other brave men,
Who ventured their lives for their fellows then ;
And every danger and hardship they braved,
That the noble vessel from wreck might be saved.

Long may they live, and their time thus employed
In doing others good, still more be enjoyed ;
And always be ready to venture and save
All that they can from a watery grave.



The Voyage of Life.

MY brother sailor, which course do you steer ?
Whither you are bound pray let it appear.

Through waves and storms you now are hastening on—

The voyage will soon be ended, life be gone.
Tell me what pilot you have now on board,
Tell me his name, pray is it Christ the Lord ?

You are sailing rapidly along the stream ;
The longest life seems but an idle dream.
Engage as pilot Him who rules each realm,
He'll steer you safely if He's at the helm ;
With Him is safety, yes, for every crew—
He guides the stars, and every vessel too.

The crew He loves are those who Him obey,
Who live unto his glory day by day ;
Gladly each plies the labouring oar,
Striving to reach the golden shore ;
They come out from among the ungodly here,
And o'er life's waves Christ does the vessel steer.

If during life's short voyage you'd happy be,
Then hear the Saviour whisper "Come to Me."
Come to Him now—by Him you may be led,
He'll feed you constantly with living bread.
O, listen to the Spirit's gracious voice,
And through the voyage your spirit shall rejoice..

And when with you this life's rough voyage shall end,
In Christ your pilot you will find a friend ;
With Him for ever you shall dwell on high,
Above the stars and yon bright, glittering sky ;
There you may shout in happy, joyous strain,
" I've made the voyage and now am home again."

The Sailor's Wife's Farewell.

FAREWELL, farewell, my husband dear !
You are now about to leave your home ;
May God protect—be ever near—
Till thou unto thy wife dost come.
Thou art bound away to a distant land,
It is a good ship that bears thee on ;
Thou soon wilt reach a foreign strand,
And I shall miss thee when thou'rt gone.

The voyage of life we agreed to share,
 When we learned to put our trust in Him,
 To whom we bowed in fervent prayer,
 Hoping eternal life to win.
 God has our Guide and Father been—
 In Him a constant Friend we find;
 Throughout the voyage his hand we've seen—
 He smooths the waves and rules the wind.

I'll offer up my prayers for thee
 Whilst thou art absent from thy love;
 Though on the rough and stormy sea,
 My constancy thou'l't ever prove.
 I'll think of joys which we have shared,
 When the ocean rolls 'tween thee and me,
 And pray that thou may still be spared;
 Farewell I scarce can say to thee.

How vain the sigh that rends the heart!
 The ship they now begin to unmoor;
 Dear husband! you and I must part,
 And you must plough the ocean o'er.
 But though on earth we may divide,
 Though thy profession makes thee rove,
 My love is like a swelling tide,
 To hail thy coming back, my love.

And when at night I lay awake,
 I'll think of Him who asleep once laid
 In the fishing boat on the boisterous lake,
 To whom the affrighted disciples prayed.

“Lord, save, or we perish !” these sailors cried ;
They knew that He had the power to save ;
He rose and rebuked the storm and tide,
He hushed the wind and stilled the wave.

I will think of Him, of his power and grace,
And feel that my loved one is safe in his hands ;
He made all worlds and filleth all space,
He protecteth his own in far distant lands.
In his care alone can safety be found,
He ever will be a trustworthy friend ;
We'll trust Him on water or on solid ground,
Till our voyage of life in heaven shall end

The Sick Child.

WEAKNESS seizes all my limbs—I struggle
to be strong ;
But all in vain : I feel, I feel I shall not be here
long.
I would I might abide on earth till spring hath brought
the flowers ;
I would that I might breathe my last 'mid April's
balmy showers.

For now the winds are blowing cold, so very cold and sad ;

And yet, and yet, it may be so, I might not like it glad.

The snow is drifting into heaps, the ice is on the lake ;
~~At night~~ I watch the winter moon, I lie so oft awake.

I gaze upon the smiling sun when there is not a cloud ;

I shall never see its brightness when I'm wrapped within my shroud :

But I shall view a brighter scene when I mingle with the sod,

For I shall see, unblinded then, the glory of my God.

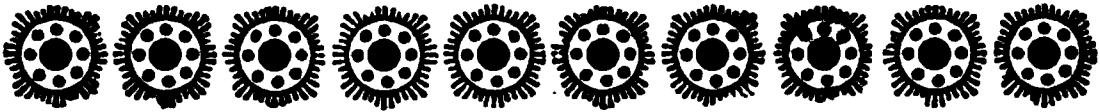
I feel as though my spirit had bright wings to fly away ;

O, join my hands together now ! O, let me, let me pray !

My Saviour loved those little ones—with Him I fain would be ;

The merciful to sinless babes will mercy show to me.





The Death of Admiral Lyons.

THE gallant old admiral's gone,
Who the guns of a foe never feared ;
A sailor who victories won,
No matter to what point he steered.
From Westminster School he set out,
On board the " Royal Charlotte " he went,
At eleven years old, or about,
As midshipman forth he was sent.

A sailor's life there he began,
That called into action this boy ;
His courage had honoured a man,
When serving his country with joy.
When after twelve months he had served
On the ship " Royal Charlotte " at sea,
His practical skill was observed,
And then to the " Maidstone " went he.

Nearly five years in her he remained,
Beloved by each one he knew ;
He the friendship of officers gained,—
Was the idol beloved by the crew.

Next to the frigate "Action" removed,
 By the Dardanelles' passage so famed,
 Where Duckworth so eminent proved,
 With honour young Lyons he named.

His promotion he here soon obtained,
 To the "Baracouta" lieutenant was sent :
 In this little brig honour he gained,
 Prized and welcomed wherever he went.
 Here success first rewarded his skill,
 When the Castle of Belgie was stormed :
 To succeed he dashed on with a will,
 And feats of bright daring performed.

In this great exploit he displayed
 A true sailor's courage so bold ;
 Though the channel was bad, haste he made,
 And took the foe's wily stronghold.
 O'er the castle a flag was soon waved,
 Placed there by England's brave son ;
 Cried "Come on !" while all danger he braved,
 And soon showed the vict'ry was won.

The news soon reached this land,
 His bravery met a reward ;
 Warm greetings showed on every hand,
 A braver youth n'er drew the sword.
 • With Admiral Drury next set sail
 To Java, in the "Minden" bound,
 As flag-lieutenant ne'er did fail
 To make it honoured where'er found.

As the ship at Java was lying off,
From a prisoner on board he learned
They thought an action would come off,
And then with ardour's fire he burned.
With action prompt in midnight hours
He planned his scheme to carry out ;
Two boats and five-and-thirty tars
Soon put the foreign foe to rout,

He saw Fort Marrack with its guns
For battle, fifty-four, arrayed ;
Though the moon showed England's gallant sons,
They were not daunted or afraid.
The sea was rolling up the shore
As they were landing on the beach ;
Undaunted firmly under fire
They pressed and nobly scaled the breach.

Thus onward went the gallant tar,
And charged the foe and gained the fort ;
At dawn of day was seen afar
Old England's colours o'er the port.
With victory, commander he was made,
In the ship "Renald" was sent away,
And over to France a king conveyed,
A monarch's sceptre there to sway.

Then back to England he returned,
To bear the allied sovereigns here,
And for this service honours earned—
The treaty of peace did also bear.

In eighteen hundred and fourteen, he
 Received post captain's rank ; his fame
 A terror proved to foes at sea,—
 Like Nelson's, they feared to hear his name.

A time then came—he stayed on shore—
 A time of peace—e'er ready he
 To fight, and in the “Blonde” once more
 On active service went to sea ;
 And soon his mind was called to play
 In the “Morea” an active part ;
 Allied to France, he won the day,
 And caused the Turks with fear to start.

Twelve nights in trenches was exposed.
 To the Turks' great guns and muskets' fire ;
 His bravery the French disclosed,
 And St. Louis' order gave to admire ;
 To reward his merit Greece then gave
 The order of the Redeemer rare,
 That many a Grecian great would crave
 The much-loved honour thus to share.

For the many services performed
 He knighted was in “'thirty-five,”
 In “'forty” then he was informed
 Forthwith a baronet would live.
 Again he hears his country's call,
 A lofty office of the state
 He takes, and on his shoulders fall
 A foreign mission high and great.

When ambassador at Athens, he
Upheld his country with his voice,
Of England's glory speaking free,
It made his countrymen rejoice.
At Berne he still upheld the praise
Of Briton's virtues, and her laws ;
At Stockholm, too, his voice did raise,
Which gained his country's loud applause.

Again he braves the azure main,
He then the British fleet commands,
And to the Black Sea sails again,
From Russia justice to demand :
The "Agamemnon" led the way,
And with the fleet the foe defied ;
The Russian fleet all hid away
Behind stone walls, the coward tried.

To get them out he tried each scheme ;
Behind Sebastopol's stone walls
Sent shells, all pouring in a stream,
Which sorely then their fleet appals.
For country always did his best,
Its rights and honours to maintain :
He sacrificed his health and rest
For laurels of the watery main.

Brave Lyons upheld England's fame,
Attacked Sebastopol so strong,
In that good ship of glorious name
He fought with courage firm and long ; .

Accomplished all that head and heart
Could do against such walls of stone,
And played a dauntless sailor's part,
With brilliant skill, as all must own.

'Twas by his skill, and knowledge too,
That many thousand lives were saved,
And sheltered many a valiant crew,
The raging storm could ne'er have braved ;
In Balaklava's harbour they
Securely rode throughout the gale,
While those without, for miles away,
Could tell a frightful, mournful tale.

Some store-ships foundered in the roads,
And all on board were sunk and lost ;
The beach was strewn with stores in loads,
And many lives of priceless cost ;
But Lyons' wisdom there was praised
By those who lay in harbour safe,
When outside others' cries were raised
For succour, shelter and relief.

But that fine youth, his gallant son—
Young Mowbray Lyons he was named—
Was struck ere Sebastopol was won,
And died a youth for ever famed.
And after peace had been proclaimed,
Our queen across the Channel went,
To Cherbourg fortress, now so famed,
The French alliance to cement.

And here Lord Lyons held command,
And honours freely crowned his worth,
With every good from fortune's hand,
That men can know or feel on earth ;
But England has this hero lost,
All in the blossom of his fame ;
But while she can a navy boast,
Shall honour blazon o'er his name.

The Dying Christian's Farewell to his Wife.

HE time is come for me, dear wife,
To pass by death from thee away—
From this cold earth of care and strife,
To brighter realms of endless day.

But ere we part, my own true wife,
My dying tongue to thee shall tell
That thou hast proved my joy of life,
And shown to me thy love full well.

I am passing away to a better home,
My Saviour calls and bids me come ;
I am going above in heaven to roam,
I am passing away ! passing away !

222 *The Dying Christian's Farewell.*

Thou hast been a fond and faithful wife,
And thou hast kindly borne with me ;
Thou'st crowned my days with blessings rife—
Life's sweetest joys I owe to thee.
But now to die I hear the call,
My soul through death above shall rise ;
And I must leave my wife, my all,
To join the ransomed in the skies.

I soon shall join the holy band,
Before the throne for ever stand,
Singing the hymns of the better land ;
I am passing away ! passing away !

Now let me hold thy hand, dear wife,
Long as my beating pulse shall last,
Till death comes in to end the strife,
Until life's battle's o'er and past.
Let my last look be on thee, love,
Thy voice the last on earth to hear ;
Then join the heavenly hosts above,
To sing with saints and seraphs there.

I am passing away to my Saviour's breast.
Where my soul for evermore shall rest,
Rejoicing still in the home of the blest ;
I am passing away ! passing away !

Then banish all thy tears, dear wife ;
Ere long in heaven we meet again,
To ever live the endless life,
And sing a pure melodious strain.

Soon as you die I will you meet,
Go hand in hand to realms of light,
And kneel at our Redeemer's feet,
To receive a crown of glory bright.

I am passing away—O, happy state!—
To heaven's bright and pearly gate;
Angels now at my bedside wait—
I am passing away! passing away!

Song of the Fishermen.

WE are bound away, at the close of day,
Far off on the briny sea;
All hearts are brave, as we leap the wave,
And joyous as mortals can be.
With favouring gale we onward sail,
And over us flies the spray,
And Zion's song, as we sail along,
We sing at the close of day.

The stars above seem heralds of love,
And the moon, with silver light,
Awakens the fire of fond desire
To dwell in heaven so bright.

Our sails are spread, no fear or dread
 Appal each manly breast;
 Our songs arise through glittering skies
 To God our hope of rest.

We remember of old how Jesus told
 The faithful fishermen then
 Their nets to forsake and He would make
 Them preachers and fishers of men.
 They heard his voice, and their hearts rejoice
 To leave their earthly store,
 The message of love, He brought from above,
 To preach it on every shore.

He often had told his disciple fold
 That trials and sorrows would come,
 Though cares should increase, in Him was their peace,
 And this chased away all their gloom.
 Him they believed, and his word they received,
 Did the meek and faithful band,
 Then in Christ's praise our songs we'll raise,
 As our boats glide far from the land.

How oft we are made most sorely afraid,
 While viewing some trial to brave,
 But to each wave of ill Christ saith, "Be still,
 My power each loved one shall save."
 In the darkness of night, when gone is the light,
 With souls bowed heavy with care,
 Our voices we've raised, and his love be praised,
 He has answered our suppliant prayer.

On the storm-crested deep He knoweth no sleep,
But peace to our souls doth He send ;
His voice soundeth still, " Fear not any ill,
I'm your firm, your unchangeable Friend."
Though life may be short, you may all reach the port,
All your sins by his mercy forgiven,
Here partake of his grace, then see his blest face,
And gain the bright harbour of heaven.

We will think of the time, in a happier clime,
In the glorious land of the blest ;
We shall sing in the song of the triumphal throng,
In the heavenly haven of rest.
Looking back on the past, and each stormy blast,
Shall own that his doings were right ;
His mercies repeat, with love at his feet,
For ever to dwell in his sight.

Hymn of Praise to Jesus.

GREAT King, who reigns in glory,
Upon thy dazzling throne,
We'll come and bow before Thee +
Our refuge Thee alone.

Hymn of Praise to Jesus.

And though Thou art exalted
 Beyond our loftiest thought,
 By Thee we are invited,
 And by thy Spirit brought.

Then listen, dearest Saviour,
 While to thy praise we sing ;
 O listen, we beseech Thee,
 Thou glorious heavenly King.

And though all angels praise Thee,
 Crying, " Holy, holy, Lord ! "
 And by the brightest seraphim
 Thou art gloriously adored ;

Yet when their songs are sweetest,
 When sound their harps of gold,
 The love Thou bear'st thy people
 By tongue can ne'er be told.

For everlasting mansions there
 Thou hast prepared, so bright,
 For all who love thy holy name,
 To dwell with Thee in light.

And therefore we draw near Thee,
 And praise with one accord
 The wondrous love and mercy
 Of our exalted Lord.

He shall like a shepherd lead
 His flock to crystal streams,
 To drink of life's pure water,
 That in his city gleams.

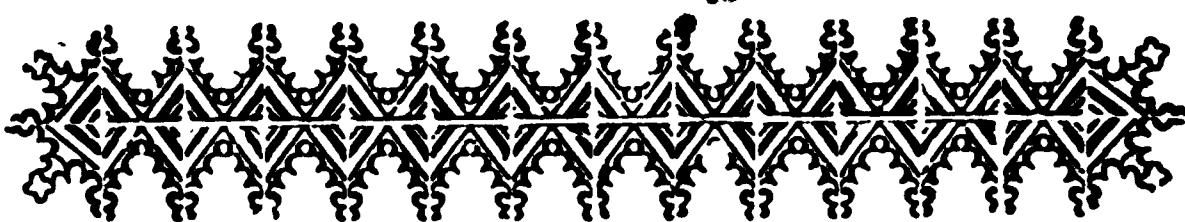
And from those heavenly fountains
We shall gain fresh supplies,
And God our heavenly Father
Wipe tears from all our eyes.

With beauty He shall clothe us,
And set us by his side,
Crowned with Him in glory,
There ever to abide.

And all that hath been ever
To wondering ears foretold,
His love, so good and precious,
Shall excel a thousandfold.

To us shall all this bliss be given,
With love divine and free ;
And we shall all his goodness praise,
To all eternity.





The Dying Child to its Mother.



MOTHER dear, I'm weary, and here I cannot rest—

Sharp racking pains are on me, but all is for the best;

But soon it will be over, and I shall pass away
To that glorious better land, where there is no decay.
But O, I would not leave you so very sad behind,
Without some words of comfort to dwell upon your mind,

That when I go and leave you to soar to realms above
You'll think again upon your child with all a mother's love.

I know I oft have vexed you and pain'd your mind full sore,

But now if you forgive me I'll never do it more;
Come take my hand, dear mother, and on my lips impress

The sweet kiss of forgiveness, once more your child now bless;

And though my pulse is feeble, and fluttering is my heart,
Give me but one more token ere I from thee depart ;
That thrilling pressure tells me that love you still do feel,
On all my faults forgiven thy kiss hath set the seal.

But mother, dearest mother, pray do not sob and cry,
I'll be your guardian angel till you shall come to die ;
Around your earthly path I'll like an angel wait,
Till the summons comes for you to quit this earthly state ;

Then, then, my dearest mother, Jesus will you save,
And he will give you victory over the silent grave ;
Within the glorious mansions He has for you prepared,
Then, mother, you shall enter and have a rich reward.

O mother, dearest mother, then pass away I must,
And this frail dying body will mingle with the dust ;
And O, my dearest mother, you have been kind to me,
And taught my infant lips to pray as I sat on your knee ;

I lisped the words "Our Father," and now He bids me come,

He's sent his holy angels to take me safely home ;
There I shall dwell for ever in that glorious better land,

Be crowned with radiant glory, before his face to stand.

230 *The Dying Child to its Mother.*

Then open now the window, and let me see the sun,
Whose golden beams on earth he shows when his
day's course is run.

Sure, mother, still more beautiful than this that land
must be,

I wonder, then, what heaven is like when here such
light I see;

And oft before I've seen the clouds all fringed with
golden light,

And thought of the Great Maker who dwells where
all is bright,

And then the glorious rainbow with its vast, mighty
span,

Showing the blessed covenant that God hath made
with man.

But surely, mother, he will save me, a sinner though
I be,

And I shall, when I leave you, be from sin and sor-
row free.

In leaving those I dearly love it grieves me, I confess,
And yet, my dearest mother, I soon shall be at rest,
Where I shall dwell for ever in my dear Saviour's
sight—

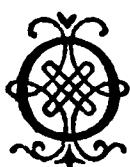
In God's own heavenly temple the Lamb will be the
light;

There shall He gently lead me to taste of living
streams,

The water of eternal life which through that city
gleams.

There, robed in whitest garments, among the blessed throng,
I'll cast my crown before Him and mingle in their song;
My sorrow changed to gladness, my grief all turned to praise,
With the immortal host my voice I then shall loudly raise.
I there shall dwell in happiness, and love that blessed clime,
Shall shout how Jesus loved me with all his love sublime;
Yes, this shall be the echo, "He hath done all things best,
And safely home has brought me to his eternal rest."

O Jesus, I am thine!



THERE are thousands now this day,
Whose care is for this world alway,
Who cannot join with me and say,
O Jesus, I am thine!

O Jesus, I am thine!

Some who profess great love for Thee—
 This world their idol—may they see
 Their error, and cry out with me,
 O Jesus, I am thine!

With pilgrims to the better land,
 May I seek thy directing hand,
 And through thy grace and mercy stand ;
 O Jesus, I am thine !

O help me now to seek thy face,
 Help me to win the Christian's race,
 And fill my soul with heavenly grace ;
 O Jesus, I am thine !

And when temptations vex my mind,
 And troubles through life's path I find,
 In Thee I'll trust and be resigned ;
 O Jesus, I am thine !

When I am racked with care and pain,
 O Saviour, then my soul sustain !
 I'll never of thy grace complain ;
 O Jesus, I am thine !

No other help have I but Thee ;
 When troubles press help me to flee
 To mercy's throne, thy face to see ;
 O Jesus, I am thine !

I once was sinful, wayward, wild,
 But through thy blood am reconciled,
 And now Thou own'st me for thy child ;
 O Jesus, I am thine !

The sinner and the Saviour meet ;
In love Thou draw'st me to thy feet ;
O, what a gracious mercy-seat !

O Jesus, I am thine !

And here I taste the sweets of love,
In richest streams from heaven above,
And soon its glories I shall prove ;

O Jesus, I am thine !

Our Sabbaths of Rest.

YE toiling hearts, prize the sweet moments of leisure,

One blest day in seven, so needful to man ;
Defend it—uphold it—for O, 'tis a treasure !

The gift of our God when creation began.
This divine institution of his great affection,

Decreed as a solace and boon to our race,
A sweet respite gives us for holy reflection,
To pour out our hearts at the fountain of grace.
How sweet are the moments of pious communion,
T' engage with the Spirit in prayer and in praise,

When the faithful for worship assemble in union,
 And their voices to heaven in thankfulness raise.
 Let pure aspirations ascend from each dwelling,
 The fulness of gratitude lighten each breast,
 With joyful devotion and thankfulness swelling,
 For our foretastes of heaven, our sabbaths of rest.

Let not the designing mislead or deceive us,
 With winning allurements our senses to blind ;
 When once we're enslaved and undone they will
 leave us

In bondage alike both in body and mind.
 Beware of those men who with plausible phrases
 And sophistry preach about " food for the brain,"
 Would lead the unwary through sceptical mazes,
 To end but in cold desolation and pain.

We have food for our souls in the blest Revelation,
 God's word to sustain us, our comfort and guide,—
 That cheers us with hope of eternal salvation,
 For ever with Jesus in bliss to abide.

Then ne'er let us swerve from the truths of his
 teaching,
 By Satan's dark wiles be enslaved or oppress ;
 But steadily on to the high calling reaching,
 And jealously watch o'er our sabbaths of rest.

O, yield not an atom, denounce every feature
 That tends to deprive us of God's holy day ;
 Tear away the false mask, and expose the vile
 creature,
 The demon of mammon that lurks in our way.

'Tis a truth, sad though real, that many are living,
Who grudge us the rest that our sabbaths afford,
Who to gain's ruling passion their whole lives are
giving,

And scorn the blest precepts of God's holy word.

'Tis such who complacently view all the scheming
To darken the sabbath with worldly pursuits,
Who vainly, let's prove, are delusively dreaming,
Of sin and of folly to gather the fruits.

Let this be our solace, though destined to labour,
A bright home awaits us to dwell with the blest ;
By our lives let us seek for the heavenly favour,
And rev'rence as holy our sabbaths of rest.

In sabbath amusements, where selfishness revels,
And rank desecration pollutes the bright hours,
Man's mind to the tone of the infidel levels,
And Satan the thoughtless with vice overpowers.

O, is it not piteous that thousands are striving
To yield up their birthright so sacred and free ?
Of life's greatest treasure their fellows depriving,
Let us boldly protest that it never shall be !

Let us scorn all attempts to impair or disfigure
The sanctified moments we cherish and love ;
Our claim to the sabbath defending with vigour,
The claim that we own from the Father above.

United let's firmly resolve to be doing,
And grasp the great subject with dignified zest ;
Our love for our God and his ordinance showing,
And bravely let's fight for our sabbaths of rest.



Hymn

FOR BERMONDSEY RAGGED SCHOOL.*

WE praise thy name, O God our King !
To Thee our grateful songs we sing,
For all thy care and love ;
Though very poor we are on earth,
We know our souls—of wondrous worth—
Shall dwell in heaven above.

O, God of good ! our praise shall rise
To Thee, whose glory fills the skies—
We raise our youthful songs ;
Our teachers show thy way of truth,
And lead us in our early youth ;
To Thee all praise belongs.

We often find we're prone to stray
From Christ our Shepherd, King, and Way ;
Great God of love, forgive !
Let thy good Spirit lead our mind,
The righteous path in Thee to find,
And to thy glory live.

* Dedicated to Mr. W. PENNY, Secretary.

May we our blessed Saviour know,
And in our lives his virtues show,
As children of his fold ;
And may we in his image shine,
And bear the stamp of love divine,
In heaven's bless'd book enrolled.

O, bless our teachers' labours here !
Prosper their work, their hearts to cheer—
Let souls through them be bless'd ;
And when they've done their work below
May they and we thy glories know,
In heaven, thy promised rest.

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF HIS GRACE ALGERNON PERCY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

 LAS ! he's gone from off this earthly scene ;
His Christain virtues shone in rays serene ;
Though high exalted in this earthly sphere,
He studied well the poor to bless and cheer ;
His chief delight to form some noble plan
To benefit and help his fellow man.

238 *Death of the Duke of Northumberland.*

No self-love dimmed his calm, benignant days, ; ?
His generous deeds inspired all hearts with praise ; ?
And countless blessings showered upon his head, a;
Throughout the land his noble fame was spread ;
And now his mission's done, his spirit flies
To endless realms of joy beyond the skies. a. :
o. :
a. :
H.
: H.
V.

But though he's gone, yet as we gaze around,
On good and holy works his name is found ;
He passed from earth, his soul hath soared away,
But still he lives in deeds that ne'er decay ;
And thousands yet unborn shall laud his name,
While history's page perpetuates his fame,
And truth's pure words bear record of his worth
And spreads his fame abroad through all the earth,
Recording how a Percy nobly stood,
A pattern bright to all the just and good ;
Inciting peers among the rich and great
To bless and cherish all of low estate.

His princely wealth he summoned to his aid,
And all the fulness of his heart displayed ;
Raised stately temples, dedicate to God,
For in God's fear he ever meekly trod.
The shipwrecked sailors' steadfast friend was he,
His life-boats braved the perils of the sea,
Glad tidings bearing o'er the furious wave,
Rescuing poor souls from many a watery grave :
And though his death on all hath cast a gloom,
Yet will his deeds survive beyond the tomb ;
His numerous tenants all his loss deplore,
And grieve to think they'll find him here no more.

He passed away to heaven to meet his King,
There with cherubim and seraphim to sing ;
He's landed safely on the eternal shore,
Joined the redeemed, his Saviour to adore.
Ours is the loss and sorrow,—ours the pain,
The change to him is everlasting gain ;
From heights of bliss he can with joy look down,
His ducal gems resigned for heaven's bright crown.
With holy joy he joins the glorious throng,
And sings in heaven the hallelujah song !
With golden harp before the throne he'll stand,
And sing God's praises in the better land.

*To Mr. Isaac Hunter Clark.**

AIL, noble veteran ! thy jubilee we greet,
Thankful that thou art spared with us to meet ;
Hail, worthy Clark ! we give thee hearty cheers,
For labour in Christ's cause for fifty years.

* Written on the presentation of a valuable timepiece, bearing the following inscription :—“ A Jubilee Testimonial to Mr. Isaac Hunter Clarke, from the Ministers, Trustees, Stewards, Leaders, Members, Friends, Teachers, and Scholars of Southwark Wesleyan Chapel, London, in grateful recognition of fifty years of happy membership and useful service, March 3rd, 1865.—‘ To God be all the praise.’ ”

We meet in crowds to celebrate this day ;
 That God will bless thee, every one will pray ;
 We give thee honour, and are glad to see
 Thee look so well on this thy jubilee.
 May God thy useful life still longer spare,
 And ever keep thee 'neath his guardian care !

But in the past what changes thou hast seen ;
 In half a century hosts of mighty men
 Have gone to their reward ! men thou hast known,
 Who left the earth to take their heavenly crown.
 But God's great goodness kindly leads thee still,
 Climbing life's mazy, thorny, rugged hill ;
 In every storm He kindly shelters thee
 Beneath the wings of his benignity ;
 And here amidst thy friends thou still dost stand,
 A child of grace kept by his mighty hand.

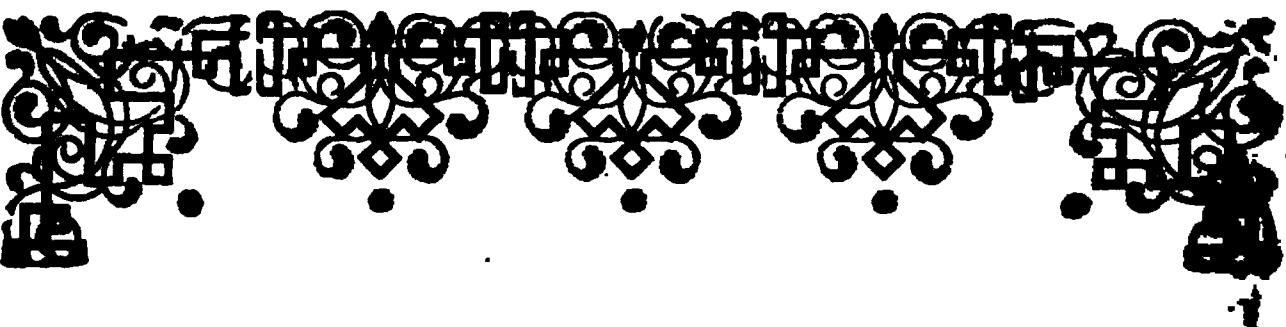
Still thy heart throbs with warm desires to plan
 Fresh means by which to save thy fellow man ;
 Thou labourest still in every useful sphere,
 A blessing made to all while dwelling here.
 With gratitude thy zealous care we trace,
 Thy earnest efforts for the rising race ;
 Thy labours in the school worth more than gold,
 Bringing the tender lambs into the fold ;
 And for thy patient toil thy Saviour Lord
 Will give to thee a glorious, rich reward.

How often at the sick-bed thou'st appeared,
 And bless'd the dying, and their spirits cheered :

Many dear infants to the font were brought,
By thee first registered, and after taught.
Again as steward, faithful to thy trust,
Thy liberal hand bestowed where'er was just ;
And many will thy righteous labours bless,
For turning them from sin to righteousness ;
Many through thee will join the glorious throng
Around the throne, and sing the heavenly song.

How many now there are on beds of pain,
While health flows richly through thy every vein !
How many are in want throughout our land,
While thou hast plenty, by God's goodness planned !
Thy faltering tongue unable to express
Thy gratitude, thy love and thankfulness,
For mercies far too numerous to count,
While every moment swells the vast amount ;
And here thy grateful heart anew would raise
A fresh memorial to his glorious praise.

Around thee now how many friends we see,
Rejoicing all in this thy jubilee ;
United with one heart their joy to prove,
By offering thee this token of their love !
Long may this timepiece, as its hands go round,
A token of their true esteem be found ;
And every hour of time, which flies so fast,
Be happier than the one already past,
Till in a better world, when time's no more,
For ever thou thy Saviour Christ adore.



Time Past.

Tis gone, it is gone ! it has vanished away,
The time I have spent of my life's fleeting day ;
And I look on the past like a feverish dream,
With its quick rushing flow to eternity's stream ;
I start quite aghast at the path I have trod,
And, prodigal like, I return to my God ;
He meets me, receives me with loving embrace,
While tears of repentance roll down on my face ;
I am humbled to think of the love I have slighted,
When He falls on my neck, my soul is delighted ;
Is there mercy for me, who spurned the love given ?
O, yes, to the penitent, mercy in heaven !

O, come now, and taste of my bounty so free !
And drink of the life-giving stream shed for thee ;
I have come and found how mercy still blesses
And strews our life's path with blissful caresses.
I have come, and have found the stream in commotion,
I have come, and have drank of love's purest ocean ;
Though black in times past was the stain of my sins,
Yet the merit of Jesus for me pardon wins.

I now gaze with joy, as on Pisgah I stand,
On my glorious home in the bright promised land ;
I experience with gladness my sins all forgiven,
And look forward with hope to a bright home in
heaven.

Death of Mr. Hawkins,

LEADER OF THE CHOIR AT SOUTHWARK
CHAPEL.

 LAS, he's gone ! his voice no more he'll raise
To lead God's people in their hymns of praise ;
To thank the Great Supreme for mercies given,
And join with them to seek for peace and heaven.
He sang as leader long in Southwark choir,
His zeal and constancy did all admire ;
But now his voice is hushed—his spirit's fled,
And in the grave now lies his weary head.
But though the body lies in mouldering earth,
We trust his soul hath found a brighter birth,
And dwells on high before the eternal throne,
Where sin and care and sorrow are unknown.
Upon the brink of death he trembling stood, [flood ;
And viewed with anxious thought death's streaming

Then raised his voice to heaven in earnest prayer,
He sought for mercy, and the Lord was there ;
There to impart sweet Gilead's healing balm,
To grant him pardon, and his fears to calm ;
To soothe his sorrow and to give him rest,
And call him home to dwell among the blest.

From seats of bliss the shining angels come,
And bear him forth to heaven's eternal home ;
In blood divine washed pure from every sin,
And clothed in raiment white, he enters in.
Cheered on by them he passes death's dread flood,
Made pure and clean by Christ's atoning blood ;
And soon he gains the everlasting shore,
Where earthly sorrows shall be known no more.
And now his voice makes heaven's high arches ring
With love and praise towards the heavenly King ;
Where nought but bliss and bright eternal joy,
In glorious lustre, free from earth's alloy,
Resplendent reigns throughout the boundless space,
With hosts of angels meeting face to face ;
All journeying, clothed in glory's dazzling rays,
Sing lauding anthems to their Maker's praise.
'Tis there again he sings with rapture sweet,
All, all the choir his voice and presence greet ;
There meekly bows with thanks for pardon given,
And blesses Christ, through whom he entered heaven.



To a Friend

WHO WAS MUCH CAST DOWN BY REASON
OF HIS AFFLICITION.

WHY is your heart so full of grief ?
What ! cannot Jesus give relief,
And ease your troubled mind ?
“ O, yes,” methinks I hear you say,
“ If I had but a heart to pray,
I soon should comfort find.

“ But now, alas ! I cannot pray,
Can only just look up and say,
‘ Quicken my simple heart ;
O, make me what Thou’dst have me be,
I would not live so far from Thee,
Nor from Thee more depart.’ ”

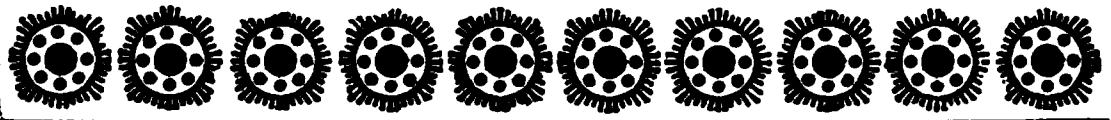
Jehovah hears when thus you groan,
And when you make the heavy moan,
He knows your every sigh ;
Though long his mercy seems to stay,
He’ll not forsake, He may delay—
Your faith and patience try.

Acknowledge, then, his tender love—
 You soon will meet your Lord above,
 Beyond the reach of fear ;
 May Jesu's smile attend your days,
 And all your future life be praise,
 Until you're landed there.

And when your spirit takes its flight
 To yonder realms of life and light,
 And at the throne you bow,
 Then you'll adore his lovely face,
 And doubt no more the power of grace,
 Though all is darkness now.

Like some tall ship with crowded sail,
 That runs before a prosperous gale,
 O, may you enter there !
 Triumphant may you greet the throng,
 And join with rapture in the song,
 Made free from sin and care.





The Christian Warrior's Welcome to Heaven.*

HAIL, hail, valiant soldier of Jesus thy Saviour !
Thou hast fought the good fight for thy Master
and King,
Victorious returned to the light of his favour,
All heaven with gladness thy welcome shall ring.
At the portals of heaven a host is in waiting
To greet thee with loving affection divine ;
A host thou hast zealously helped in translating
To that blissful abode, where in glory they shine.

Hail, glorious old veteran ! thy labours and honours
Have shown thy sincerity, holy and true,
And great was our joy to have thee amongst us—
Iniquity here found a foeman in you ;
For evermore now in his majestic presence,
In love, peace and joy thou shalt ever remain,
Sustained in God's grace by the Spirit's blest essence—
Heaven greets thee with welcome again and again.

* Lines in remembrance of the late JOHN VANNER, Esq.

When sinking to rest there was glory around him,
 It was joy on this Christian warrior to gaze,
 The angel of death, as in fetters he bound him,
 Heard him break forth triumphant in accents of
 praise.

He leaned on that Rock no tempest can shiver,
 He relied on the truths of God's holy word ;
 He drank of the stream that flowed from his river,
 And rejoiced in the prospect of seeing his Lord.

God's angels were there around his death pillow,
 And seraphs hung over his fluttering breath ;
 Jesus softened the pains of death's turbulent billow,
 And was with him while passing the valley of
 death ;
 The chariot was waiting, the angels attending,
 His spirit is freed and sings a glad strain,
 All heaven is waiting the warrior ascending,
 And rings with the welcome, he's safe home again.

Around him now gather pure beings of glory,
 And loud anthems swell the celestial dome,
 While saints fair and lovely, and patriarchs hoary,
 Peal forth loud hosannas and welcome him home.
 O, sweet salutation of sanctified greeting,
 To arise from the whole of that wonderful choir,
 Unspeakable joy there was found in the meeting
 That filled his brave soul with celestial fire.

He gazes around and sees arms wide extending,
 To clasp him in fond recognition's embrace ;

Old friends with delight in their spirits are lending
An ecstasy grand to their heavenly face.
While glory to God and the Lamb they are singing,
Hallelujahs peal forth in melodious strain,
The arches of heaven with rapture are ringing,
And "Welcome" re-echoes again and again.

The archangel summons, with love all abounding,
The saints to appear before the white throne,
In the holy of holies, 'midst light all surrounding
The great seat of mercy, of godhead alone ;
The warrior advances, with rapture beholding
The brightness of majesty, glory and love,
Where Christ at the right hand of God is unfolding
The fulness of grace that is centred above.

A sweet voice is heard of love all inviting,
And the warrior rejoices with ecstasy sweet,
A pure blaze of light on his form is alighting,
The Saviour is waiting his servant to greet :
" Well done, good and faithful and blessed, arise,
In the joys of thy Lord thou shalt ever remain,
Thou hast fought well and conquered, gaining the
prize,
Heaven greets thee with welcome again and again."



The Mediator.

JESUS, Thou source of heavenly light,
The image of thy Father bright,
From whom we all derive our might,
On us thy Spirit send !

Hear, Jesus, now our humble lay,
While at thy feet we kneel to pray;
And send from heaven a glorious ray,
On us thy Spirit send !

For Thou art full of grace and love,
And all our sins Thou canst remove;
Our Pleader at the throne above,
On us thy Spirit send !

Let thy bright beams around us shine,
The beams of love, with light divine,
And prove to us that we are thine,
On us thy Spirit send !

O, do Thou all our sins efface !
Come, fill us with thy heavenly grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face,
On us thy Spirit send !

And when at last our death is nigh,
O, then be near to hear our cry !
And teach us, Lord, the way to die,
On us thy Spirit send !

Public Worship.

WHAT sweet delights, what heavenly joys,
What glories fill the place,
Where Jesus manifests Himself
In streams of flowing grace.

The sweet refreshing streams on earth
His people feel of love,
And onward they rejoicing go,
To see his face above.

And though above, in lofty strains,
Archangels sound his praise,
In his great mercy still He deigns
To list to earthly lays.

And thus through life we travel on,
And in his worship join,
Our souls rejoicing in the hope
That we in heaven shall shine.

And when we see our Saviour there,
Whom we, unseen, adore,
With rapturous joy we'll on Him gaze,
And praise Him evermore.

The Christian's Victory over Death.

DEATH vanquished, they'll sing, despoiled of his sting,
Who have conquered through Jesus above ;
On the plains of delight, with thousands in white,
They shall walk and converse of his love.

How blessed a thing, hallelujah to sing,
When earth's meetings and partings are o'er ;
In Jerusalem grand the saints shall all stand,
His goodness behold and adore.

In that wonderful place, in the light of his face,
They for ever in glory shall dwell ;
No more the sad tear on each face shall appear,
When bidding each other farewell.

Each harp struck with joy the praise shall employ,
To the Saviour each note will be given !
Of Jesu's blest grace they will sing in that place,
And increase the great glories of heaven.

The Rich and the Poor.

“ The rich and the poor meet together : the Lord is the Maker
of them all.”

I SAW the poor beggar while asking for bread,
Unheeded by many, passed by ;
The chill dews of winter encircled his head,
And a tear trickled down from his eye.
His form told of hunger and withering want,
His visage of sorrow and care ;
His heart that groaned under many a taunt,
Seemed breaking with hopeless despair.

He wrapped his old garments his bosom around,
 And in speechless, but agonized woe,
 Looked wishfully up to the mansion he found,
 Thought the master might something bestow.
 He approached, but was thrust as a thief from the
 door,
 "No vagrant would there be supplied;"
 He pleaded his cause, he was hungry and poor,
 And prayed he might not be denied.

He pleaded, "Thy barns may be full to o'erflow,
 And fruitful thy flock and each field,
 Which God in his bounty on you doth bestow,
 That some to the poor you may yield.
 Thy clothing the finest, and silver and gold,
 Thy goblets all costly and rare;
 But I have no clothing my limbs to enfold,
 And hunger drives me to despair.

"If it be but the crumbs that fall from your board,
 E'en to feast with the dogs I would crave!
 Then sure thou wilt some of thy plenty afford,
 Nor let me sink into the grave.
 If denied, then, may plenty be loathsome to thee!
 Thy wine-cup soon poison thy breath!
 Thy friends every one prove faithless to thee,
 And disease soon strike thee with death!

"God's mandate, perchance, may be sent, 'Thou shalt
 die!'
And the messenger stand at thy door;

The voice of the poor might be lifted on high
Against thee for withholding thy store.
Yet forgive me, O Lord, this curse on him here.”
He exclaims, “ I will give unto thee !
Come hither, ye needy, your hearts I will cheer,
Take a part of my plenty with thee.

“ For I know that before the great Judge I must stand,
This record He left upon earth ;
The souls of the poor and the meek of the land,
He says, are of infinite worth ;
And whate'er of your treasure on them you bestow,
Is the same as if done unto Me ;
Then blessings for you up to heaven shall go,
As a treasure from moth and rust free.”

The Mother's Care.

HEAR, all kind mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn my humble, homely style ;
You judge it of important weight,
To keep your lovely daughters straight ;
For this such anxious care you feel,
You almost case them up in steel ;
In fashion's style you wish them seen,
In pompous flow—of crinoline.

For them is brought the foreign cane,
 For them the monster whale is slain ;
 To the body is your care confined,
 You leave the nobler part—the mind.
 Why not adorn the better part ?
 With truth and virtue light their heart ;
 Deformity of soul I call
 The worst deformity of all.

Bid their young minds in time forego
 The treacherous paths where pleasures flow ;
 Save their young minds from folly, save !
 Bid them in virtue's cause be brave ;
 Bid pleasure cease its evil sway,
 That makes pure virtue fade away,
 Beneath the alluring snaring chain,
 Whose end is everlasting pain.

When virtue leaves a woman's mind,
 And honour scorns to stay behind,
 All noble principle's destroyed,
 And vice fills up the empty void ;
 Like syrens they perform their part,
 To weaken and corrupt the heart ;
 It is a shock to virtue's sight,
 Oft proves their everlasting blight.

Then sunk in vice of foulest dye,
 With father, mother, no one nigh ;
 What anguish racks the erring breast,
 She night or day can gain no rest ;

Till maddened by remorse or shame,
The maniac's thrill strikes through the frame ;
Beyond the power of aught to save,
She leaps, and finds a watery grave.

Then, mothers, pray of them take care—
Those tender maidens chaste and fair,
With whom thy God hath blest thy life—
The pride of every virtuous wife.

O, guard them, tend them, watch them well,
That virtue in their hearts may dwell ;
So that with life's last setting sun,
Thou canst exclaim, “ My duty's done ! ”

Woman.

BRIGHt star of our being in sorrow and gladness,

Lovely woman, so precious, so charming and dear;

Thy warm breathing words chase the bleak air of sadness,

Like a message from heaven they fall on the ear.

Thy love, like the rock standing firm in mid ocean,
 Brings the richest of bliss man can know upon
 earth,
 And fills all our bosoms with joyous emotion—
 We will honour thy virtue, thy beauty and worth.

When dark disappointment hath filled us with sorrow,
 Who so anxious to buoy up our spirits anew,
 And lead us to hope for the beams of to-morrow,
 With love's melting accents so cheering and true ?
 O, what would life be were woman not near us ?
 A cold, cheerless wilderness, wretched and drear;
 No smiles, no embraces, no soft words to cheer us,
 Man's existence a maze of desponding and fear.

When prostrate we lie on the couch of affliction,
 What balm is so potent our pains to assuage
 As woman's kind tending, that wakes the conviction,
 Our ease and our comfort her thoughts all engage.
 And when ruddy health once again is returning,
 From whom doth the prayer of thankfulness rise ?
 'Tis from woman, sweet woman, who's bosom is
 burning
 With anguish, while watching with tear-flooded
 eyes.

Alas ! in the world how oft we discover
 What wrongs heaven's creatures are born to endure !
 When libertines foul around innocence hover,
 To crush the bright jewel created so fair.

O, heaven ! 'tis frightful to know the dark calling
Of fiends who about in society crawl ;
How grievous to feel, how sad and appalling !
That the fair mould of woman to vice should e'er
fall.

But when her whole life hath been crushed with
dishonour,
How firmly she clings to the object she loves !
Though wrongs upon wrongs are inflicted upon her,
Her quenchless affection she constantly proves.
Alas ! how often remorse overcomes her,
In madness her feelings for death's coming crave ;
The last spark of shame now distracts and benumbs
her,
She rushes on wild to a suicide's grave.

Stand forth, noble ladies, whose graces and beauty
Both charm and adorn the high ranks of our land ;
To rescue thy sisters, O strive, as a duty,
Show forth a Samaritan's bosom and hand.
O, think of those forms now in infamy dwelling,
Who once were dear innocents, pure as the light ;
With youthful emotions each bosom was swelling,
Now wanderers lost in the mazes of night.

O, think of the time in their life's gayest morning,
When they bloomed in the pride and the hope of
their home ;
With virtues and graces that home then adorning,
Spread joy and delight whenever they come.

Then, O, think again on their fallen condition,
 Be determined, like Jesus, your sisters to raise ;
 And save the frail creatures from lasting perdition,
 And saints shall attend thee with honour and praise.

Peter's Denial.

VAIN, boasting Peter, whose self-righteously
 Declared thy Master thou wouldest ne'er deny ;
 But on thyself thy faith was fixed strong,
 And founded thus, thy faith did not stand long.
 In this you showed how weak the faith of man,
 No strength divine, how feeble is each plan ;
 If in this life a man desires to stand,
 He must rely on God's almighty hand.

Now, doubtless, Peter loved his Master well,
 A fervid impulse caused his heart to swell ;
 He felt the words he uttered were sincere,
 On self-faith trusting, saw no cause for fear.

* Written on hearing the Rev. JAMES MAYER preach from Luke xxii, 61, 62 :—"And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly."

He doubtless felt with Christ he could have died,
But O, how weak our faith when sorely tried !
O, weak indeed ! as it in Peter proved,
In one short hour denied the Lord he loved.

But Christ his heart knew well, and had foretold
That Peter would deny Him—though so bold ;
The blessed Jesus knew man's best resolve
Is doomed before temptation to dissolve,
And melt away the more when self-esteem
Throws in its false and proud vain-glorious beam ;
And Jesus said, “ Before the cock shall crow,
Thou wilt declare that Me thou dost not know.”

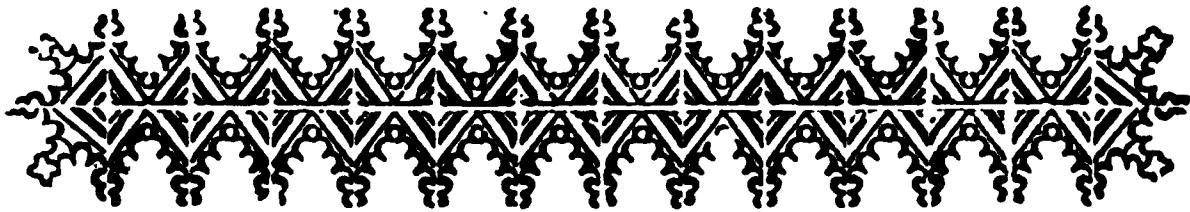
He followed Jesus to the judgment hall,
And on him soon were fixed the eyes of all.
A maiden said, “ This man I surely saw,
Thou wert with Him in Galilee before.”
But he denied ! O, Peter, was it so ?
And didst thou not thy Lord and Master know ?
He knew Him not, he said, although he knew ;
His conscience heaved—the cock then loudly crew.

Another said, “ You with Him I have seen,
Your tongue bespeaks you are a Galilean.”
“ I do not know the man,” he thus denied again,
And falsehood dared in Peter's breast to reign.
O, Simon ! was that not thy Saviour—He
Who saved thy life from drowning in the sea ?
But at the man a look of scorn he threw,
And now again the cock distinctly crew.

Again being pressed, "Thou wert with Him to-day,
I saw thee following, talking by the way."
But Peter still denied, with angry stare,
And at the man began to curse and swear.
The man declared that he was one of them,
Whose speech and looks would surely now condemn ;
But Peter's falsehood seemed to be in vain,
He stood aghast—the cock crew shrill again.

Now Jesus turned and looked in Peter's face,
A look of mingled pity, love, and grace ;
And Peter quailed before his Master's eye,
His tears fell fast, he breathed a bitter sigh.
Grief wrung his heart, he wept now like a child,
And worshipped Him whose name he had defiled ;
His boasting words now rankled in his breast,
With deep remorse and penitence opprest.

God help thee, Peter ! send grace to all mankind,
And keep vain boasting from each sinner's mind ;
He searches all our hearts, tries every thought,
And by his mercy on our way we're brought.
Let's humbly strive, with earnest, prayerful care,
To serve our God, his precious grace to share ;
Then shall we not deny, but seek his face,
Upheld by God with his preserving grace.



Rome, Ancient and Modern.

WHEN I think of the glory and grandeur of Rome,

Of her ancient historic renown ;

Where science and liberty found a bright home,

And monarchs all quailed at her frown :

When I think of her senator's wisdom and power,

When the nations all bowed at her feet ;

And her warriors covered the earth like a shower,

And the ocean was swept by her fleet :

I grieve for her mournful decadence and gloom,

The light of her grandeur's decline ;

And mourn her abasement to slavery's doom,

At Popery's idolatrous shrine.

My feelings revolt at the souls of mankind

By antichrist fettered and bound,

To the regions of darkness by terror consigned,

Where priestcraft encumbers the ground.

Thou city once hailed by the nations as queen,

When a Roman was proud of his birth ;

In thy temples and palaces splendour was seen,

And thy glory spread over the earth.

How changed is thy state since the Cæsars of old
 Issued mandates to govern the world;
 When thy seven-hill'd capitol glistened with gold,
 'Neath freedom's broad banner unfurled. •

O, why art thou fallen, thou city so grand ?
 And why are thy children in chains ?
 O, why are thy dungeons a stain to the land—
 A blight to thy once sunny plains ?
 And why art thou prostrate so low in the dust,
 Why cringe to the power of thy foes ?
 Thou'st forsaken the faithful, the true and the just,
 Sunk deep in thy anguish and woes.

'Twas the foul brand of Popery darkened thy fame,
 And brought all thy power to decay ;
 Cast a stain on thy children, their honour and name.
 And banished thy freedom away.
 The blood of the martyrs, so tortured and slain
 By the black inquisition's decrees,
 Shall live unforgotten and confront thee again,
 Till the demon of Popery flees.

Rise again, noble city ! thy past deeds efface,
 Banish all thy corruption from sight ;
 Of dark superstition renounce every trace,
 Grasp the banner of Jesus so bright.
 Let the Bible of Truth be your people's great guide,
 True religion your buckler and shield ;
 And soon shall you stem false idolatry's tide,
 Superstition's dark forces shall yield.

To a crucified Saviour in purity turn,
And gladness shall reign in thy land ;
The clear lamp of grace in thy city shall burn,
And freedom return to thy strand.
Thy sons and thy daughters, by priesthood opprest,
Shall emerge from their bondage again,
And find in Christ Jesus a haven of rest—
Papal terror shall haunt them in vain.

Far and wide shall the tidings of gladness be spread,
Every Christian shall join in the song ;
“ For our fetters are burst, and Popery’s fled,”
Shall be echoed by many a throng.
O, bright consummation ! to worship and pray,
Unfettered, untrammelled to be ;
And the nations shall shout in the light of the day,
“ Brave Italy’s children are free.”

Gratitude and Dependence.

 Y Father, God, help me to raise
My soul to Thee in love and praise ;
With deeply grateful heart I own
How constantly thy help I’ve known.

Whate'er may be my future course,
 Well stayed by Thee, of life the Source ;
 Lord, this should set my heart at rest,
 Thy will ordains all things for best. ♦

O, Lord, had I more faithful proved,
 And loved as I have been beloved,
 What heights of glorious joy divine,
 Throughout this life would have been mine !

O, Saviour ! by thy mighty power,
 Guard me in fierce temptation's hour ;
 O, let thy kind and watchful care
 Preserve me safe from every snare.

O, let thy pure refining fire
 Purge me from every low desire ;
 O, let thy love to me be given,
 A foretaste of the joys of heaven.

Help me to consecrate to Thee
 My time and talents ; let them be
 All labouring in thy sovereign plan
 To save the fallen race of man.

Let all my now remaining years
 Be spent for Thee, all free from fears ;
 And through the merits of thy Son,
 The welcome sound shall come, " Well done."

And when shall come the closing scene,
 Let all be tranquil and serene ;
 And as I sink from earth away,
 Soar up to realms of endless day.

Grant me, O Lord, this one request,
Ever on Thee my Rock to rest ;
And both in life and death to prove
The comforts of thy gracious love.

The Heroes of our days.

THE INDIAN MUTINY DEFEATED.



GAIN Great Britain's banner waves,
Defiant in the breeze ;
New glory crowns her valiant arms,
Resounding o'er the seas.
The inhuman traitor's doom is cast,
The tide of murder stays,
Before old England's warriors—
The heroes of our days.

The maiden's shriek, the mother's wail,
The orphan's helpless cry,
Call loud for vengeance on the foe,
For crimes of foulest dye.

For Havelock and his noble band
 Ten thousand blessings raise ;
 Their history then with honour crown—
 The heroes of our days.

Brave Havelock, with his valiant men,
 'Neath honour's standard fell ;
 To avenge outraged humanity,
 They fought, but, O, too well !
 All loyal hearts shall sound their worth
 In strains of lofty praise,
 And shout for England's warriors—
 The heroes of our days.

Burial of a Medical Friend,

WHO WAS GOOD TO THE POOR.

E is borne to the tomb, and tears are now
 shed,
 To hallow the spot where his ashes repose ;
 Who oft to the poor and the suffering was led,
 When anguish assailed them and bowed down each
 head,
 And their comforts of life seemed to close.

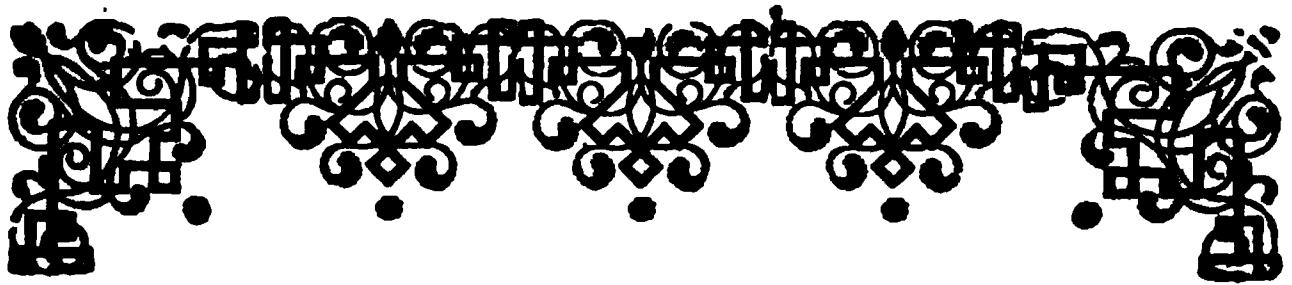
For aided by Heaven he grappled with pain,
 Regardless of self, in the fray ;
Never fearing disease with its pestilent train—
How oft did his wisdom contagion restrain,
 And death was deprived of its prey.

I saw the pale faces, with many a tear,
 Of those who looked saddened with gloom—
The index of grief—as they stood by the bier,
And thought of the loved ones to memory dear,
 He had plucked as it were from the tomb.

The poor man was there, who felt that his friend
 In affliction could visit no more ;
The rich man was there, lamenting the end
Of one he esteemed as a brother and friend,
 Whose loss he must ever deplore.

His loved wife was there in sorrow to mourn—
 Who attended his illness with worth ;
She mourned that her husband so soon should be torn
Down to the dark tomb, to leave her forlorn,
 And to mix with the dust of the earth.

But O, there's a chain nought on earth can destroy,
 Though the form lies entombed in the sod,
That will oft cause the thought to fill us with joy,
And oft to the mourner rich comfort employ—
 'Tis the thought that he dwells with his God.



'The Murderer's Doom.

PAUSE, murderer, pause! though 'tis darkness
abroad,

And the blackness of night shroud thy way;
Though revenge goad thee on, or gold thee reward,
Yet the guilt shall be thine, and a voice from the
sward

Shall proclaim thee to justice by day.

Though the storm howls around and stifles the cry
Of thy victim, who pleads but in vain;
On the wings of the gale shall a messenger fly.
The watchers of justice to rouse with its cry,
And the murderer's crime be made plain.

Though thy blood-besmeared weapon be cast in the
wave,

And corruption disfigure the dead;
A whisper shall steal from the murdered one's grave,
Though hid in a nook, or some desolate cave,
To point out the victim's cold bed.

Where God's beautiful work by thy merciless hand
Lies marr'd and disfigured in death,
Unshiven, unshrouded, a stench to the land,
Till sure-footed justice o'er take and demand
The wretch who deprived it of breath.

Perchance thy grey head might descend to the tomb,
Where earth's honours and men might applaud ;
But the dark pent-up crime will gnaw and consume
Thy hopes of hereafter, and fright with sad gloom
Thy thoughts with thy future reward.

It will teach thee 'twere better by justice to die
Repentant in Christ than to dwell
In agonized fear, and each heartbreaking sigh
Is wrung with remorse, which all comfort deny,
Till thou'rt banished for ever in hell.

.....

The Dignity of Man.

HOW great is man ! his intellect sublime !
His traits of greatness known in every
clime ;
Enduring, searching where man scarce had trod,
Sustained and blest in fellowship with God.

**Salvation's heir, on him the angels wait,
To cheer his progress through this earthly state ;
A child of God, joint heir with Christ above,
God's choicest work, blest with almighty love.**

**He walks with God on earth, and oft will raise
His grateful powers to celebrate his praise ;
Enjoying life with all its blessings given,
And after death a glorious home in heaven.**

AUTUMN.

**WHEN autumn comes with golden grain,
And gladness tunes the reaper's strain,
Amid the rich, ripe sheaves,
Our barns are filled with bounteous yield,
With produce stored from every field ;
But left are withered leaves.**

But death, when he the harvest reaps,
The young and old for sheaves he keeps,
And all to him bow down.

O, pray that when death comes for thee,
Thou'l be prepared from earth to flee,
Be waiting for thy crown.

And then with joy you'll pass away
To brighter realms of endless day,
 A sheaf for heaven's floor,
Where comes no blast nor winter cold;
This granary will ne'er grow old,
 Because it is God's store.

With all thy sheaves, O God, we'll raise
Our hallelujah songs of praise,
 Astonished at thy love;
With rapturous joy low at thy feet
We'll sing the song so grand and sweet,
 And dwell with Thee above.

The Ages of Woman.

IN childhood's tender years
 We love those accents sweet
 That please our listening ears
 With sounds we love to greet.
How beauteous, then, to hear
 The tiny daughter's prayer;
In words of trust and fear
 She asks for future care.

O, little does she know
The pits and snares of life,
What crime the world doth show—
What cares, what pains and strife!
O, it were well that all
Should early pray for aid
To shun each sinful fall
And vice's dreary shade.

At school her mind expands,
And learning's treasures gain ;
To virtue true she stands,
Her prayers are not in vain.
Then home from school returns,
A blooming maiden fair ;
Where fond affection burns,
To greet her welcome there.

In woman's brightest hour,
With joyous feelings bright,
A sweet uprising flower,
With heart all pure and light.
Ere marriage hopes all gay
Rejoice in maiden pride ;
She gives herself away,
A beauteous, blushing bride.

How happy are those days !
Alas ! how soon they're past !
Comes autumn's fading rays,
Her life is gliding fast.

Of fancy's charms bereft,
How splendid they appeared !
Have gone and sadly left
But little to be cheered.

But though time quickly flies,
And onward moves apace,
Her soul with love may rise,
Moved by the power of grace.
Then though her life decay,
Above her soul shall soar
To a home of endless day,
Happy for evermore.

In Memoriam of my Mother.

THE frail, weary body now rests,
Its pains and its sorrows are o'er;
She is gone to the land of the blest,
And safely arrived on its shore.
Through Jesus, her Saviour and Friend,
Who blest her on earth with his love,
She was meekly resigned to the end—
Now she reigns with Him ever above.



Lines

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A BELOVED MINISTER TO ANOTHER FIELD OF LABOUR.

FAREWELL, dearest Workman, God's blessing
be thine,

Into whatever part of Christ's vineyard you go ;
We regret that to leave us has now come the time,
Still pray God may bless all your labours at Bow.

We pray that his bow may your pathway surround,
That thousands of souls be your seals of reward ;
Souls who through you shall in glory be crowned,
And through you shall hail their triumphant Lord.

Your ministry here has been years of great labour,
And many have been by your preaching imprest ;
With penitent hearts they have come to the Saviour,
And sought through his blood salvation and rest.

Our circuit has flourished with help from above,
Success has attended God's powerful word ;
The saints have been filled with heavenly love,
And wanderers brought homeward to Jesus the Lord.

God greatly has blest you, your labours He's crowned,
His vineyard has prospered from toil without rest ;
Your hands were upheld by true workers around,
A new chapel is raised in Peckham, and blest.

My pen would endeavour thy virtues to praise,
For labour which beareth the signet divine ;
But surely no muse of mine ever can raise
The "Workman" who has in each bosom a shrine.

Go, herald of truth, on thy mission of peace,
Thy life ever bright with God's covenant bow ;
When in thy new circuit may his love increase,
Till each heart their Jesus their Saviour shall know.

Go, disciple of love, the gospel wide sow,
And souls for thy Master continue to win ;
Seek his glory alone in going to Bow,
And souls shall be saved from sorrow and sin.

And when heaven's glorious harvest shall come,
Your zeal and your labour, so cherished and blest,
Shall appear in the hosts of spirits brought home,
For ever removed to the mansions of rest.



The Heavenly City.

THREE is a glorious city, and O, how wondrous bright !

God is Himself the Builder, and Christ, his Son, the Light ;

It stands unchanged for ever, in beauty to behold,
Its walls of jasper precious, its streets of purest gold.
And there the saints for ever shall in the mansions blest,

With the adoring angels, enjoy a glorious rest ;
There, robed in purest raiment, they shall his praise declare,

With cherubim and seraphim adore Him ever there.

No sorrow there will meet them, no sound of jarring strife,

For God will wipe all tears away in that blest land of life ;

To living streams will lead them, and fill them with his love,

In pastures green will feed them, in the happy home above.

O, land of fairest beauty ! our souls to thee aspire,
The thought of thee enkindles a holy, chaste desire ;
O Saviour ! be our pilot, our strength and only guide,
Till we are safely seated in glory by thy side.

To S. Bevington, Esq.,
ON THE RE-OPENING OF BERMONDSEY
RAGGED SCHOOLS.

WE hail, great God, this bright, auspicious day,
And ask thine aid to help us on our way ;
We thank Thee for kind teachers to us
given,
To train the young to seek the path to heaven.

Let blessings on our benefactors flow,
And sanctify the seed they daily sow ;
A holy mission theirs to teach the young,
To inspire with truth the helpless wanderer's tongue.

Thou gracious God ! o'erruling earth and space,
O, consecrate this work with heavenly grace !
And may this school for many ages stand,
To bless the young of this our favoured land.

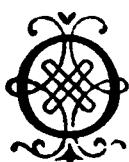
Father, we thank Thee for thy loving grace ;
 Thou'st helped our friends to gain the better place ;
 Jesus, we pray, on us thy blessing send,
 Be Thou our Shepherd and our constant Friend.

Guide us, we pray Thee, by thy Spirit's might,
 Until we reach the heavenly world of light ;
 Then with our friends we shall thy name adore,
 For ever praise Thee on the eternal shore.

Then we shall sing the glad triumphant song,
 And dwell for ever with the angel throng ;
 'Midst hallowed light we shall thy face behold,
 With the Good Shepherd in our Father's fold.

Lines

ON A RAGGED SCHOOL BOY WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY.



UR ragged schools have bravely stood,
 And rescued souls from sin ;
 Framed children to be chaste and good,
 To Jesu's fold brought in.

They've been a blessing to mankind,
To spread the gospel truth,
To cleanse the heart and light the mind
Of many a ragged youth ;
Made many hate the haunts of vice,
And Christians they've become ;
Through teachers' prayers and good advice,
Have sought their heavenly home.

When ragged urchins throng the street,
How little do we know
The gems there are in some we meet,
They little care to show.
But speak to them one word of love,
Ignite the slumbering flame,
The virtues soon will shine above,
None thought could dwell in them ;
That cheers the Christian teacher's heart,
Shows him his toiling days
Are blest while here he does his part
The fallen ones to raise.

Poor children reared in dark recess
Of ignorance and sin,
Where love of parents do not bless,
And them to virtue win ;
While from the cradle nought is known
But precepts sad and vile,
And such examples to them shown
As tend them to defile.

But e'en with these Almighty Love
Can light the wanderer's breast,
And by his Spirit from above
Lead them to seek his rest.

One boy I knew, who mischief loved,
A most unruly lad,
Who often had rebellious proved,
By conduct always bad.
I spoke to him, and told him plain,
Such pranks I could not have ;
He laughed at me, went on again,
My rule he dared to brave.
I told him he must leave the school,
Nor spoil the other boys ;
He stared, and jeered me to my face,
And revelled in his noise.

I called the school around me then,
And went on to explain
The fate of wanton, wicked men,
Their lives of sin and pain.
My lecture short he did not like,
And vowed he'd serve me out ;
Next day he brought a stick, to strike,
And flourished it about.
I went to him, and kindly told
If he would order make,
I had a coat, which was not old,
He for himself might take.

This kindness won his heart at once,
 He was an altered boy,
No more a reckless noisy dunce—
 To learn his greatest joy.
And blest by God he forward went,
 And spread an honoured name ;
To foreign missions he was sent,
 And gained a world-wide fame.
Thousands by his righteous life
 And fervent words were saved ;
They left this land of tears and strife,
 Death's terrors fierce they braved.

God's Goodness to Man.

VAIN are my efforts, and weak is my praise,
 When God's goodness to man is my theme,
Yet I wish to acknowledge his mercy, and raise
An offering of love, and my poor muse obeys
 With gratitude, for his great scheme.

Upheld by his power and his tenderest care,
Through this world of temptation and sin,
O, Father! thy love and thy mercy I share,
Which keeps me from falling in many a snare—
Preserved and oft rescued I've been.

But alas! in return for these mercies all shown,
When my heart should with gratitude swell,
Ofttimes 'tis as cold and hard as a stone,
My affections seem lost as I wander alone
From my God with the worldling to dwell.

But I will not fear, for God's ever nigh,
All things are upheld by his hand;
His mercy, that gave the dear Saviour to die,
Shall blot out my sins from his record on high—
Jesus died for redemption of man.

And He who controls the world by his word,
Who stilleth the waves of the sea,
He careth for me, and my prayers are all heard,
Which proves Him to be a merciful God,
By his kindness and care shown to me.

Then why should I doubt, though the world seemeth
dark
With sorrow? O, why should I grieve?
My trust is in Thee, Thou shalt pilot my bark
Through the breakers of life, though fearful and dark,
To heaven, for ever to live.

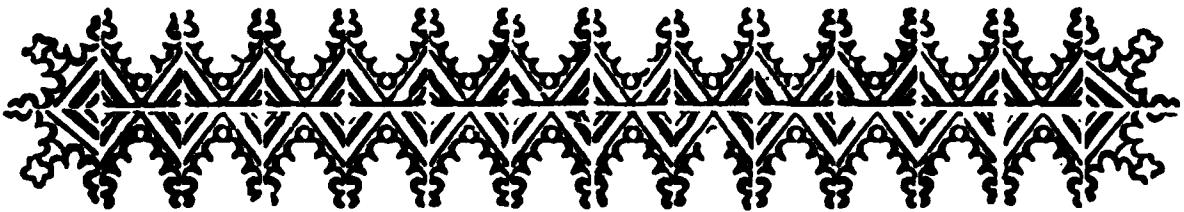


The Dissolution of the World.

SHALL it be so? shall this earth ever fall,
With what it now contains, destroyed withal
By its own elements—dissolved by fire,
And into nothing shall it all expire?
Shall all the works so great by man designed,
That show the power of his ingenious mind—
The warlike battlements and piles so grand—
Cathedrals, spires that rise in every land—
Shall all his works, of which he makes his boast,
To oblivion sink, and be for ever lost?
Worlds and planets—all shall cease their race,
The sun be blotted out from mighty space;
The silvery moon, queen of nature's night,
In darkness quenched, no more shall give her
light;
And our bright earth, man's native place below,
Shall be destroyed and into nothing flow;
And every planet from its sphere shall fall—
Annihilation then shall be the fate of all.
And the bright sun, with its illumining ray,
That through creation holds its mighty sway—

Shall it through space for ever cease to roll,
And darkness shade again creation's whole ?
Shall the moon with its sweet silvery light,
Or orbs and planets with their grandeur bright,
Be all annihilated with the world,
Into chaotic night again be hurled ?
It must be so ! God's word hath passed, so great,
His imperial fiat hath decreed their fate.
Revolving ages cannot stay their doom—
Darkness again shall cover all with gloom ;
Except the soul of man, for that is sure—
It shall through all eternity endure.
Time on that shall ne'er exert its power—
To live for ever God bestowed the dower ;
And though all nature's rent from pole to pole,
And orbs and planets vanish with the whole,
Yet shall the soul live free from earthly clod,
An emanation from Omnipotence—a part of God !





An Appeal to the Benevolent.

DEAR friends, how noble is it here
The poor and sick to help and cheer,
To bless those hearts who crave your aid..
Help needy souls now wanting bread !
Dreary they sit, their hearthstones cold,
In wretchedness, the young and old ;
No food have they, nor table spread,
Their cupboard scant,—with scarce a bed ;
They're pining cold in sickening gloom—
All onward hastening to the tomb.

How many dwell sunk low in pain,
Who ask your aid, and ask in vain !
Poor wandering souls, who can provide
No home, but in our streets abide
In poverty and cold despair—
O, sympathise with kindly care !
While eyes are dimmed with misery's tear
Be your delight their hearts to cheer ;
While you from hunger and from cold
Are free, O, cheer them with your gold !

O, let me know whose hand and voice
Delight to make poor souls rejoice,
Who often on a winter's night
Leave comfort, home, and fireside bright,
To wend their way to misery's door,
Resolved to cheer the needy poor,
Who've passed the night in bitter cold !
What scenes of misery they behold—
Worn down with sickness, care and grief—
Who search them out and bring relief.

These good Samaritans cheer each heart,
Oft with the poor their comforts part ;
They give them bread, their want to stay,
And chase desponding fears away ;
Then read aloud God's holy word,
And tell of Christ, the sinners' Lord ;
Oft by their bedsides kneel and pray
That Jesus will his grace display ;
The prayer of hope ascends to heaven,
That all their sins may be forgiven.

And those enjoy their own much more
Who give as Christians to the poor ;
The want and hunger they relieve
Will never cause their hearts to grieve.
Thrice noble those who daily go
To visit souls in sin and woe ;
Who labour in Christ's hallowed cause,
To show the beauty of his laws.

O, deign, great God, their works to bless,
Their efforts crown with great success.

Then, when the glorious day shall come,
May these poor souls in heaven their home
Rejoice and raise salvation's song,
And swell the bright angelic throng,
And bless those hearts whose Christian love
Did lead them to the courts above !
And Christ shall say to all around,
To all who have his mansions found,
“Come, faithful, of my Father blest,
Rise, enter now my promised rest !”

Hope.

 HOPE on amidst the storms of life,
Though all its comforts sever,
And valiant wage the battle strife—
Hope on, hope on for ever.
For if dark clouds to-day appear,
The bright will dawn to-morrow ;
The sunny beams will come to cheer,
And drive away all sorrow.

For many a care and pain we know,
 While through life's path we tread ;
 And many a storm as on we go
 Will break around our head.
 But if we look for help above,
 To live to God endeavour,
 We may with confidence and love
 Trust Him and hope for ever.

Let life's battle never daunt thee,
 Be a warrior true and brave,
 Showing forth a hero's courage
 In thy march toward the grave.
 When troubles fierce assail thee,
 Meet them bravely, falter never,
 Though spirits fail, press manfully—
 Hope on, hope on for ever.

If life's fair dreams have vanished,
 Our friends be lost and gone,
 Yet let despair be banished,
 Let's bravely still press on.
 If friends and comforts perish,
 Each pleasure from us sever,
 This hope our hearts shall cherish—
 We'll dwell with them for ever.

When death shall come to free us,
 Our souls shall not despair,
 For angels shall surround us,
 And us to heaven shall bear ;

Our Saviour we shall see,
And cares assail us never;
But happy through eternity,
We'll bless his name for ever.

Lines

TO HIS GRACE ALGERNON PERCY, DUKE
OF NORTHUMBERLAND, ON HIS
BIRTHDAY.

 MOST noble duke ! accept this humble lay,
A tribute to commemorate thy natal day ;
'Tis a vain effort to record thy worth—
Thy benevolence is well known to all,
Who pray for blessings on thy head to fall—
Thy bounty has bless'd many on the earth.

“ Long live his grace ! ” we often hear them say,
“ May he live long to bless us through each day,
Loved and revered by high and low around ;
May every day his happiness increase,
His talents and his life be spent in peace,
And richest blessings to his grace abound.”

292 *To the Duke of Northumberland.*

May sere old age so gently o'er you steal,
While faith and hope the better world reveal,

 May you scarce feel time's hand.

In doing good may each day pass away,
A friend to others through this life's short day,
 While on your journey to the better land.

May every sacred church endowed by you
A blessing prove to thousands, Christians true,
 Frail mortals on their road to heaven ;
And as they march to Canaan's happy land,
Pray heaven to bless the liberal donor's hand,
 Who hath these sacred shrines so kindly given.

May every life-boat by you placed upon our coast
Be the means of rescue to a grateful host
 Of mariners, who but for them would drown.
They trembling watch the life-boat leave the shore,
To bring them safe to land again once more,
 Ask God the donor with his love to crown.

Then as the sailor's home meets each one's view—
The gift of a noble sailor good and true,
 That once when landed they may happy be—
Their hard-earned wages there they will not waste,
But all the sweets of shore they there may taste,
 And soon forget the dangers of the sea.

Onward, your grace ! may your life's every page
Bring blessings unto this and coming age,
 And prosperity have cause to bless your name ;

Then as the sculptured tomb thy virtues show,
Thousands who read it will most surely know
The record of truth showing forth thy name.

And when your grace's work on earth is done,
May the blest voice of God's beloved Son
Say, "Come, faithful servant of my Father blest,
Come, and receive the reward of all thy love,
And share the glories of the realms above,
In my everlasting kingdom now to rest."

There join in happiness with the countless throng,
And sing with the heavenly host the joyful song,
With angels, saints, and seraphim bow down ;
Clothed in spotless white, with harps in hand,
They'll bid thee welcome to the heavenly land,
And exchange earth's coronet for heaven's crown.





Lines

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, ON THE DUKE'S BIRTHDAY.

MOST noble duchess ! may this my humble lay,
To greet thy loved husband on his natal day,
Win a welcome from thy generous breast.
Thou kind promoter of thy good lord's plans,
In every good work strengthening his hands,—
May God's choicest blessings ever on thee rest !

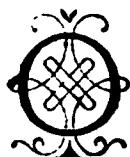
For self alone thou dost not care to live,
But the poor do of thy wealth receive,
Blessing with bounteous gifts the peasant's cot ;
Thou dost delight to banish pains and cares ;
For thee are offered many earnest prayers,
That thou through life may'st have a happy lot.

May Heaven preserve thy life for many a year,
Thy husband good to comfort, soothe, and cheer,
And help him use the talents God has given ;
Then, when thou'st done with earth below,
May He call you home, his joys to know,
And then to crown thee both in heaven.



Coleorton Hall,

THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.



LOVELY Coleorton ! thy fine hall is seen
Midst glowing rich verdure and woodlands so
• green ;

Here nature shines lovely, its scenery so bright,
It fills each beholder with rapturous delight.
Here bloom the rich flowers, their blossoms so neat,
The air around filled with their odour so sweet ;
New beauties each moment arise into birth,
It seems like a paradise here upon earth.

The sun now illumines with its radiant light,
And tinges the clouds so golden and bright ;
Now merrily carols the bird's cheerful voice,
All nature in harmony seems to rejoice ;
The sky like an arch of celestial blue
Looks softly serene and beautiful too,
Variegating each object, each landscape and flower,
With gorgeous hues by the sun's dazzling power.

Gaze whither we will, o'er mountain or plain,
 O'er hill or o'er valley, we'd fain gaze again ;
 Each scene that we view seems again to invite,
 And as we behold them increase our delight.
 Coleorton was decked like a lovely young bride,
 Majestic and grand in its glory and pride ;
 So ancient, so fine, no dwelling for gloom,
 Amidst the most choice and richest perfume.

The roses were gay with their bright crimson hue,
 All floral creation was fair to the view ;
 The fruit rich and luscious inviting the taste,
 With clusters of grapes the hothouse was graced ;
 Competition or rivals they seemed to defy,
 In colour so splendid, in flavour so high ;
 There's nought could surpass them so rich and so
 fine,
 As they gracefully drooped from each beautiful vine.

At Coleorton we tread upon high classic ground,
 And view the mementos displayed here around,
 Of men of great genius who in their own day
 O'er the mind of mankind held wonderful sway.
 With Wordsworth the poet we here live again,
 And wander with him o'er the flower-studded plain ;
 We view the fine trees as stately they stand,
 Planted many years since by the poet's own hand.

If we go on to Wordsworth's rock-sculptured seat,
 Where famous celebrities often would meet—
 Mrs. Siddons the actress, who played well her parts,
 So much as to please all ears and all hearts ;

With Coleridge and Hastings, who here, we may find,
Once met and disclosed to each other his mind ;
Whilst Wilkie and Constable painted each scene,
The loveliest picture, so calm and serene.

Here Reynolds the painter lies silent and low—
At his monument here we respectfully bow,
And the tribute we read of his worth from a friend—
Sir George Beaumont the author, by him it was
penned—

Who with warm, kindly feelings here gushing forth,
This tribute has left of his genius and worth ;
And here, 'midst the lime-tree's silent still shade,
Uprears the stone pillar by his friendship made.

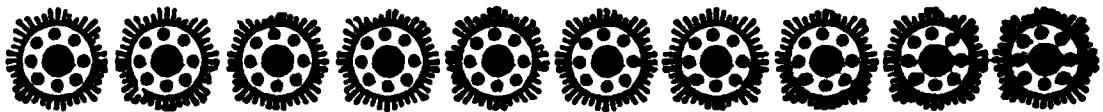
Here, 'midst the waving trees' green shady bowers,
On all sides surrounded with beautiful flowers,
Sir Walter Scott oft meditated, and wrote
His Ivanhoe, famed as a great work of note ;
He wrote here of knights all fierce for the fray—
Near this place they met in battle array,
And urged on their steeds to the tournament field,
Determined to conquer, but never to yield.

Here is Shakespeare's bust ! no praises of mine
Can add to his fame—that ever will shine ;
And Michael Angelo, that sculptor of fame,
Whose works seem to throw off a life-breathing flame ;
And Raphael the painter, whose exquisite art
Sent a mirror of nature direct to the heart :
These to the memory such emotions will give,
That each seems again amongst us to live.

Though great are the beauties that here doth abound,
‘Tis very well known the whole country around,
The hall is the son’s of a fine noble race,
Whose fathers the pages of history grace.
One was with Exmouth in front of Algiers,
His ship into action undaunted he steers ;
By his courage so brave on the boisterous main
He greatly assisted the battle to gain.

Another, whose paintings the people oft view
As they traverse the National Gallery through.
Of the fine arts a patron, to the poet a friend,
Assistance he ever was ready to lend ;
To genius distress’d in the time of their need
A friend he was always—a friend, too, indeed ;
A genius himself on the bright scroll of fame,
He rich laurels earned, and a much honoured name.

Giver of good, let thy gifts now abound ;
About this fine mansion let peace still be found ;
Let thy choicest love on its inmates e’er rest,
And in blessing others may they too be blest.
May peace, joy, and plenty their portion be here,
Every blessing attend them, life’s pathway to cheer ;
May they ever live in their people’s love,
Till called by God to enjoyments above.



Death of Agnes Pearson.

SHE has gone to her rest, by bright angels surrounded,

All tears from her eyes are banished and gone;

All sorrow is vanished, that here much abounded,
Now bright is her robe and radiant her crown.

She has joined the blest band who proved here victorious,

Through much tribulation and sorrow they came;
Now, free from all trials, with the spirits made glorious,

She rejoices for ever through the blood of the Lamb.

No more her fond heart shall with sorrow be swelling,

No more shall her eyes be with tears dimmed again;
She has gained the bright mansions, and now she is dwelling

With her Saviour for ever in heaven's bright plain.

Then let us rejoice that her crown was gained early,
 Removed soon from earth and all sorrows to come ;
 Let us think of her waiting at the gates bright and
 pearly,
 To welcome her friends to their heavenly home.

Merry Little Boys.

HOW pleasing are those joyous sounds
 That fall upon the ear,
 When pleasure's voice our path sur-
 rounds,
 And happy hearts are near ;
 When mirth and laughter fill the air,
 And nought their peace alloys ;
 While all seems summer, bright and fair,
 With merry little boys.

It sends a pleasure through the mind
 To hear each hearty shout,
 Amidst the ills of life we find,
 And anxious hours of doubt ;

It takes us back, again we see,
With all their mirth and noise,
The time returned once more, when we
Were merry little boys.

No stoic e'er can pass unmoved,
For memory still will cling
Around the childhood's home he loved,
And bygone pleasures bring;
I love to hear their laughter free,
Their frolics and their joys,
And all the happy pleasures see
Of merry little boys.

The churl may bluster and complain,
Who feels no kindly flame,
Who treats all pleasure with disdain,
And scoffs at childhood's name:
The child-like mind displays the man,
Whom romping ne'er annoys,
Who loves to join the happy van
Of merry little boys.



Re-opening of Southwark Chapel.

WHAT sounds are those that greet my ear.
As on the air they hallowed rise,
In notes of praise and earnest prayer.
In anthems loud ascend the skies ?

From Southwark chapel once again
Rises the grateful, joyous song ;
Its members join in thankful strain,
And mingle with the heavenly throng.

From grateful hearts the songs of praise
Ascend from this fine house of God ;
With holy joy his children raise
Love's tribute in that blest abode.

With one accord his people kneel,
United to each other here ;
The Holy Spirit now they feel,
Who comes their fervent hearts to cheer.



They've proved, like Jacob did of old,
To them the gate of heaven was nigh ;
God does to them his love unfold,
And loud they sing his praise with joy.

O God ! we humbly Thee adore,
Thou'st loved us in our low estate :
Help us to love and serve Thee more,—
Thy love to us, we own, is great.

What hallowed feelings seem to swell,
Weave round our hearts, as now we view
The dust of those we bade farewell,
Our intercourse with heaven renew.

A testimony they've left here,
That they through faith the victory won ;
Let's follow them to that blest sphere,
And triumph gain through God's dear Son.

Full many here could show the place
Where first they shook to hear the word ;
They turned at once and sought God's grace
And mercy through the atoning blood.

While wrestling in the house of prayer,
They earnest sought to be forgiven ;
They met their blessed Saviour there,
And found in Him the way to heaven.

Affection fond clings round this place,
Where our sires prayed with holy love ;
Ebenezers here with joy we'll raise,
Till we join them in their place above.

May many sons and daughters there
 To God come while this temple stands ;
 His people join, Christ's standard bear,
 And after death the heavenly bands.

Sabbath Schools.

 COME to the Sabbath school, children—we seek
 you ;

Come, for the Saviour hath died you to rescue ;
 Come to the Shepherd for comfort and peace,
 And then all your sorrow and sighing shall cease.

Children, press forward, the battle is raging,
 Hoist up the banner of Christ and his cross ;
 Join with the noble host now who are waging
 War with all Satan's host, causing him loss.

Love to dear children He showed while on earth,
 Laid his hands on their heads, well knowing their
 worth ; Rebuked those who hindered their coming to Him,
 And his heavenly blessing He gave unto them.

Children, press forward, &c.

Range on Immanuel's side, hell's power defy,
Enlisting all you can, and with each other vie ;
Give Him your early days, lambs of his fold,
Join his blest church before you each grow old.

Children, press forward, &c.

Fear not the contest, God is now your friend,
Surely victory must your progress attend ;
His powerful protection his children all will save,
Enlist, then, for Christ in the ranks of the brave.

Children, press forward, &c.

Come then, dear children, your love to Him show,
Accept of his love, it will make your hearts glow ;
Fight under his standard, He died you to save,
And victory through Christ you surely shall have.

Children, press forward, &c.

The Bountiful Harvest.



BOUNTEOUS Donor ! whose kind goodness
sends

The plenteous harvest of bright golden grain ;
That staple food, upon which life depends,
Waves rich in plenty over dale and plain.

Here every want the soil's best fruit supplies,
 While Ceres holds her rich and glorious reign,
 Man's labour cheers, and every pain defies,
 To ease his heart, and banish all his pain.

'Mid fruitful boughs Pomona's store is found,
 Replenished with the season's richest store,
 To clothe with plenty fair old England's ground,
 Blessings on the husbandman to pour.

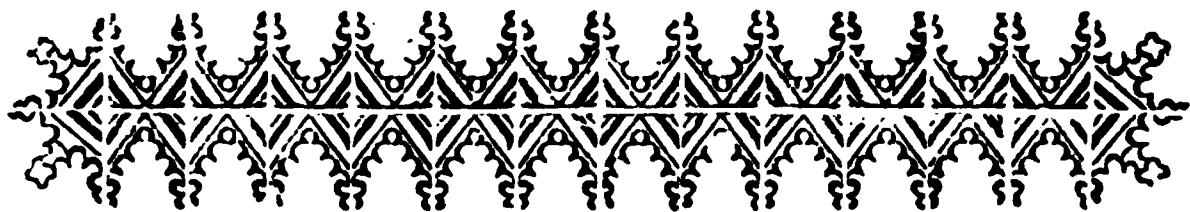
O, how shall my pencil pourtray the rich space,
 Or picture our now smiling lands ?
 Nature's richest dress is seen in each place,
 Each sheaf like a gem of gold stands.

With plenty our granaries soon shall be stored,
 And the crops that our fields now adorn
 Shall form in our barns a luxuriant hoard
 Of ripe and well harvested corn.

Kind nature's great bounty's a sacred theme,
 That our eyes with delight may survey,
 As we offer our thanks to the Author supreme
 For the goodness He loves to display.

Can it e'er be that thus favoured man,
 On whom all these bounties shower down,
 With frozen heart all these blessings will scan,
 And fail the Benefactor to own ?

Love will forbid that such things should e'er be,
 But together all mankind should join
 In praise to the Giver for blessings so free—
 The bounteous Donor divine.



Death of George J. Williamson,

AGED EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

ANOTHER lovely boy is snatched away,
Leaving his sorrowing friends to mourn him
here;
Angels the innocent did safe convey
To a far brighter—a celestial sphere.

How many lovely flowers thus early come
Into existence, nipped in the opening bud,
Seem born to cheer their parents' hearts and home.
But death is sent to call them to their God!

The parents watch with ever anxious joy,
With fondest love their infant son they view;
Son of his father's hopes, his mother's boy,
How beautiful to see such love so true!

But thoughts of one loved so much from his birth
Will venture in and mark his mother's brow;
She thinks of his sweet dear caress and mirth,
Recalling thoughts of anguish even now.

308 *Death of George J. Williamson,*

The time of infancy, when once he leant
Against her breast, or sat upon her knee,
And lisped his little prayer, while down she bent
Her ear to list with kindest sympathy.

There is no love like a dear mother's love,
Throughout the earth a greater love's not known ;
The infant, nestling like some gentle dove
Upon his mother's breast, lies calmly down.

Yea, language fails, with all its powers sublime,
To express the feelings of the mother's mind,
As watching o'er her child she sees the time
When in the grave an early rest he'll find.

How hard it seems for death to take away
The infant child that was her happiness !
She felt immensely rich, both night and day,
When to her heart she could her dear boy press.

- Like to some beauteous flow'ret filled with dew
- Was this dear boy—short with us was his stay ;
Death cropped the faultless bloom when fresh and
new,
And called this lovely one to heaven away.

Then, father, mourn not your departed child ;
Fond mother, dry your tears and weep no more ;
O, calm your grief by resignation mild—
Your son is rich, he might have here been poor.

Thus link by link the earthly chain is broken,
And friends and children vanish from our sight,
And time, like some kind monitor, hath spoken,
“Get ready for those glorious realms of light.”

And soon you'll leave, too, this terrestrial ball,
And haste to meet the young immortal there,
Where grief and sorrow are not known at all,
But happiness supreme dispels all care.

Could you behold him in that better land,
Arrayed in white, with golden harp and crown,
With cherubim and angels see him stand
For ever blest, you could not wish him down.

The harp he strikes—the sounding notes vibrate,
He's free from sickness now, and restless pain;
Sorrow is banished from that realm so great,—
He sings with rapture in the heavenly train.





Jabez Bunting, D.D.,

ONE OF THE GREATEST CHAMPIONS OF METHODISM
AND MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

DESCEND, poetic muse, with hallowed fire,
 Into my heart with sacred love descend ;
 Help me with judgment now to strike my
 lyre
 In praise of him, the missionary's friend.

'Tis Jabez Bunting—noble-minded man !
 The friend of all who truly loved our Lord ;
 Well worked he in the Methodistic plan,
 And well therewith did his pure life accord.

In freedom's cause he lifted up his voice,—
 That sacred source whence all rich blessings flow ;
 To free the slave and make his heart rejoice,
 Employed his time and labour while below.

Around his brow the wreath of pious fame
 Shall like a beauteous evergreen be placed ;
 And many souls shall bless his honoured name,
 And think of him who every virtue graced.

The record now is borne away on high,
How hard he for his sacred Master toiled,
With heavenly love and earnest sympathy,
And loving-kindness like a little child.

For such a man 'tis real joy to raise
The voice of friendship, so that it may sound
A grateful tribute to this hero's praise,
Who ever in his Master's work was found.

His highest joy to elevate mankind,
With judgment sound, and earnest love sincere;
With energetic zeal and thought refined,
The good of all he sought while dwelling here.

The fight of faith right manfully he fought,
And conquered boldly with his valiant heart;
Christ's honour conscientiously he sought,
And when called hence was ready to depart.

Pastor and friend, thy loss we all deplore—
The Lord on high beheld thy truth and love;
Thou art not dead, but only gone before,
And now art blest eternally above.

Taught by thy life, may we from sin refrain,
And honour Him who took thee to that shore,
And grateful own that Christ alone is gain,
Till life is past and sin can stain no more.

part ?

Forbid it, faith ! though memory holds them dear.
And shrines their image fondly in our breast,
We should not mourn, although we drop a tear,
For they have gained the everlasting rest.

This our Elijah has gone up on high,
And passed the bourne that leaves the world
behind,
To that blest home where sin and sorrow die,
And love with peace and holy joy's entwined.

The righteous crown he's summoned to receive—
The glorious crown that ne'er shall fade away,
Laid by for those who in their Lord believe,
In that blest world where there is no decay.

But, praise to God ! his mantle falls on those
Who still are left in zeal to labour here,

The blessed nation of the Spirit abiding

But still there stands the same, his old arm chair,
The holy Bible which he used to read,
Where oft has risen his spirit's earnest prayer
For help to come from God in greatest need.

We can no longer hear his well-known voice,
Now heard amid the joyous hosts of heaven,
For with that noble throng he doth rejoice,
In the bright mansion that his Lord hath given.

His mortal frame will very soon decay,
Soon from the bones the withering flesh must
sever ;
But the last trump shall call to glorious day,
Where the immortal soul shall bloom for ever.

O, what would life and all its joys be worth,
If perished here the body and the soul ?
If blank annihilation reigned henceforth,
And foul corruption seized upon the whole ?

Thanks to our Father, such is not the case—
The immortal spirit boldly death defies ;
The changeful body, in that narrow place,
When we give up, the spirit only dies.

Though *tempus fugit* 's stamped on all below,
And the swift minutes from us quickly fly,
Yet loving God, we may rejoice to know,
He has prepared eternal bliss on high.

Faith whispers to our souls that we shall rise,
 And soon our hearts with holy joy shall glow ;
 The starry crown shall gain, O, glorious prize !
 Unfailing bliss on us shall God bestow.

Then let that faith be ours that scatters wide
 All fear or doubt of Jesus whom we love ;
 For soon the veil between He'll draw aside,
 And saints shall view their glorious home above.

And so, although we deeply mourn his loss,
 And sleeps his body in its earthly bed,
 As Christ hath conquered death upon the cross,
 We are assured his spirit is not dead.

No, he has only gone awhile before,
 And looks down from his blest abode above,
 On those whose minds he filled with gospel
 store,
 To see if they still work with God in love.

O, what would he now say to those still left,
 Could but his voice speak to us from the sky !
 How would he urge them to improve each gift
 By winning souls each day for Christ on high !

How would he urge to labour in the cause,
 And the pure seed of gospel truth now sow !
 To pluck from ruin those who break God's laws,
 For whom the Saviour suffered while below.

And if in faith they sow the holy seed,
O, may it all a hundredfold bring forth
Of souls for whom in mercy Christ did bleed,
That priceless are beyond all things on earth !

The Miser.

WHAT form is that which walks along,
With head bent down amidst the throng,
And shuns each gaze he meets,
Of busy men who're labouring on,
From early morn to setting sun,
At work in crowded streets ?

What anxious cares seem on his face !
No joys are in his earthly race,
He lives to hoard up gold !
'Tis the miser—yes, that wretched elf,
Who thinks of no one but himself,
And want will not behold !

The starving child he passes by,
 In vain she holds her hand to try
 To move his heart of stone ;
 He passes on, heeds not her prayer,
 Although in accents of despair,
 Nor e'en her dying groan.

The blind appears with hat in hand,
 And begs an alms where he may stand—
 He's dead to each appeal ;
 Dead to all sense of other's woe,
 And when from hence is forced to go,
 No friends around him kneel.

Dives, who fared in regal state,
 Who spurned the beggar at his gate,
 Denied the crumbs that fell,
 How soon his days of joy were past,
 And from his splendour he was cast
 To tortures low in hell !

And there in torment lift his eyes,
 And Lazarus saw above the skies,
 On Abraham's bosom lay ;
 “ O Father Abraham, Lazarus send,
 In water dip his finger end,
 And cool my tongue, I pray.”

No more the dogs shall lick his sores,
No more he'll lie at rich men's doors,
His heart is now made glad.

Ye tyrants ! why oppress the poor,
And load them with such burdens sore,
And grind them in the dust ?
The reckoning day must surely come,
And vengeance soon will be your doom,
With all your mammon's lust.

O, what in history shall be said
Of one who ne'er would lend his aid,
Or fellow's woes assuage ?
Methinks his history soon is told,
There on his tombstone you'll behold
His date of birth and age.

A wretched tale he leaves behind,
Likewise the curse of all mankind,
That near around him live ;
Doing good's a joy he never knew,
And passed his life in misery too,
No heart had he to give.

When he stands at the Judge's bar,
His trembling soul will fly afar,
And shun his Maker's frown ;
Mercy from God he can't expect—
The poor's appeal he did reject,
Nor e'er had mercy shown.

Many, once poor, will then receive
The welcome sound, "Come ye and live
With your Eternal King ;
You had but little when below,
But still with that did mercy show,
Which caused sad hearts to sing."

But O, a different sound you'll hear,
As you stand before the Judge severe :
"Depart to endless fire,
With fallen angels there to be,
In racking pain eternally,
Your soul will ne'er expire."

If I have, reader, told thy case,
Thank God thou art not in that place,
There's time still to repent ;
O, let the horrors of that state
Reform thy heart before too late —
Thy life be wholly spent !

O, turn at once, put off no more
God's Holy Spirit, but adore
His wondrous saving love ;
Though hard thou'st been, now mercy show,
And humbly walk with God below,
That thou may'st rest above.



The Christian's Guide.

BEST book divine ! of old wert thou inspired,
A light to all in each succeeding age ;
With holy love thy blessed lines are fired,
And sacred wisdom fills thy heavenly page.

His comfort from thee every Christian draws,
And steers through life by thy unerring chart ;
Thrice happy they who keep thy holy laws,
And love their Maker with a perfect heart.

Though infidels a fable thee may call—
A priestly fabrication made for gain ;
If it were so, it must be clear to all
Thy rules are good—who can of them complain ?

Surely they'll own that men who could devise
A book for others with so good a plan,
Must beyond all have been men truly wise,
And general benefactors been to man.

If men are only to be known by fruits,
 Where can the infidel, so boastful, show
 The benefit to man of his pursuits ?
 What has he done to lessen human woe ?

But Christianity may take its stand,
 For the great blessing it has ever been :
 Its institutions ornament our land,
 And homes of mercy everywhere are seen.

Then ought not Christians, who feel fully sure
 It is God's word, to save and bless the land,
 Hardships for it, like soldiers good, endure,
 And of the cross of Christ true champions stand ?

Christ's colours should nail boldly to the mast,
 And of their Saviour never be ashamed,
 But fight his battles long as life shall last,
 Nor venture back till victory be gained.

If we pursue the Bible's narrow way,
 Led by the loving hand of mercy there,
 Rugged the road may be, but truth's bright
 ray
 Our path of life is ever sure to cheer.

Though dark and narrow oft that pathway be,
 If faithful, we victorious shall prove,
 Unto the end, when we shall clearly see
 All was directed by our God in love.

Then let us nobly hold our course and brave
The world's temptations, every snare and frown,
And never strike our colours till the grave
Brings colours, mast and hull together down.

Pope Day.

 WAS pope day, 'twas pope day, huzza ! for its
mirth
Was the wildest our hearts ever knew,
And though but a mite to the great ones of earth
Was the trifle we owned, 'twas to us of great worth ;
To joy unalloyed in our hearts it gave birth,
For our sorrows were short-lived and few.

We paused not to ask why so named was the day,
Nor what our dead idol pourtrayed ;
'Twas joy as we puffed at the noisy old horn,
And shouted our speech, with a yelling huzza,
At some well-known door in our ogre array,
Till our toils by their hands were repaid.

Our glorious pastime to scan.

What was honour to us and the garland of fame,
Or the glittering garments of pride,
The deeds of the hero or patriot name ?
Our old swords, like their owners, discarded in shame,
Held a charm o'er our hearts in young life's giddy
game,
Worth the world and its baubles beside.

And where are those forms whose hearts with mine own
Hailed this day as their flood-tide of joy,
And knew not the anguish which gnawed to the bone
In the bosoms of those who battled alone
For us in life's conflict, uncheered and unknown,
While we danced round our ogre toy ?

O, that time had not changed, and the curtain where care
Hid its lean haggard form ne'er been drawn,
To tempt our young hearts, and lure with the glare

To build them an idol a breath may destroy,
And gloat with delight o'er their poor tinsel toy,
Which to-morrow some other as a curse may employ
To embitter life's dark chequered way.

— — — — —

*To the Rev. R. M. Wilcox.**

BELOVED pastor! must we now say adieu?
Have three years gone, for ever passed away,
That each must take a fond farewell of you,
And with us now you can no longer stay?
It must be so: the rapid flight of time
Compels us now to breathe the word farewell;
Though we at your removal may repine,
For you our hearts with pure affection swell.

But there are scenes that memory brings to view,
Scenes on which the mind will love to rest,
Of holy hours we've oft enjoyed with you,
In which our spirits have been greatly blest.

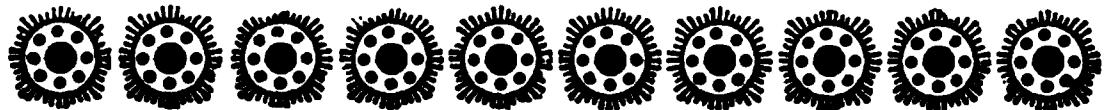
* Written on his leaving Southwark Circuit, after a stay of three years.

And there are those who'll one day join the throng,
 Through arduous labours you have had while here,
 Shall raise their voices in the immortal song,
 With blood-washed saints they shall in heaven appear.

With grateful hearts we have our offering brought,
 To show our sense and honour of your worth ;
 But to souls compared it is a thing of nought,—
 Souls you have won for Christ while here on earth.
 Our prayers for you shall still to heaven ascend,
 A blessing to each circuit may you prove ;
 Where'er you go may benisons attend,
 And may God bless you with almighty love.

And may you, by his Holy Spirit's sway,
 With earnest, loving zeal perform your part,
 Upraising mankind in your life's short day,
 Directing heavenward many a drooping heart.
 May God's best blessing ever on you flow,
 And in his church may you have great success,
 Spend many a year of usefulness below,
 And thousands more have cause your name to bless.

Though other scenes your labours now invite,
 And other flocks require your watchful care,
 Yet Southwark's flock will oft think with delight
 Of your devotion, zeal and earnest prayer.
 And when your labours here on earth are o'er,
 And God shall call you to your heavenly rest,
 May all your flocks join with you on that shore,
 And with your Saviour evermore be blest.



Past, Present, and Future.

I ASKED the aged man, whose head was bald and grey,

Whose fading form was bent with hoary age,
About his time for ever passed away,
And what concerns should most his life engage.

He parts aside his snowy whitened locks,
And mildly, earnestly looks in my face,
And says : “ If you would wish to shun the rocks
That often bring to others sad disgrace,

“ You must avoid the evil paths of sin,
And in your own strength never put your trust ;
But trust in God, and in this earthly scene
Resolve in all things to be true and just. .

“ Let all your actions be correct and good,
To bear reflection, chaste as morning dew.
As you would wish they should be if they stood
In heaven’s pure light before you in full view.

" And like a traveller, take the unerring chart
 Of God's most holy word—that heavenly guide—
 And bind its noble precepts to your heart,
 And from its holy laws ne'er turn aside.

" Have faith in Christ, and follow after those
 Who now possess the glorious promised land ;
 They, while on earth, had very many woes,
 But now before his throne they happy stand.

" If called to suffer while on earth below,
 With patience suffer—'tis God's holy plan
 The vanity of earthly things to show,
 Make you a good, a holy, happy man.

" But do not rush along life's road to meet
 Troubles that haply ne'er may come to you ;
 But fight life's battles like a man discreet,
 And conquer sin and keep the end in view.

" Like Moses, try and mount to Pisgah's top,
 And there by faith behold the promised land,
 And never in your heavenly progress stop,
 Till near Christ's throne you ever take your stand."

I asked the young man in the prime of life,
 Whose hardy vigorous frame and healthy look
 Seemed truly formed for every pleasure rife ;
 But he bade proud defiance to the Book

 That speaks of earthly changes and his end,
 And tells him time will quickly pass away ;
 He looks not at it as a faithful friend,
 Because it warns him life's joys all decay.

With vigorous step he seems to spurn the foe,
That steals on man unknown and unperceived ;
And seldom thinks of death, who deals the blow,
Glad by a treacherous world to be deceived.

As health sits glowing on his manly brow,
I ask him what should best my life engage.
“ Enjoy,” says he, “ life’s pleasures here and now,
And leave all serious thoughts for riper age.

“ Quaff the o’erflowing bowl of ruby wine,
And join the merry dance and festive throng ;
With jocund mirth in the gay circle join,
And sing with them the bacchanalian song.

“ Let all your life be like the flowers in May,
That deck the earth and beautify the spring—
Like a fair garland with its hues so gay,
For this to you will present pleasure bring.”

I turn, and ask the future if in truth
It can reveal aught good that I have done ;
Or will it prove I have misspent my youth,
When for all this there must a judgment come ?

And as a part of time’s already gone,
To me declare, as sojourner below,
Whether that future bids me to atone,
Or trifle longer with the subtle foe ?

He says, “ Put off ; for time enough there’s yet,
You can repent and seek for mercy here.”
Satan, depart ! me you shall never get ;
Come Saviour, then, and be for ever near.

Come Thou, and guide my erring feet that stray
 Away from paths of righteousness and truth ;
O, Thou who art the light, the truth, the way,
 Lead me aright and guide my early youth.

Thou glorious pattern of what man should be,
 Direct my future steps with love divine,
Help me with humble love to follow Thee,
 And all my lifetime in thy lustre shine.

When old age comes, Thou wilt not me forsake,
 Nor let the king of terrors me affright ;
But angels send my happy soul to take,
 Ever with Thee to live in realms of light.

The Worldly Man of Business.

 CAN it be fully true what preachers say,
That life is a probationary day,
 Given for trial to each mortal here,
And that each moment spent will surely prove
Great with importance while on earth we move,
 To fit our souls for an eternal sphere ?

And do the Holy Scriptures tell the truth—
Man's heart is evil e'en from earliest youth,
 And only tends to lead his feet astray ?
He bows to mammon as a sacred shrine,
Only for riches does his heart incline,
 For these he labours hard both night and day.

He heeds not reason's voice, his head and brain
Are full of plans how he can get most gain,
 And thinks but little of the end of life ;
For his soul's safety seemeth not to care,
And if perchance he utters words of prayer,
 'Tis for more gain in this our worldly strife.

It is a fearful thought, how chained to earth
Are men of business, while their souls are worth
 More riches far than this whole world can buy ;
And never seem they conscious of their state,
Unless o'er taken by afflictions great,
 Or told by their physician they must die.

Then O, how vain do all their gains appear,
When on a sick bed laid they're made to bear
 The constant racking pain, the throbbing brow ;
The pearl of greatest price they have despised,
Have quenched the Spirit, and have never prized
 The gospel they'd give all they have for now.

The mart and the exchange engrossed each thought,
With studious care his goods were ever bought,
 His greatest joy has been to store up wealth ;

And while he made it thus his greatest care,
Each faculty of mind it would ensnare,
Alike regardless of his ease and health.

O, man of business ! what would it be to thee
If thou could'st gain the world, or owner be—
Or part, thou ne'er could'st gain the whole—
And found, when all thy earthly race was run,
Thou hadst a shadow grasped, and wert undone,
And lost for ever thy immortal soul ?

Dear reader, have I here described thy case ?
If so, look up, I pray thee, now for grace,
Ere 'tis too late, and ere God's Spirit leaves,
Saying, " He is to idols joined, let him alone.
For him no more shall Jesu's blood atone,
Who often thus the Holy Spirit grieves."

I cannot think of a more fearful state
Than his who on his death-bed cries, " Too late—
I've trifled all my precious life away ;
For when God called and warned I would not hear,
And now He grieves and sorrows for my fear ;
My heart is hard, I cannot, cannot pray."

It is a fearful thing God's love to grieve,
And all our life without its influence live ;
God surely will in time give up that man.
Turn sinner, turn, his mercy now implore,
Strive ne'er to grieve his Holy Spirit more,
Resolve to love and serve Him all you can.



Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP ! what is it ? is it an idle word,
Oft in the mouth of those who would de-
ceive ?

A thing of hollow meaning, which has oft deterred
Others from forming it, lest they should after
grieve

That they had such a union sought with those
Whose constant aim seemed how they best could
get

All that they had, and that whene'er they chose,
Leaving at last just cause for deep regret ?

Friendship ! what is it ? is it the flatterer's voice,
The lying tongue of him who seeks for gain ?
Who would your downfall plan, and then rejoice
That he had been the cause of all your pain ?
One that would have you sign a bond for him,
With earnest pleading would assail your heart
Until you have signed it—would surely seem
The best of friends, yet act the villain's part ?

Friendship ! what is it ? is it the spurious thing
 Of fiend like men, entering a happy home,
 With the seducer's subtilty, to bring
 Deep wretchedness and woe where'er they come ?
 One that would grasp the hand of trusting friend
 And plot to ensnare his daughter or his wife,
 And, like a cunning snake, to gain his end
 Would sting the hand that warmed him into life ?

A friend—who is he ? not the man who'd fail
 To tell his friend if he discerned a fault,
 Or him who'd suffer others to assail
 His character and name with fierce assault.
 I hate the man whose tongue is ever found
 Slandering his neighbour's good repute and fame ;
 But love the man whose friendly words abound,
 Who ne'er speaks evil of another's name.

A friend—who is he ? is it he who clings
 Fast to another while with plenty blest,
 But quits him soon as dire misfortune brings
 Its troubles, and he's with woe opprest ?
 Counterfeits these of what a friend should be,
 For, like base coin, they never stand the test ;
 They're soon detected, that others then may see
 Of all mankind they love themselves the best.

True friendship is a bright and holy flame,
 Which all may have if they are so inclined ;
 Even a cup of water in Christ's name
 Given to the poor a sure reward shall find.

It is adversity that tries one's friends,
And not prosperity, when all is peace ;
The true man faithfully his friend defends,
And happy should he feel to give release.

True friendship is to dry the mourner's tear,
To alleviate the sorrows of the poor,
To have compassion on the orphan here,
And bring true comfort to the sick one's door ;
To help the widow in her time of need,
And all console who feel affliction's rod ;
The beggar who is starving haste to feed,
And mercy love, and be the friend of God.

Him thou canst have as friend, to whom
Thou canst make known the secrets of thy heart ;
One that is tried and true ; O, to Him come,
And fully all thy joys and fears impart !
He will uphold thee through life's chequered scene,
And lead thy pilgrim steps in the right way,
Help by his power to fight life's battle keen,
And when 'tis over take to endless day.



Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

AN Leicestershire there stands a town,
An ancient place of great renown,
As chronicles still vouch ;
Old manuscripts record the same,
That "ash trees" to the place gave name,
Called "Ashby-de-la-Zouch."

First settled there some Saxons bold,
And Danish men in search of gold—
Fierce Norsemen from the north ;
With stockades fast they fenced their ground,
Dug moats that ran their dwellings round,
O'er which they sallied forth.

Rough warlike chiefs whose hardy bands
Would till and cultivate their lands,
In rude unlettered state ;
Gurths and Beowulphs they were named,
For tilling ground these men were famed,
Although of ancient date.

In Edward the Confessor's reign
Fourteen yardlands was the plain
 Of this quiet ancient place ;
Here herds of swine would search for food,
The husky acorns in the wood,
 And flocks of sheep would graze.

The cattle on the hills and plains,
Attended by the rustic swains,
 Would browse their time away ;
Till William came—the Norman lord—
Conquering with his powerful sword,
 Gained everywhere the sway.

'Twas then these men, before so free,
Submitted now the serfs to be
 Of De Greutemaisnel ;
These bondmen laboured on his land,
And sallied forth at his command,
 And fought his battles well.

The population then was small,
Scarcely a hundred men in all,
 Bordars and Socmen named ;
Whose rent was always paid in kind,
Poultry and eggs were bound to find,
 Both which their masters claimed.

In Ivo's time they much increased,
We find they had a parish priest,
 St. Helen's church and hall ;

At morning called by priest to prayers,
And "vespers" closed their evening cares :
Such was the life of all.

Then Phillip de Beaumais had sway,
And to some priests he gave away
A large extent of land ;
The lands of Suart cliffe he gave,
Hoping his parents' souls to save,
By charity's free hand.

He left no son to hand his name
Down future history's scroll of fame,
But left one daughter fair ;
She wedded with the first la-Zouch—
This fact historians all avouch—
And made him master there.

And in those ancient feudal days
Were witnessed chivalorous displays,
And prowess of gallant knight,
Who'd bravely herald far and wide
Battle to all on every side,
That should their ladies slight.

And oft amidst those lovely dales,
Were whispered love's enchanting tales,
Down through the flowery dells ;
O'er beds of violets oft they strayed,
Whose perfume scented many a glade,
Bedecked with hyacinth bells.

These knights their ladies did adore,
And on their arms rich scarves they wore,
 The work of lady-love ;
And often valiant knights have there
Entered for trifles light as air,
 And dropt the challenge glove.

His love looks on with anxious eyes,
Her bosom heaves with fluttering sighs—
 As her knight to the combat goes ;
Now sadness rests upon her brow,
Alas ! she is unhappy now,
 Her heart is filled with woes.

Now see them meet upon the plain,
Their falchions soon with blood they stain,
 To uphold their lady's fame ;
But one soon sinks, no more to rise,
His blood the grass with crimson dyes,
 While death surrounds his frame.

And in the records of this place,
A fearful deed of arms we trace,
 Of vengeance and of blood ;
“ Folville ” and “ Roger Beller ” strong—
The one had done the other wrong—
 In deadly combat stood.

From hour to hour they fiercely fought,
With rage and hate they madly sought
 Each one his foe to slay ;

But wounded they together fell,
 A wretched sight for those to tell,
 Who saw this dreadful fray,

Their effigies e'en now remain,
 The sword and daggers of the slain,
 With helmets of these braves ;
 One in the lady's chapel sleeps,
 Kirby churchyard the other keeps,
 At peace in separate graves.

And Smesby's village still doth show
 The fields upon whose verdant brow

The tournament was fought ;
 While further up, on higher ground,
 The fight was viewed by those around
 With dread and anxious thought.

A market near this time was gained—
 By Hugh la Zouch it was obtained—

For husbandmen and trade ;
 Farmers and merchants there did meet,
 Each other there would warmly greet,
 Where bargaining was made.

On Wednesday there, in every week,
 The farmers would the market seek,
 With produce of their lands ;
 With corn and cattle brought for sale,
 And fruit from orchard, hill and dale,
 The labour of their hands.

The great Lord Hastings now held sway—
A valiant knight, both brave and gay,
 King Edward's favoured lord ;
His bosom friend he soon became,
And rose to rank of highest fame
 In England and abroad.

The king and knight were near of age,
In friendly games they'd oft engage,
 Each other's trusty friend ;
Both confidants in stately cares,
Consulted on all grave affairs,
 To succour or defend.

For Hastings' zeal in works of state
King Edward made him rich and great—
 A baron of great might,
And showered high favours on his head ;
In all designs great Hastings led,
 And shone with honours bright.

And when for pleasure Edward sighed,
The baron e'er was at his side,
 To tend his monarch's call ;
In dalliance with the young and fair,
The favourite he was ever there,
 In town or stately hall.

He still bore Ashby in his mind,
As near about this time we find
 Two fairs by him obtained ;

He rode in state like king or prince,
As seldom seen before or since,
He like a monarch reigned.

His fame resounded far and wide ;
Whate'er he asked was ne'er denied
Of worldly grandeur vain ;
To him was granted power to raise
The noblest castle in those days,
Whose ruins still remain.

But all this show and grandeur gay
Was destined soon to pass away
In misery and gloom ;
At Edward's death his fame declined,
To treachery's clutch he was consigned,
And found an early tomb.

For Glo'ster's minions all conspired,
By hate and jealousy inspired,
To work great Hastings' end ;
Of treason high he was accused,
All law and justice were abused,
He'd scarce a single friend.

So great and fierce was Richard's hate,
To dine he vowed that he would wait
Till he saw Hastings dead ;
They bore him quickly to the ground,
Where soon a block of wood was found,
On which he lost his head.

Thus this great man, who'd fought and bled,
And hosts and armies proudly led,
 And foreign foes defied,
Though almost worshipped in his time,
In favour passed his earthly prime,
 In ignominy died.

But Hastings' name revived again ;
Although the first great lord was slain,
 It rose again to might ;
Distinguished much his race became,
And left a noble, honoured name,
 As champions of the right.

And when the war with France came on,
When Theroanne's and Tourney's fields were won
 And Hastings rose to fame,
For his great service to the crown
He gained much honour and renown—
 An earl he then became.

As Earls of Huntingdon, for years
Their name in highest ranks appears,
 Wise counsellors of state ;
Some more obscurely passed their days,
And revelled in gay pleasure's ways,
 Right hearty and elate.

When Ashby Castle loud would ring
With entertainment for the king
 And lords and ladies fair ;

Whilst all the nobles in the land
Sat at the board where plenty's hand
Gave every luxury there.

Out went the bright glow in each window
With feudal pomp and grand array,
In dignity, though blithe and gay,
They lightly tripped the hall ;
While troubadours with harp and song
Would charm the glittering fairy throng,
As they led off the ball.

Whilst each brave knight and lovely girl
In the gay waltz's giddy whirl,
Joyous in heart and hand,
With nimble feet and sylph-like air,
Would smile with eyes and lips so fair,
The beauteous of the land.

When ended is the enchanting dance,
To the banquet hall they all advance,
Where feast and mirth go round ;
Where blaze the chandeliers so bright,
And gaily pass the live-long night,
'Midst music's raptured sound.

Whilst rapture fills the brilliant throng,
And sweetly sounds the minstrel song
Of deeds of days of yore ;
Of heroes bold who'd fought and bled,
'The Crusades 'neath the red cross led,
And songs of olden lore.

And many a needy soul hath felt
That charity in Ashby dwelt,
In ages passed away ;
Where food and raiment were bestowed,
And institutions there endowed,
That since have ceased their pay.

And often do these works decline—
Are sunk and lost through ages' line—
The donors all forgot ;
When poverty doth lose its dole,
The young their once free-granted school,
And find a pauper's lot.

But such in Ashby's not the case,
For numerous bequests here we trace,
Of donors wise and good ;
Which time hath hidden not away,
But hold their good and useful sway,
And have for ages stood.

The schools of Ashby stand renowned,
They've education spread around
To men of lowly birth,
Who by the help of learning's aid
Have honours won and fortunes made,
Good men of truth and worth.

Whichever way we turn we find
Rich food to cheer and please the mind,
On Ashby's ancient ground ;

Its church, its park, and scenery bright,
Refreshing to the stranger's sight,
With interest all abounding.

The castle is in ruins now, and silent left
And on its walls green ivies grow,

But still it looks sublime ;
Though roofless now, its rare old towers
Still stand the fiercest tempest's showers,
And mock the flight of time.

And though the grass grows in the aisle,
And ivy-wreaths surround the pile,

With sad and sombre ray,
Still through each niche the sun's bright beams
Of mellow light in gemal streams
Sends rays of glorious day.

It tells of ages now no more,
When all the crimes of civil war

Drenched England's plains with blood :
When York and Lancaster lay claim
To England's crown and kingly name,
Through many a crimson flood.

But happily such days are o'er,
We feel no fearful shocks of war ;

Our country's peaceful home
No feudal serfdom now doth know—
A free and open heart we show,
With no desire to roam.

Old England is our boasted land,
Where all may live with honest hand,
 And love both God and man ;
Where all may strive to reach the goal,
That happy mansion of the soul,
 Free from oppression's ban.

To a Sister,

ON GIVING HER A BIBLE.

DEAR sister, accept this inspired book of old,
A book of more value than rubies or gold ;
 A volume most precious, in rich mercy given,
By God sent to man to prepare him for heaven.

Come sister, dear sister, dig deep in the mine,
Made blest by its precepts may you ever shine ;
May you find the pearl, the one of great price,—
Salvation for you through the mercy of Christ.

When this life is over may you and I meet,
Rejoicing for ever at our Saviour's feet ;
May this book through life your best comfort prove,,
And lead you safe home to his glory above.



The Mysterious Pictures ;

OR THE OPENING OF THE SEALS.*

BELOVED John, what mysteries do we find !
B What scenes of grandeur come before thy
mind !
The glorious things thou didst in visions see,
Bright symbols are of future destiny.) X.
There sits upon a throne, arrayed in state,
The King of kings, the mighty Potentate.
In his right hand is held a written book,
On which no eyes in heaven can dare to look ;
'Tis closed to all, and sealed with seven seals,
Its secret none in heaven or earth reveals.
And thou dost weep ; but hark ! there is a sound---
The "Lion of the tribe of Judah" 's found !
"The Root of David hath prevailed," and feels
He worthy is to open all the seals.

The first seal's opened, thunder rouseth thee,
The living creature crieth, "Come and see!"

* Revelation, chapters v., vi., vii., viii. and xix.

Unfold its mysteries, describe the wondrous sight.

He now beheld a horse, and lo, 'twas white !

And he who sat upon him had a bow,

A crown was given him, and where'er he'd go

He'd victor prove, as on his mission sent

From conquering and to conquer, on he went.

An emblem this of Christianity,

Its triumphs over vain idolatry.

The "bow" means battle, death and victory ;

The "crown" a figure of Christ's royalty ;

The "white horse" triumph, and this charger's rode

By Him who was and is, the "Word of God."

The second seal is open, and in wonder he

Still hears the living creature saying, "Come and

see!"

He now beholds another horse, 'tis red,

And power is given to him who sits thereon to shed

Much human blood, to take peace from the earth,

To kill each other, to destroy all mirth.

An awful symbol of destructive War,

Battles and insurrections near and far ;

Seditions, sieges and commotions, too,

How many thousands have been slain by you !

O, God ! may war in all its hideous forms soon cease,

And nations, peoples, families live in peace !

The gospel spread—hasten the happy day

When Christ shall have the universal sway.

The third seal now is opened, and to thee

The living creature speaketh, "Come and see!"

Behold a black horse now before him stands,
 A pair of balances in the rider's hands ;
 He hears a voice, which voice is heard by many,
 It says, " Of wheat a measure for a penny ;
 Of barley grain three measures may be got ;
 The oil and wine see that you hurt it not."
 This is an emblem of calamity and woe,
 The black horse Mourning, for where'er he'd go
 The rider caused a scarcity of bread,
 Weighed out—all were on short allowance fed ;
 His voice declaring, too, the price of corn,
 Pourtrays a state most abject and forlorn ;
 The oil and wine, which follows on the suit,
 Implies that earth refuses to yield fruit.

The fourth seal now is opened, and to thee
 The living creature speaketh, " Come and see !"
 He now beholds another horse, but pale,
 Its rider, Death, is travelling through this vale,
 It has a follower, and his name is Hell,
 Destruction lurks where'er these creatures dwell,
 For power is given to them to stop men's breath
 With sword, with hunger, with wild beasts and death.
 The pale horse is a figure of mortality
 Produced by disease, famine, and great scarcity,
 Its rider, Pestilence, which stalks abroad,
 Destroying all it meets with on the road,
 And Hell (the grave) puts forth its mighty power,
 And follows on, its victims to devour.

The fifth seal's opened, and he sees again,
 Under the altar souls of martyrs slain,

He hears them ask, " How long, Lord, holy, true,
Before our blood shall be avenged by you ? "
These spirits, all arrayed in robes of white,
Do for a season rest in heaven bright ;
They wait with patience till their brethren come,
Who follow on to meet a martyr's doom.
This is the altar, then, of sacrifice !
They passed from earth as offerings to the skies,
True Christians these, they kept the word of God,
And sealed the testimony with their blood.

The sixth seal now is opened. What a sight !
The day is turned to blackest, darkest night.
An earthquake shakes the world and ocean's flood,
The sun is black, the moon becomes like blood,
The stars of heaven fall down unto the earth,
Just like some figs of an untimely birth.
The heavens are rolled together like a scroll,
Mountain and island from their places roll,
Kings of the earth, the rich men and the great,
Chief captains, mighty men, and men of all estate,
Cry to the rocks and mountains, " On us fall ;
From Him who sitteth on the throne, O hide us all !
We would not fall into his mighty hand,
His day of wrath is come, and who shall stand ? "

This is a symbol of a glorious time,
Idolatry's destroyed in every clime,
Earthquakes denote that revolution's come ;
The " sun is black," great men must meet their doom ;

354. *The Mysterious Power*

The "moon like blood," that ~~shone~~ ^{was} over the earth,
The falling stars, chief ministers that all y^r was made
The heavens torn'd up; the patches went ~~over~~ ^{over} the earth,
That Christ is coming, soon to take His bri~~e~~g^{ht} of
And when mankind on rocks and mountains call,
It shows that Jesus Christ is Lord of all.

Four angels on four corners of the earth now stand;
One from the east cries out both loud and grand ;
" Hurt not the earth, the ocean, or the field,
Till all God's saints are in their foreheads sealed !"
He saw one hundred, forty and four thousand men,
Twelve thousand from each tribe, and then
A number beyond calculation, raise a song,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue ;
Salvation to our God, loudly they call,
And to the Lamb, before whose throne we fall.
Then from the angels, who stand round the throne,
And elders, living creatures all make known,
Blessing, honour, power, and wisdom to the Giver ;
Thanksgiving, might, unto our God for ever.

One of the elders asks, " Who are these,—say,—
Arrayed in robes of white, and whence come they ?"
I heard him answer, " These saints are the same
Who out of heavy tribulation came,
And washed their robes in the Lamb's precious blood,
Therefore are they before the throne of God,
And serve Him in his temple day and night,
Arrayed in robes of linen pure and white ;
They never hunger, they shall thirst no more,

The Lamb upon his throne now feeds them from his store ;

And God Himself to them is ever near,
To lead to living fountains and wipe away the tear.

The seventh seal is opened ; silence reigns
For half an hour throughout the heavenly plains ;
Seven angels now before Jehovah stand,
Each with a golden trumpet in his hand.
Another angel yet before the altar stood,
Which altar was before the throne of God ;
He had a golden censer, you see its incense rise,
The prayers of saints ascending with it to the skies.
He filleth it with fire, and casteth into earth,
And earthquakes, lightnings, thunders, now come forth ;
One sounds the trumpet, and hailstones abound,
Fire mingled with the blood is on the ground ;
A third part of the trees to fire is doomed,
And all green grass is speedily consumed.

Another sounds, when lo ! a mountain spire
Is cast into the sea, the sea's on fire ;
A third part of the water's turned to blood,
A third part of its creatures perish in the flood.
The third angel sounds, and lo ! a star from heaven
Falls down into the rivers, to fountains it is given.
Its name is " Wormwood," the waters are the same,
And many beings die, for Bitter is its name.
Another sounds, one third the orb of day,
One third the moon that lights us splendidly ;

One third the stars, they all refuse their light,
Three quarters of a day is seen, three quarters of a
night.

Now an angel rises far above the ground,
Crying, "Woe!" by reason of the trumpets yet to
sound.

Another sounds, and wonders do appear;
The sixth one sounds—a voice from heaven is near:
The seventh sounds, and all are filled with dread,
Because of judgments coming on their head.
These emblems all predict the fall of Rome,
When Jesus Christ shall in his kingdom come.
His praying people know their prayers are heard,
For vengeance comes on enemies; the sword
No longer sheathed, on every foe shall fall,
And Jesus Christ be King and Lord of all!





Luther.

REFORMER great ! thy name shall honoured stand

Among the annals of those mighty men
Who were pre-eminent in their native land,
And in great deeds have always foremost been.

With noble courage for the truth didst stand,
With might unwavering didst denounce the creed
That sold "indulgences" throughout the land—
Wolves in sheep's clothing, thus their flocks to feed.

Whilst Papal gloom was lowering all around,
Brave martyrs died for Jesus and his truth ;
These heroes to the fiery stake were bound,
And not a few whilst in their early youth.

Nobly thou camest forward in his cause,
His standard bearing with a spirit bold ;
Against the Pope's anathemas and laws
A valiant protest thou didst ever hold.

And when at Worms before the priests and king,
That protest famed, of which our boast we make.
Thou didst not fear before them all to bring,
Which caused the Pope and Papal power to shake.

Still does that protest like a beacon shine,
Dispensing blessings o'er the human race,
Entwines round England like a beauteous vine,
With holy fruits our noble country grace.

What blessings to us have in time come down
Through thee, thou champion of our rights so
dear;
And ages yet unborn thy faith shall own,
And o'er thy dust shall shed the hallowed tear.

There was a time when our forefathers paid
Dire penalties for faith—their blood was shed ;
But now we worship, and are not afraid
Of our religion bringing evil on our head.

Time past the Bible was a sealed book,—
Was chained to altars, or in Latin read,—
And artful priests alone could at it look:
The people learning only what they said.

But now, thank God ! it is sent everywhere—
Published in every tongue is now the plan
Of God's salvation—sent to every sphere,
Showing his love to helpless fallen man.

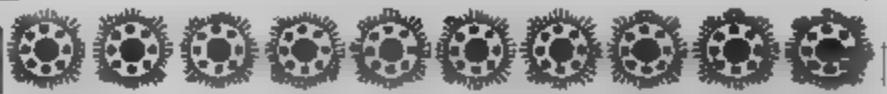
England is called by providential love
To spread the gospel o'er the whole wide world ;
It fits believers for the home above,
Where'er its glorious doctrines are unfurled.

Luther ! thy name shall ever honoured be,
'Mid freedom's sons shall shine with glory bright,
While our posterity have cause to see
Thy protest with a cheering ray of light.

Long as the life-blood through our hearts shall flow,
We'll think of blessings that through thee once
came,
We'll bless thy memory while our bosoms glow,
And deck thee with a deathless wreath of fame.

Though centuries with rapid wing have passed
Since thou wert laid within thy grave's low bed,
Yet long as memory o'er this earth shall last
Shall men esteem thee of the mighty dead.





The Idiot Boy.

I PASSED an idiot boy one day,
He looked at me with vacant gaze,
He was so childish in his way,
His antics caused me much amaze.
I thought on God, whose guardian care
Through all creation is displayed,
And wondered why a form so fair
With such a mind should e'er be made.

I never pass the asylum gate,
Where dwell the poor, the lost insane,
But thank my God for bounties great,
For intellect, for mind and brain ;
While thousands live who never can
Lift up their hearts and prayers above,
For God's great goodness shown to man,
The countless blessings of his love.

What mysteries in his works appear,—
How little can the mind discern
Of God's great laws and purpose here,
The wonders found at every turn !

Good hast thou been, O God, to me !
For reason's blessing to my mind ;
Whilst others void of sense I see,
I've felt thy love, thy mercy kind.

Reason, the greatest, noblest gift
That God has unto man bestowed,
That we to Him our souls may lift—
Our voices raise in praises loud.
Wondrous to us when deep in thought,
To think how soul and body blend ;
The soul that life to Adam brought,
Which God into his clay did send.

What is our life without the mind,
Where reason holds its mighty sway ?
'Tis but a blank, to feeling blind,
That withers and departs away.
We wonder how such things can be ;
As God o'errules the universe,
His wise intents we fail to see
In what appears to man a curse.

Thus earthquakes seem an awful blight,
Destroying thousands on the earth ;
The cholera, too, 'midst human fright,
Brings misery oft to many a hearth.
And fearful shipwrecks on the main,
With howling storm's destroying rage ;
While many a sailor brave is slain,
Who does at sea his life engage.

We think of fields where thousands fall,
 Throughout the battle's deadly strife ;
 We think of tyrants crushing all,
 And think how vain a thing is life.
 Hush, mortal, hush ! and learn to trust
 In Him thou canst not understand,
 And bow down humbly in the dust,
 And learn how wise all nature's planned.

He guides the planets in their course,
 All nature feels his sovereign sway ;
 The winds from Him receive their force,
 And at his word the zephyrs play.
 His lightnings flash along the skies,
 And through the earth his thunders roar ;
 Thus when his works we'd oft despise,
 They ought to lead us to adore.

His servant Job He told to stand
 In front of Him, to charge his mind,
 That he God's works might understand,—
 But still 'twas little Job could find.
 Attached to nought in endless space,
 The orbs move round the glorious sun ;
 'Tis He appoints each one its place,
 As through the sky they quickly run.

Men must be idiots who'll not see
 His power as shown in works below ;
 'Tis He directs the things that be,
 To man his love does richly show.

His works are all in wisdom made—
All glorious in our eyes appear ;
We see his goodness e'er displayed,
In bounteous harvest every year.

From Him we all our gifts receive—
The Benefactor let us own ;
O, may we to his glory live,
And bless and make his goodness known !
With solemn awe his works behold,
And view his reign in all supreme ;
Adore Him and be of his fold,
While round us his rich mercies stream.

Forgive, O, God ! our prying thought,
That seeks in vain thy paths to see ;
O, grant we ever may be brought
Humbly on earth to trust in Thee !
O, fill our souls with thy rich love !
O, let our faith in Thee abound !
Our finite minds thy goodness prove—
The infinite cannot be found.



Love.

LOVE ! mighty love ! ah ! who can tell
Its powers ? 'tis known on earth to dwell ;
It mocks all language to unfold ;
Its full delight can ne'er be told.

It dwells in glances of the eye ;
Is borne on zephyrs from a sigh ;
It penetrates the guarded heart,
Does gladness to the soul impart.

Love works its wonders on mankind,
Exalts us and refines the mind ;
The star of hope to our fond youth,
And maidens' guiding star of truth.

A feeling chaste, when used aright,
To worthy hearts it brings delight ;
With pure emotions ever rife,
It decks with flowers the path of life.

Its hallowed joys, its anxious fears,
Hope's richest boon our life endears ;
Bright gems of feeling o'er us cast,
Holy the flames that life-long last.

And after death the joys of heaven,
The hope to every mortal given ;
Let us on earth its joys improve,
That we may taste the full of love.

Lines

ON SEEING A MAJESTIC ELM UPROOTED BY THE WIND.

 SAW it uprooted and torn to the ground,
With its leaves and its branches all scattered
around,
The majestic fine elm brought low by the storm,
Its foliage all withered, and shattered its form.

This tree had stood centuries by the roadside,
Year after year, in its beauty and pride ;
Through numberless storms it still had stood fast,
Sheltering its kind from the power of the blast.

And oft in the storm it hath bowed down its head,
 When the hurricane came and the gale through it
 sped ;
 But the more the tree shakes the more the wind blows,
 The wider it spreads, the stronger it grows.

A mysterious power, of mightier strength,
 Humbled its greatness and verdure at length ;
 'Twas the power of the wind, by mankind unseen,
 Rushing on in its might, with blast strong and keen.

Thus man seemeth firm in the flower of his age,
 And earth all his powers and his thoughts doth en-
 gage,
 While round his spirit a false halo's shed,
 And he says, " Take thine ease, joys round thee are
 spread."

Jacob's Dream.

 TRAVELLER once did leave his home
 And journeyed on his dreary way ;
 Weary and fatigued he'd come,
 Close to the eve of that spent day.

The sun in solemn grandeur set,
Tingeing the earth with splendid rays
Of golden hue ; its beauties met
That lonely wearied traveller's gaze.

'Twas Jacob ; with his journey tired,
He for his pillow took a stone,
Then fell asleep, and was inspired
By a vision of the Holy One.

He saw a ladder to the skies—
Up from the earth whereon he lay—
To heaven above did brightly rise,
With angels up and down its way.

And there, above that ladder's height,
Stood heaven's great almighty King,
Encircled round with beams of light,
And seraphs on their azure wing.

Swift to perform his bidding they
Flew unto this sleeper blest ;
For though he on a hard stone lay,
Yet sweetly he retired to rest.

Bright guardian angels watched him round,
While God his promise did reveal ;
And as he lay upon the ground,
God's holy presence he did feel.

He little thought, when down he lay,
That God to him would deign to show
His love in such a gracious way,
And let him thus His goodness know.

He heard his voice in silent night,
These promises to him did give :
His seed should be as stars of night,
And on that very spot should live.

He believed God's promise to him given,
In faithful Abraham's footsteps trod ;
He felt that was "the gate of heaven,"
And to his soul "the house of God."

The pilgrim then awoke from sleep,
And said, "How dreadful is this place ;"
And vowed if God his soul would keep,
He would for ever seek his face,

And on that spot a temple raise,
And this he would the Bethel name,
To celebrate his Maker's praise,
And show to all mankind his fame.

He vowed that each year he would bring
A tenth part of his worldly store,
A present to his heavenly King,
And his great goodness there adore.

And it is right for all Christ's fold
Their grateful offerings to bring ;
Their talents, health, and gifts and gold,
With free will to their glorious King.

This earth is God's, and all therein,
And He can give to whom he will ;
To the righteous, or to those who sin,
. That his intents they may fulfil.

Earth's greatest monarch on the throne,
Likewise the poorest in the land ;
He guides and leads them every one,
By his all-wise, almighty hand.

And Jacob, when he had to meet
His brother, with an armed band,
In prayer went to the mercy seat,
For favour with Esau to stand.

And when they met with fond embrace,
Each to the other thus did tell
How God had bless'd them with his grace,
And guided both so safe and well.

He'd wrestled with his God in prayer,
And could not, would not let Him go ;
Though weak in body, held Him there
Till he God's gracious love did know.

What wondrous power thus Jacob had,
Over his Maker to prevail !
Now, Christians, let your hearts be glad,
For earnest prayer can never fail.

Lift up your heads and bend your knees,
You cannot ever pray in vain ;
God listens when a child He sees
Pour forth its wailing piteous strain.

His great arm is not shortened now,
Nor dull nor closed his loving ear ;
Pray on, and feel his Spirit glow,
Meek, humble, lowly and sincere.

Pray on ! pray on ! Jehovah hears,
He answers promptly from above,
He'll banish all thy feeble fears,
And fill thy soul with righteous love.

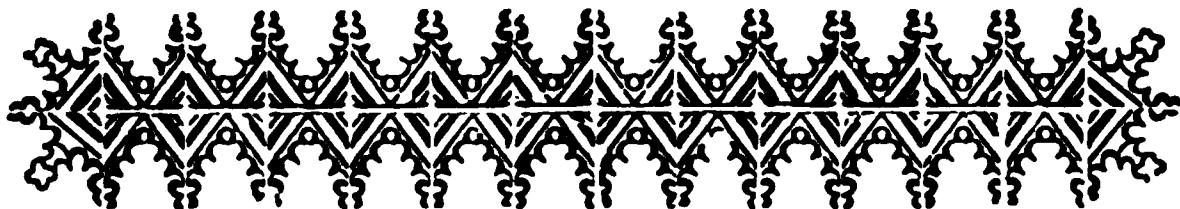
Pray ! blessings holy shall flow down
To every flock He sees in need,
Until they gain a glorious crown,
And in rich heavenly pastures feed.

Our God there altered Jacob's name
To "Israel"—which means a prince—
The blessings which he then did gain
Have flowed to mankind ever since.

And all the family of man
In Jesus shall find peaceful rest ;
Fulfilling God's own gracious plan—
Through Jacob's seed be ever blest.

Jesus shall be adored by all,
And all the nations of the earth
Before his sceptre low shall fall,
And glorify his wondrous worth.

Thus Pagan, Turk, Hindoo, and Jew,
Of every tribe and race and clime,
Shall serve the only God and true,
Till the remotest bounds of time.



The Bells on the Sabbath.

HARK ! how the Sabbath bells are pealing,
So sweetly o'er my senses stealing ;
Mercy to man they seem revealing—
Blest sabbath day !

To-day from myriads anthems rise,
To swell the music of the skies ;
And God to man his love applies—
Blest Sabbath day !

God's children to his house repair,
And offer up their earnest prayer ;
God's gracious blessing meets them there—
Blest Sabbath day !

Our souls mount up on wings of love,
To meet our glorious King above,
And there his heavenly presence prove—
Blest Sabbath day !

Hark ! from God's houses all around
The hallelujahs loud resound ;
With prayer and praise they each abound—
Blest Sabbath day !

Blest day of rest, to mankind given
To fit his soul to dwell in heaven,
The best by far of all the seven—
Blest Sabbath day !

Each Sabbath brings us nearer home,
And soon his voice shall bid us come,
And in eternal glories roam—
Blest Sabbath day !

We soon shall gain our portion fair,
Which Christ ascended to prepare ;
To spend an endless Sabbath there—
Blest Sabbath day !

Press on, my soul ! though rough the road
That leads thee to that blest abode,
To dwell for ever with thy God—
Blest Sabbath day !



The Sailor's Grave.

HE died far from home in the ship,
As she sailed o'er the watery main ;
He has taken his last homeward trip,
To yonder bright heavenly plain.

No fond parting words from his friends,
No dear wife to wipe his cold brow ;
Released, his spirit ascends,
Triumphant he dwells above now.

The poor sailor's for ever at rest,
He sleeps low in some coral grave,
And the wild waves beat over his breast,
No more the rough storms will he brave.

Though the place where he lieth be deep,
To mortals for ever unknown,
Bright angels watch over his sleep,
The Omnipotent guardeth his own.

Though we cannot bend over his grave,
Or hallow his dust with our tears,
Assured that he now is moored safe—
'Tis that which allayeth our fears.

Moored safely from all this life's harms,
 Sleep tranquilly, thou sailor bold,
 Through storms, winds and peace-giving calms,
 Through summer and winter's drear cold.

The wife, as she walks the sea-shore,
 And sighs for his loss morn and eve,
 Thinks of him she will never see more,
 And mournfully doth her heart grieve.

There's a time thou shalt see him again,
 In that glorious dwelling above ;
 There to sing in a loftier strain,
 That God did all in his love.

Laugh and be Merry.

LET'S laugh and be merry, in innocent mirth ;
 'Tis really a pleasure of infinite worth.
 Indulge it, then, fully ; we still may be wise,
 With a radiant brow, and a smile in our eyes ;
 Then laugh and be merry, child, woman and man—
 God's pleasure ordains it, so laugh while you can.

Let's laugh and be merry, 'tis good for the heart,
Though stoics and churls at our merriment start :
Heed not the poor soul who frowns like a boor,
Nor the pelf-scraping miser, e'er yearning for more ;
Then cast off for ever the unbearable ban
Of ill-natured feelings, and laugh while you can.

Let's laugh and be merry, and bury all gloom ;
'Tis a pleasing companion in every home ;
Though lowly the dwelling, 'tis easy, I'm sure,
To live, love, and labour, in cheerfulness pure :
Then laugh and be merry ; 'tis an excellent plan,
Though cares may surround you, to laugh while you
can.

Let's laugh and be merry, no pleasure we find
In grief and desponding ; they injure the mind,
Destroy all that's noble, that's manly and good,
Which have but to be felt to be understood :
I know it, I've proved it, and thus as a man
Say laugh and be merry—yes, laugh while you can.



A Welcome to Christmas.

HERE'S a welcome to thee, old Christmas !

We will greet thy presence here ;
Thou art come again to cheer us,
At the happiest time of year.
This is our family gathering,
And we'll join once more with glee
To celebrate thy loved return,
And a welcome give to thee.

Here's a welcome to thee, old Christmas !

We will greet thy presence here ;
Thou art come again to cheer us,
At the happiest time of year.

Here's a welcome to thee, old Christmas !

While gathering round home's hearth,
To take our childhood's place again,
And tell life's varied path :
How God through life hath blest us all
With his great mercies here,
And brought us all together now
To take our Christmas cheer.

Here's a welcome, &c.

Here's a welcome to thee, old Christmas !
We will happy be at home,
Treat every one with kindest love,
Both children and friends, who come.
Thus we'll all rejoice together,
All care and sorrow chase,
And bid them all be cheerful
As we greet each welcome face.

Here's a welcome, &c.

Here's a welcome to thee, old Christmas !
Hang round the holly berry,
And raise the loving mistletoe,
And let us all be merry.
Let gladness, mirth, and laughter,
All bosoms warmly cheer,
And we'll wish that dear old Christmas
Came twenty times a year.

Here's a welcome, &c.





An Evening Hymn.

SHADES of darkness round us hovering,
And the sun sunk in the west,
The earth with sable mantle covering,
Invite our weary souls to rest.
But before we think of sleeping
We will have our vows to pay,
And bless our Maker's name for keeping
Our lives from evil through the day.

Most mighty God, accept our praises,
Which through Christ we offer Thee ;
Accept us in the act that raises
Fallen man, where'er he be.
O, let thy presence now o'ershadow
Us who at thy footstool bend ;
Thy Holy Spirit send to hallow
Our prayers that now to Thee ascend.

Father, give thy evening blessing !
On us, thy children, love bestow ;
Help us onward to be pressing,
Much more of thy love to know.

Guide us on through life, we pray Thee,
Let thy mercy clear our way;
And though rough and drear our path be,
From thy side let us not stray.

May each day spent, as evening comes,
Bring us more near our home of love,
And family gatherings in our homes
Be types of heavenly scenes above.
Then when the hosts of heaven adore,
And praise thy name for mercies here,
May we united reach that shore,
And all before thy throne appear.

We shall rejoice there that thy praise
Did sound forth from our homes below,
When we in heaven our voices raise,
And our full souls in rapture glow.
O, take us now into thy keeping,
Guard and keep us through the night;
Watch o'er us while we are sleeping,
To wake to praise at morning light.



The Prodigal's Return.

LISTEN ! the prodigal cries,
 Borne down by grief and woe :
“ I'll now in haste arise,
And to my father go,
Sure he will hear my prayer,
And mercy grant to me,
Though I despised the care
And love he showed to me.

“ To him once more I turn,
And this shall be my prayer—
‘ Unworthy, late I learn
My conduct brings despair.’
Unfit to be his son,
I'll fall down at his feet :
My faults to him will own ;
Repentant him will meet.

“ Long time on husks I fed ;
With sorrow now I mourn
That from his house I fled,
But home I will return.

O, will he then me spurn,
Who once was fond and kind?
And say, should anger burn,
‘ In me no friend you'll find.’

“ I know I've done him wrong,
His counsel set at nought,
And wilful gone headlong;
His peace I ne'er have sought.
My heart was filled with pride,
I thought myself secure;
I scorned to seek a guide,
Till hunger did endure.

“ My father's men have got
Enough bread and to spare;
I'll with them cast my lot,
And take a servant's share.
How wretched have I been,
And wicked deeds have done!
My garments torn and mean—
Still I'm his youngest son.”

The father sees his son,
And longs him to embrace;
He welcomes him with peace,
While tears fall down his face.
The long-lost child returns,
Receives affection's kiss;
With love his bosom burns,
And his are tears of bliss.

" My poor repentant child !
 My mercy he shall know ;
 He's wayward been, and wild,
 Yet love to him I'll show.
 Can e'er a father's love
 Spurn a repentant son ?
 The best robe bring to prove,
 And let him put it on.

" The ring put on his hand,
 To bind him near my heart ;
 Come now, and near me stand,
 And never more depart.
 And bring the fatted calf,
 Let all again be joy,
 Rejoice in his behalf,
 I see again my boy."

How oft do parents mourn
 When loved ones go astray ;
 They from their best friends turn,
 And will have their own way.
 Such stubborn ones have brought
 Their parents' grey hairs low,
 Who in the grave have sought
 Relief from all their woe.

Some late repentant turn,
 And mercy seek by prayer ;
 With love God's mercies burn,
 And none need e'er despair.

He listens to their lays,
Who humbly to Him go ;
God says, " Behold he prays,
My mercy he shall know."

When stricken sinners plead,
And vile themselves confess,
Our God their prayers will heed,
And He their souls will bless.
By all the angelic choir
Shall songs of praise be given,
For brands plucked from the fire,
And made the heirs of heaven.

The Wife's Counsel.

 Y dearest love, despond not,
Though cares our course assail ;
O, dearest husband, sigh not,
Nor fortune's frowns bewail.
Come, raise thy spirits cheerly,
And cease thee to repine ;
I'll prize thee ever dearly :
My heart is ever thine.

It matters not to me, love,
 Though cold the world may stare ;
 Whate'er befalleth thee, love,
 With cheerfulness I'll share.
 Have courage, I implore thee,
 For brighter days may shine ;
 The world is still before thee :
 My heart is ever thine.

Be firm, and meet all crosses,
 And chase them from thy mind ;
 Let not our worldly losses
 Thy noble feelings blind.
 O, smile ! and dreary sorrow
 To oblivion consign,
 For joy may beam to-morrow :
 My heart is ever thine.

'Tis cowards only murmur,
 And sink beneath despair ;
 Our ills shall make us firmer
 To grapple with our care.
 Sore pains make ease the lighter,
 To work our grand design ;
 And darkness light the brighter :
 My heart is ever thine.

Believe me, nought can alter
 The emotions of my breast,
 Or make my fond love falter,
 Or lower affection's crest.

In weal or woe my bosom
Around thy path shall twine,
Still full and fresh in blossom :
My heart is ever thine.

And when old age o'ertakes us,
All senses fail and dim ;
When health and strength forsake us,
In intellect and limb ;
Thy worth and truth I'll cherish,
Through all our onward line ;
Though youth and beauty perish,
My heart is ever thine.

~~~~~

*To Miss Elizabeth C—*

OF HULL.

WITH glowing beams Aurora decks the morn,  
Like gold he tinges every radiant flower ;  
The fields and gardens choicely doth adorn,  
And throws new beauties over each sweet bower.

The lark soars high with clear melodious song—  
 With lively voice he warbles forth his lay,  
 While hills surrounding echo it along—  
 The glorious harbinger of opening day.

The hedges sparkle with the morning dew,  
 Like diamond gems in brilliant lustre shine ;  
 The violet peeps forth clothed in purple hue,  
 Enriching the air like fragrant eglantine.

The blushing rose salutes the morning sun,  
 In balmy fragrance seeks the monarch's aid ;  
 The sunflower turns where'er his course is run,  
 Gladdening upland, pasture, glen, and glade.

'Tis fit that I should thus call to my aid  
 The richest beauties of each fragrant flower,  
 To describe so fair and beautiful a maid,  
 Whose form delights in hall, or room, or bower ;  
 Whose mind, with stores of learning richly graced.  
 With magic power glides in upon our heart ;  
 In nature's finest mould each feature traced,  
 It causes deep regret when we should part.

Thy life seems woven by some fairy loom ;  
 Sweet as the heather flower at early morn  
 With aromatic odour seems to bloom ;  
 O, may it flourish free from every thorn !

May every year thy happiness increase,  
 And time, as on it rolls its rapid course,  
 Bring nought to thee but happiness and peace,  
 And may'st thou ne'er on troubled seas be tossed !

May truth and virtue shine around thy life,  
And sorrow flee for ever from thy breast ;  
Whether as maiden pure, or virtuous wife,  
May'st thou in every path of life be blest !

And may the poor around thee bless thy name ;  
And memory, as it tells of good deeds past,  
Give thee a title to a virtuous fame,  
And a bright heaven for thy lot at last !

---

## *Lines to my Wife*

ON OUR TWENTY-FIRST WEDDING DAY,

NOVEMBER 22ND, 1859.



NCE more, dear wife, has time's incessant  
wing

Traversed the seasons, and returned to bring  
November round, with winter's early ray :  
This is the annual of our wedding day.

Years twenty-one their varied course have sped,  
Scattering joys and sorrows o'er our head,  
Since love presented us at wedlock's shrine,  
And Hymen bound thy hand and heart with mine.

Then, in the gay and blooming time of youth,  
We pledged our vows of constancy and truth ;  
As age arrives we happy record bear—  
Our plighted vows were mutually sincere.

Throughout my life, in retrospective view,  
I've ever found my thanks to Heaven are due ;  
Nor least of all my gratitude I pay  
For that blest one that cheered my wedding day :

When God, to soothe my rugged path through life,  
Sent me my faithful friend and loving wife ;  
And with her care, by tender precepts charmed,  
My mind has been with prudent counsel armed.

By whom advised in all things for my good,  
In virtue's footsteps steadily I've trod ;  
A watchful guard when dangers did surround,  
In her a faithful counsellor I've found.

Highly esteemed for prudent conduct most,  
She proves her husband's highest pride and boast ;  
To her my grateful thanks are always given—  
I hope and trust her recompense is heaven.

The nuptial cup, by Providence prepared,  
Of sweets and bitters mixed, by all are shared ;  
Our share of sweets thus far our thanks should  
call—  
We've found the honey much outweigh the gall.

Though humble has our lot in life yet been,  
We've happier kept by shunning each extreme ;  
Though riches we could never boast much store,  
Adversity has always kept outside our door.

By mutual striving for each other's good,  
We've kept away that fiend, domestic feud ;  
And may the future days we've yet to come  
Still find us cheerful in our happy home !

And when arrives the inevitable doom,  
May we find peace beyond the earthly tomb !  
Long as we hold our life's declining way  
Shall grateful memory bless our wedding day.

---

*To S. Gurney, Esq., M.P.\**



NOBLE Gurney ! accept this humble lay ;  
Let these few lines an earnest tribute pay  
Of respect to one who dares be good.  
We thee admire, whose taste refines,  
In judgment chaste, of polished mind,  
As patron of ragged schools hath stood.

\* Written on the occasion of his taking the chair at Foster Street Ragged Schools, April 24th, 1860.

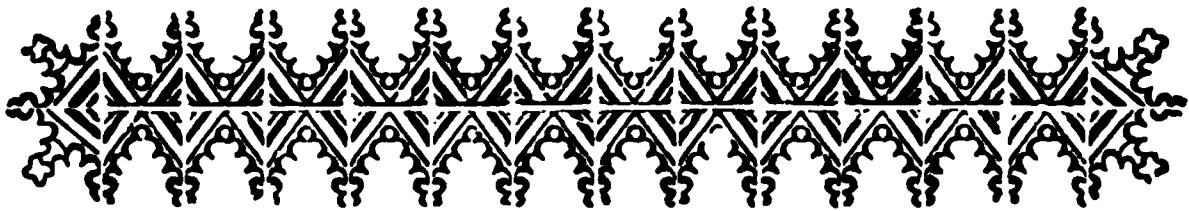
And in thy breast what constant pleasure springs  
 From doing good, what comfort e'er it brings  
     Into thy kind and generous heart !  
 Thou'rt happy in the treasures of thy mind ;  
 In peace thy soul soars free and unconfined,  
     Still resolved in life to do thy part.

Though affluence surrounds thee with its beams,  
 Yet on the poor thy bounty nobly streams,  
     Desiring firmly their sad state to raise.  
 True patriotism this, to gladden those  
 Bowed down by sin, by poverty and woes—  
     This shall redound for ever to thy praise.

May'st thou of good the patron ever stand,  
 With noble Shaftesbury and a Christian band,  
     And a blessing to thy country prove !  
 May Heaven its richest blessings shed,  
 While thou art living, on thy honoured head,  
     And fill thy worthy soul with heavenly love.

And when thy noble mission's done on earth,  
 May many records of thy truth and worth  
     To ages yet to come be handed down ;  
 Then may thy noble spirit calmly rise,  
 To enjoy the blessed mansions in the skies,  
     And Jesus give thee an immortal crown !

---



## An Appeal for the Poor.

**S**TERN winter now draws on with nipping cold,  
With icy grasp throughout our land doth reign !

How many clothed in rags do we behold,  
Worn down by sorrow, sickness, and in pain ;  
Who seem to plead with those who can bestow,  
From their abundance, alms to cheer and bless :  
And pleading hard that they will mercy show  
Unto their fellow creatures in distress !

For the Saviour from his throne now sees  
Your acts of love and charity ;  
And says, " Whate'er ye do for these,  
Ye do it also unto Me."

How racked their minds 'midst many earthly cares,  
With hungry children crying, wanting bread !

For those who give they offer up their prayers,  
That God will all his choicest blessings shed.

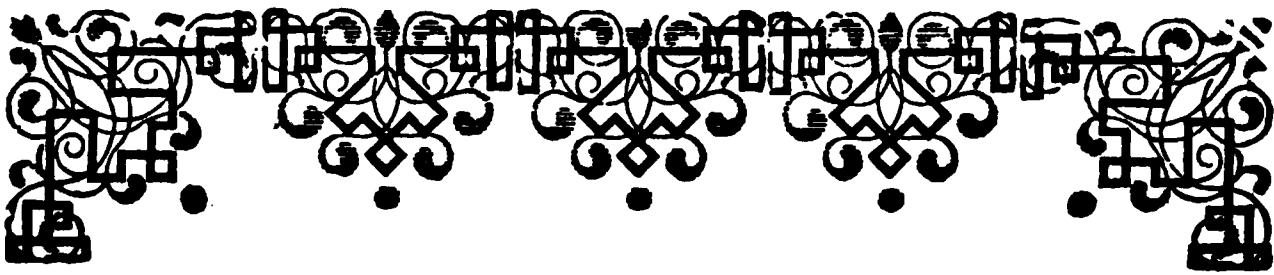
O, you that are with plenty blest at home,  
And ne'er experienced hunger's bitter pain,  
Now benefactors to the poor become ;  
O, do not let them cry to you in vain !

For the Saviour from his throne now sees  
 Your acts of love and charity ;  
 And says, " Whate'er ye do for these  
 Ye do it also unto Me."

And you will thus enjoy your own the more,  
 If widows poor and orphans you relieve ;  
 You'll ne'er regret thus giving from your store,  
 And for the wealth thus spent you'll never grieve,  
 When on the bed of death you come to lie,  
 With joy you'll think upon the time that's past,  
 When oft you've listened to the orphan's cry,  
 And o'er the widow rays of joy have cast.

For the Saviour from his throne now sees  
 Your acts of love and charity ;  
 And says, " Whate'er ye do for these  
 Ye do it also unto Me."

O, ye of wealth and fortune of our land !  
 Have mercy, we beseech you, on the poor ;  
 Your charity bestow with ready hand,  
 Be friends to those who wander to your door.  
 Think of your wealth as talents to employ  
 For other's good, when they are most in need ;  
 'Tis in your power to make them sing with joy,  
 For you have plenty while the poor you feed.  
 For the Saviour from his throne now sees  
 Your acts of love and charity ;  
 And says, " Whate'er ye do for these  
 Ye do it also unto Me."



## The Pilgrim's Rest.

**T**HERE is a home, a glorious one, beyond the bright blue sky,  
For which the weary wanderer doth often deeply sigh ;  
No sorrow, grief, nor pain is there, no sickness, nor decay,  
And to that home of happiness our Jesus is the way.  
There many of our friends have gone who trod this vale of tears,  
And now before the shining throne they rest from all their fears ;  
For in those mansions fair above they'll be for ever blest :  
“ The wicked cease from troubling there, the weary are at rest.”

I hear the voice from heaven proclaim that all who win the race  
Shall share the great Redeemer's throne and see him face to face :  
The way though full of stumbling stones, so rugged, dark and drear,  
Is often lit up by the Sun, which shines both bright and clear.

Though many enemies we meet, and oft are called to  
fight,

Yet onward must our motion be as children of the  
light;

Soon we shall reach our journey's end, however sore  
oppress:

"The wicked cease from troubling there, the weary  
are at rest."

As we possess immortal souls which must for ever  
live,

Why should we dream of happiness the world can  
never give?

Here change, decay, and death are known, and every  
mortal woe,

Nor is there ought to satisfy—the Saviour tells us so.

Then let us bravely bear the cross, nor wish to lay it  
down,

Till we arrive on Canaan's shore, and there receive  
the crown,

To mingle with the happy throng in heavenly raiment  
drest:

"The wicked cease from troubling there, the weary  
are at rest."

Come hither, weary wanderer, and let us onward  
move

Toward that home of happiness, that bright abode of  
love;

Soon will our tribulations cease, our every trial end,  
And we to Him who reigns above shall joyfully  
ascend;

Shall join the disembodied choir, redemption's song  
to sing,  
And spend a vast eternity in praising Christ our  
King ;  
Our wanderings then will all be o'er, we'll lean on  
Jesu's breast :  
“ The wicked cease from troubling there, the weary  
are at rest.”

---

## *The Ragged School.*

**T** was not the rich scholars and clean  
At a school in a certain street,  
But the ragged and poor that were seen,  
With scarce any shoes to their feet.

Their clothes were all ragged and torn,  
Their faces all covered with dirt ;  
Abject they looked and careworn,  
And many had scarcely a shirt.

Their hair was all matted and rough,  
Strangers to brush and to comb ;  
Hoarse were their voices and gruff,  
Cold and forlorn was their home.

If you only had heard in that street  
Their language so wicked and wild,  
You'd say as your ears it did greet—  
"O, who is there cares for this child?"

But there are some here with kind hearts,  
Who have pity on children of sin ;  
In the ragged school they take their parts,  
Stray lambs of Christ's flock to bring in,

For the love of their Lord who once told  
Peter his dear lambs to feed ;  
And they try to bring home to his fold  
Young children who stand in much need.

Though rough and unpolished, they are  
Like jewels just dug from the mine ;  
These teachers prepare them with care,  
As gems in Christ's kingdom to shine.

The Scriptures do truly declare  
Christ died for the whole of the race ;  
And their angels, so bright and so fair,  
In heaven receive a blest place.

It is their Father's blest will  
That none of these young should be lost—  
Then to save them, O, try all your skill !  
Redeemed as they were at such cost.

The fact is quite painful, though true,  
That thousands go down to the grave—  
They're cared for and pitied by few  
Who've the power to endeavour to save.

Ladies wearing their jewels so rare,  
And much earthly comfort beside,  
If they shrink from these labours to share,  
Can a part of their wealth put aside,

To assist the kind teachers who go  
To labour in this noble cause,  
To lessen much sorrow and woe,  
Save children from breaking God's laws.

Those who would patriots be,  
Their country who love to hear praised,  
Education's rich blessings must see,  
'Tis the lever by which it is raised.

Such patriots I very much doubt,  
Whate'er their fine works may declare,  
If they coldly look on, and without  
A desire in these labours to share.

There's only one life to us each,  
So let ours be a well written book,  
That to others good morals may teach,  
As over its pages they look.

May none of the pages prove blanks,  
And those left behind us all own  
We deserved all their blessings and thanks,  
For example we had to them shown.

And then when they gaze on our grave,  
They'll look on our dust with a tear,  
And tell how he laboured to save  
Poor sinners while sojourning here.



## Retrospection of Life.

LIFE'S meridian is past! the future's unknown!  
I will try to review what I have here sown,  
And what the next harvest is likely to be:  
Eternity surely will prove this to me.

Solemn thought! what a term of this life there is  
gone!  
And a more solemn thought—how little I've done!  
Much time I've mis-spent, and my talents abused,  
And little for God or for man have been used!

I stand quite amazed when I look on the past,  
And fear o'er my spirit a gloom has now cast;  
Retrospection to me very clearly doth show  
I have wasted my time much while here below.

O, thou God of mercy! let time ever past  
Admonish me; grant that it may be the last  
In trifles consumed, or in vain worldly care;  
Made wise by the past, for the end I prepare.

I see nought within to in any way trust,  
Of my own righteous works, in no action just ;  
And oftentimes I think I have lived but in vain,  
And wish that the past I could live o'er again.

But vain is the wish, and therefore I'll try  
To live well in the future, for soon I must die ;  
As I look back in grief upon time vanished now,  
To my mind it brings many a past broken vow.

Now lost I may be, and for ever undone,  
Unless saved by mercy through God's only Son ;  
Uncertainty's stamped on the lives of us all,  
For none know the hour that death may them call.

If we go to the churchyard, there we may scan  
On the tombstones the different ages of man.  
How very few reaching a hundred lie there !  
But children and youth a large portion share.

Many fathers' fond hope, or mothers' best joy,  
In some beautiful girl, or fine blooming boy,  
Have caused poignant sorrow their features to  
shade,  
To see their dear treasured ones sicken and fade.

Some were in vigour, in life's fullest bloom,  
Struck down by fever and borne to the tomb !  
Others, unwarned, dropping suddenly dead,  
The spirit from out its frail tenement fled.

Solemn thought ! if this should now be my case,  
O where should I go ? and which be my place ?  
What stern, solemn lessons these tombstones all  
teach !  
A lesson which all our emotions should reach.

The time that's still left, O, use with great care !  
For the eternal world thyself now prepare ;  
Work while it is day, and do all you can  
To accomplish salvation for each fellow man.

O, Thou, whose great love still to me endures,  
And mercy still unto my soul assures !  
Hear, O my Father, hear my vows to-day !  
Forgive my broken vows to Thee, I pray.

I firmly desire now, with glad heart and free,  
Myself and possessions to offer to Thee ;  
My weakness Thou knowest; then O, guide my  
way,  
That never again from thy side I may stray ;

But love Thee and serve Thee with penitent heart,  
Away from thy precepts no more to depart,  
Till landed all safe on the heavenly shore,  
I will praise Thee and love Thee in bliss evermore.

---



## Death of Rev. G. B. Stangeways

**F**RIEND George is gone—from us has taken flight,

And winged his way to yonder realms of light ;  
His voice on earth we never shall hear more—  
He's safely landed on the eternal shore.  
While here he in the paths of virtue trod,  
And all his talents exercised for God ;  
Who to reward him sent a heavenly band  
To bear him yonder to that better land.

Cherubic legions at his bedside wait  
To bear him to the ever blessed gate  
Of heaven high, in beauty to behold  
Its pearly portals and its streets of gold ;  
And there, arrayed in robes of spotless white,  
The redeemed he sees ; with rapturous delight  
On his dear Saviour doth he fondly gaze,  
And sings with joy his Maker's hymns of praise.

Poor invalid ! while he was dwelling here,  
Alternating long 'tween hope and fear,  
How meekly borne by him the Saviour's cross !  
Without which counting all things here but loss ;

398 *Death of Rev. G. B. Strangeways.*

In judgment good, in taste was most refined,  
Serene and chaste his high and polished mind ;  
With glowing zeal and ever earnest prayer  
He laboured here for souls with yearning care.

On learning e'er his studious mind was bent—  
To become a missionary his intent ;  
But while his studies hard he thus pursued,  
Disease his sinking wasting form subdued ;  
And o'er his friends it cast a chilling gloom—  
They grieved to see him hastening to the tomb.  
He is now gone ! as we look back we trace  
His memory decked with every virtuous grace.

Most eloquent was he in Scripture's might,  
To preach the gospel was his chief delight ;  
His graceful manners all with love did blend,  
Delighting all to know and call him friend.  
Blest spirit, now accept my humble lay,  
The only tribute I to thee can pay,  
For all thy friendship and thy love on earth,  
Is to record just homage to thy worth.

And oft from earth my thoughts will upward rise,  
To think of thee now blessed in the skies ;  
And looking forward to that blest reward,  
Purchased for us by Jesus Christ our Lord ;  
Meekly following in thy footsteps blest,  
Strive t' attain, like thee, the promised rest ;  
United then our thankful voices raise,  
And sing for ever in our Saviour's praise.

Now of eternal life hast thou made sure,  
Thy happy spirit dwells among the pure ;  
And every falling tear is wiped away,  
In those bright realms of everlasting day.  
Cease mourning, friends ! weep not for him again !  
He is now freed from every care and pain ;  
Wish him not back here from his high abode,  
He rests now in the bosom of his God.

## Death of Alfred Hammond,

AGED TWO YEARS.

HE lovely flowers of spring are blooming round,  
And nature smiles, all clothed in verdant hue ;  
But Alfred's lovely form lies in the ground,  
Waiting the resurrection, to arise anew.

The mother, as they lowly laid him down,  
Wept at the thought of his once fond caress ;  
No more will he on her fond bosom bound,  
His happy spirit dwells among the blest.

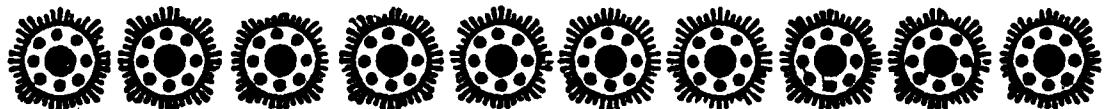
O could his voice be heard from heaven above,  
He'd tell his parents now to weep no more ;  
The little angel sings the songs of love,  
And joins with rapture the angelic choir.

" Rejoice, O father ! mother, shout for joy !  
Give thanks to God that he has taken me !  
Praise the dear Saviour, with your darling boy,  
And where I am ye both may ever be !

" And when earth's scenes for ever close with you,  
And death releases you from every care,  
As heaven's bright gates unfold before your view,  
To receive and welcome you, I shall be there.

" And as the plains of heaven we roam along,  
We'll talk of Him, and of his love we'll tell ;  
Sing loud hosannahs with the heavenly throng,  
And shout, ' My God, Thou hast done all things  
well.' "





## TY Tears.

WHILE passing through this earthly sphere  
How often do we shed a tear !  
The rugged path of life, we know,  
Is wet with tears as on we go.

Here first we find the infant's tears,  
When in the world its form appears ;  
Its helplessness the tear declares,  
For it requires the mother's cares.

When infant life begins to crow  
The mother's tears will often flow,  
To see how soon that joyous strain  
Is changed into a wail of pain.

As onward then in life he goes,  
He's subjected to many woes :  
Sheds tears when he to school is sent,  
Though done with parents' best intent.

And then in learning's path severe,  
Acquiring knowledge brings the tear ;  
Through life how oft 'tis clearly shown  
No royal road to learning's known.

And then there are fond lover's tears,  
Who often are depressed with fears,  
When the desired and lovely maid  
Smiles not on him, and he's afraid.

He thinks some rival's gained her heart,  
And from her he'll be forced to part;  
There's jealousy within his breast,  
The green-eyed monster breaks his rest.

He sees no sunshine in the skies,  
He wants the sunshine of her eyes ;  
All joy and gladness from him go,  
Love's passion makes the tears to flow.

And when in gentleness she turns,  
With rapture his fond bosom burns,  
And tears of joy by him are shed,  
Invoking blessings on her head.

Soon partners they become for life,  
Together blest as man and wife ;  
Together blending hopes and fears,  
And sharing in each other's tears.

And there are, too, the mother's tears,  
When near the close of life appears ;  
Her form is wasting fast away,  
She feels her health and strength decay.

Then up to Heaven ascends the prayer—  
“ O, God, do for my children care ! ”  
Around her couch she hears them sigh,  
To see their kind good mother die.

Her husband at her bedside stands,  
With kindest words he clasps her hands ;  
Around her bed they lowly kneel  
To show the love they for her feel.

They pray to God, who always hears,  
In broken words with sobs and tears,  
Through Jesu's blood to give her peace,  
And grant her longing soul release :

For her to soar above the sky,  
Wherein she never more will die ;  
Where her dear Saviour she will see,  
And live with him eternally.

Then for our friends we shed the tear,  
Who meet with trials most severe ;  
And when we see they are bowed down,  
And fortune on them seems to frown—

When all against them doth appear,  
'Tis then we shed soft pity's tear ;  
None can refrain when them we see  
Borne down by want and misery.

'Tis no dishonour to the wise,  
If oft a tear bedim their eyes ;  
For suffering virtue, when distressed,  
Down many ckeeks a tear is pressed.

Or when we follow some loved form,  
The burial ritual to perform,  
Can we restrain, when o'er the bier,  
In friendship then to shed a tear ?

All scenes like these will cause a sigh,  
And draw the tear from many an eye ;  
Death touches our hearts' chords, and brings  
A sad vibration to its strings.

Then there are the poor widow's tears,  
When thinking, in her fading years,  
Of him who was her prop and stay,  
By death from her now torn away.

Her kindness lavished could not save  
His life from hastening to the grave.  
But where could he have found a friend  
Like his fond wife his wants to tend ?

How softly through his room she goes,  
And tries in vain to soothe his woes ;  
Ne'er of his fancies does complain,  
Does all she can to ease his pain.

How faithful does he find her now !  
She gently wipes his fevered brow ;  
And as the vale of death he nears,  
She leaves his bed to vent her tears.

His spirit takes its heavenly flight,  
And wings its way to realms of light ;  
His widow leaves to mourn him here,  
And o'er his corpse to shed a tear.

She thinks of happy days now past,  
And o'er her mind a gloom is cast ;  
Some valued relic meets her sight,  
Left by her loved one—taken flight.

Beholding it, she sheds her tears—  
Her comfort lost, no hope appears ;  
And fast the crystal drops o'erflow—  
She's lost to all but care and woe.

Her heart seems breaking now with grief—  
In tears she seeks her best relief ;  
She reads her Bible, finds it there—  
God always hears the widow's prayer.

In trouble He will not forsake,  
Has always promised care to take  
Of those who trust in Him by faith ;  
And to the widow thus he saith :

“ Come, trust in Me, all's for the best ;  
Thy husband's gone to heavenly rest ;  
Keep on awhile this war of life,  
Soon you will quit this worldly strife.

“ You'll meet again on that bright shore,  
For ever blest, to part no more ;  
Then throw off all thy gloomy fears,  
Thou'rt going where there are no tears.”

Then there are the penitent's tears,  
Whene'er the wrath of God he fears :  
When on his knees he's meekly found,  
Uttering the penitential sound.

They shout aloud in highest heaven,  
“ There is another soul forgiven !”  
With joy the courts on high resound,  
“ The dead's alive, the lost is found !”

**And now he feels he's blest indeed,  
And from all punishment is freed ;  
By faith he views his Saviour nigh,  
Can "Father! Abba, Father!" cry.**

**But oft he'll shed the repentant tear,  
When far from Christ he'll wander here,  
Whom he has vowed he'll never leave,  
Or never more his Spirit grieve ;**

**But weak when dark temptation came.  
And some there are deny his name ;  
They hear it treated oft with scorn,—  
His name, who hath their sorrows borne.**

**They stray sometimes like wandering sheep,  
Till Christ looks on and makes them weep,  
Like Peter then they sadly mourn,  
Who make his love so base return.**

**Then there is the despairing tear  
Of him who slighted salvation here,  
When, with wan cheek and hollow eye,  
He feels he is about to die.**

**He knows that he is near the grave,  
And never tried his soul to save ;  
An awful task to look within,  
And feel the cursed sting of sin.**

**He thinks of mercy oft despised—  
The love of God he never prized ;  
Through life his counsel set at nought,  
And now is to his deathbed brought.**

His body's racked with pain and care,  
His soul is filled with deep despair;  
'Tis now he feels the bitter rod  
Of a justly angered God.

His tortured soul would like to fly  
Away from God's all-seeing eye ;  
His deep-felt anguish who can tell ?  
Forewarning of the pangs of hell.

O, may we never feel the smart  
Or anguish of a broken heart !  
To look back on a life mis-spent—  
And lose the soul, for which 'twas lent.

O, may we never have to trace,  
As memory looks on life's spent space—  
We've had more care upon the whole  
To save the world, and lose our soul !

While passing through this vale of tears,  
We come at last to end our years ;  
May it through life have been our care,  
At last to have nought to despair.

Our lives with trouble seem beset,  
And bubbles everywhere are met ;  
But as our life thus onward rolls,  
We here through Christ may save our souls.

But oft our minds are sunk in gloom—  
Man's history reads upon the tomb ;  
His birth and death the words declare,  
His ashes now they moulder there.

But search the records of the earth,  
 For anything this man was worth,  
 While in this world the life he led,  
 He might as well been with the dead.

He was ne'er known to dry, while here,  
 The orphan's or the widow's tear ;  
 No love did in his bosom burn :  
 His body moulders 'neath the urn.

Charity never known to give,—  
 No goodness in his heart did live ;  
 He was a creature God did choose  
 To have without the will to use.

Through all his life was pleasure's slave,—  
 Ne'er had the virtue to be brave :  
 No benefit to any one,  
 Except to point the course to shun ;

And when before God's bar severe,  
 To give account of life spent here—  
 The talents he had oft abused  
 And ne'er for good of others used.

'Twill be no use for him to say,  
 "The talents I have hid away!"  
 God then will mock the coward's fears,  
 And send him where there's nought but tears..

And there is the good Christian's tears,  
 When Calvary to his sight appears ;  
 That scene by faith brought to his eye,  
 The cross whereon his Lord did die,

To save his soul—the sinner's chief,  
Good news almost beyond belief,  
That thus the Son of God was given,  
Poor fallen man to raise to heaven.

O, glorious truth ! for man He died,  
And God's just claim has satisfied ;  
That all poor sinners here might prove  
The value of Almighty Love ;

To feel on earth their sins forgiven,  
And have their title sure for heaven.  
I pray you, fellow man, believe,  
Do not the Holy Spirit grieve !

Then tears of saints, they often flow,  
As their glad hearts with true love glow ;  
And when advancing near their end,  
They find in Christ a faithful friend.

They feel his blood hath power to save,  
And over death they victory have ;  
Through Christ the spoiler's power defies,  
To gain their mansion in the skies.

They wish they had Him better served,  
And ne'er from such a Master swerved ;  
He's better been than all their fears,  
And now for joy the saint sheds tears.

He good to them through life has been,  
His mercy to them oft they've seen ;  
And now He calls for them to come  
Away unto to a glorious home.

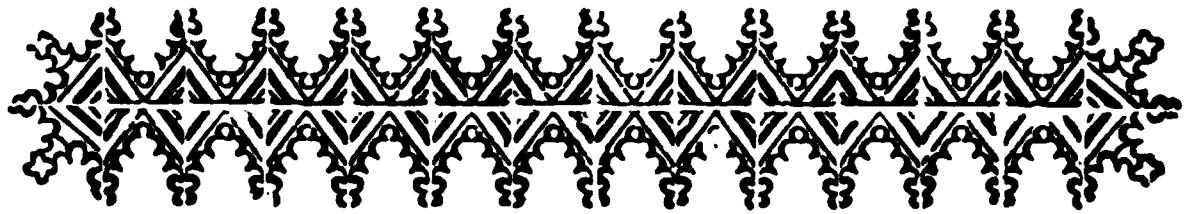
By faith he sees the better land,  
And knows that there he soon will stand,  
With the ransomed hosts above,  
To sing the wonders of his love.

For on that glorious shining plain  
They sing a nobler, loftier strain ;  
And no more tears they ever shed,  
A crown of glory decks each head.

Robed in pure white the saints behold,  
All hear him strike his harp of gold ;  
When he in that blest land appears,  
Banished for ever are his tears.

The tears that fell on his death-bed  
Were the last tears he ever shed ;  
From thence to heaven away did fly,  
Where God wipes tears from every eye.

Then let us follow Christ below,  
Religious joys while here to know ;  
That when our Saviour shall appear,  
We'll have no cause to shed a tear.



## To the Rev. W. M. Punshon.\*

**G**REAT lecturer and preacher, thou art inspired !

With eloquence thy tongue seems always fired,

And thousands listen to each glowing word,  
That pleasure to the minds of all afford.

From out thy lips the sacred words of truth  
Inspires the mind of many a wavering youth;  
Thy counsel often caused them to leave sin,  
And forward press, eternal life to win.

Into Christ's church thou oft hath many brought,  
To make them converts earnestly thou'st sought ;  
It is surprising, also nobly grand,  
To see thee 'fore a crowded audience stand,  
And hear thine eloquent and flowing tongue  
Enchant thy hearers all, both old and young :  
They listen to thy powerful words intense,  
Thine oratory chains their thought and sense.

\* Written after hearing a lecture by the above-named minister.

Thou canst before our mind such pictures draw;  
To thee we listen with a breathless awe,  
And wonder how it is thou canst so bind  
With potent spell the cultivated mind.  
How didst thou gain those mighty thoughts sublime,  
To bring forth in thy lectures every time,  
To sway our judgments and our thoughts refine?  
A masterpiece is found in every line.

Virtue in such forms thou canst pourtray,  
That makes us wish it ever held the sway ;  
That 'neath its spell our lives might all be brought,  
Its peaceful sceptre o'er each act and thought.  
And vice thou picturest with hideous glare—  
Its base allurements which so oft ensnare—  
That makes us tremble for the worldly gay,  
Who shun truth's path and fritter life away.

How faithfully thy preaching doth reveal  
God's love to man, and makes each conscience feel;  
Christ's saving grace to all thy flock convey,  
Or warn with terrors of the judgment day.  
Punshon, we bless thee ! trusting thou mayest see  
Saved souls above converted here through thee ;  
At heaven's blest gate may many angels come  
With heavenly greeting, " Welcome, brother,  
home."

Enter with them into thy Saviour's joy,  
Through all eternity thy voice employ,  
Which was thy pleasure ever here to raise,  
So nobly in thy glorious Saviour's praise,

There may'st thou sing in far more noble strains,  
And make it echo through the heavenly plains ;  
With seals of ministry—blest souls above,  
Rejoice for ever in a Saviour's love.

---

## *Death.*

IFE'S golden bowl's part broken  
When its silvery cords decay ;  
They warn with solemn token  
How we must pass away.  
How quickly life hath flown !  
It seems almost a dream :  
To each of us is shown  
We hurry down life's stream.

Death hastens now to grasp—  
On us will soon lay hand ;  
Our souls away must pass,  
Before God's bar to stand.  
Then let us all now try  
A heaven, through Christ, to gain,  
And then, when called to die,  
Feel we've not lived in vain.



## A Kindly Word for All.

**H**OW seldom mankind stay to think,  
Or, thinking, care to feel,  
The power possessed by kindness  
The pangs of woe to heal !  
How much ought we to guard the tongue,  
Considering well withal  
To always have upon the lips  
**A kindly word for all.**

Pure kindness, by narrow minds,  
Too oft is laid aside  
As something lowering to their state—  
Their dignity would hide ;  
But pitiful must be those hearts,  
Who thus ignobly fall  
Before false pride, and cease to hold  
**A kindly word for all.**

Tell me, ye connoisseurs of joy,—  
Ye searchers after bliss,—  
Who roam the world in pleasure's quest,  
The cheeks of peace to kiss :

Tell me, I say, does there exist,  
Throughout gay pleasure's hall,  
Bright gems to equal souls that breathe  
A kindly word for all ?

But as the noblest minds on earth  
Have shown and led the way  
To live and love in truth and peace,  
Our homage let us pay  
To each warm heart where goodness finds  
An echo at its call,  
Who ever does as sacred hold  
A kindly word for all.

Though harshness may confront us oft,  
With cold relentless stare,  
Let's still be wise, and calmly show  
How men can breathe, " Forbear !"  
In whispered accents to himself,  
That nought can e'er appal ;  
Christ's path he treads, and, like Him, has  
A kindly word for all.

---



## The Horrors of War.

**W**HAT sounds are those that meet the world ?  
The blood-red flag's again unfurled ;  
Ambitious men their armies lead  
In deadly combat fierce to bleed.

O, what a sickening thought ! that man,  
So noble, should delight to plan  
Destruction's horrors through the earth,  
And life destroy as nothing worth.

All history's page presents to view  
Foul scenes of carnage—ghastly true ;  
'Tis glory called where murder's done,  
And heroes those who've battles won.

They've headlong rushed 'midst fire and din,  
With blood-stained steps the day to win,  
And to their brows a laurel add ;  
No care for child or widow sad :

Nor thought upon the orphan's tear,  
The brother or the sister dear ;  
And all the mourners left behind,  
Who curse foul war that kills mankind.

Fond husbands fall amidst the strife,  
And brothers in the prime of life ;  
Victims 'midst war's terrific sounds,  
All covered o'er with piteous wounds.

How eager, see ! they meet the fray,  
Press hotly on and clear the way ;  
And now they close as on they fly,  
For victory bent, or nobly die.

To martial music tramps each steed,  
Their riders urge, some fall and bleed ;  
And for such strife the warrior's name  
Is blazoned on the scroll of fame.

The cannon roars, the fight's begun,  
Death flies from each exploding gun ;  
The grape-shots rush across the plain,  
And spread the ground with warriors slain.

Still on they go till man to man  
Engage in centre, wing, and van ;  
The rifle's aim is brought to bear,  
Which causes death and deep despair.

While horses neighing rush apace,  
Their riders bring in closer space !  
Distinctly sounds the clashing steel,  
As they the blows of death now deal.

They sound the charge with clarion shrill,  
The trumpets sound from hill to hill ;  
At each man's breast the bayonet's aimed,  
Whilst red blood flows from dead and maimed.

Before the fight earth green appeared,  
But now with purple gore is smeared !  
O'erspreading now the spacious plain  
With hosts of bleeding warriors slain.

Proud troops that came with haughty tread  
Lie numbered with the hosts of dead ;  
Their plumes that waved so proudly round  
Are trampled bloody on the ground.

Those hearts that throbbed to meet the foe—  
Are still—in death's embrace laid low ;  
That powerful arm, the warrior's pride,  
Lies powerless by his breathless side.

That form the nation's flag that bore,  
No flag shall ever carry more ;  
Perhaps some marble pile will tell  
He fought for country—but too well.

But seek the house where once he lived,  
Where the fatherless and widow grieved  
For him once happy in that place,  
Amidst delight in every face.

His knees his children loved to climb,  
And now they feel how long the time  
Since father romped with them at home,  
And mirth and laughter filled the room.

They to their mother oft appeal, •  
Whose heart doth most acutely feel ;  
For well she knows her hopes are vain  
Their father ne'er will come again.

O, no ! for now that form is laid  
Where war a charnel-house hath made ;  
He now lies buried 'neath the sod,  
And unprepared to meet his God.

His soul thus hurried swift away,  
For pardon finds no time to pray ;  
Sent to his final dread account,  
No hope received at Christ's blest fount.

What hellish furies urge them on !  
All thoughts of life and home are gone !  
'Midst pain they struggle, and the ground  
Is red with blood from many a wound.

Whilst cannons roar, and horses fall,  
Death shades the earth with funeral pall ;  
The warrior sleeps his last long sleep,  
Leaves comrades over him to weep.

But where's the host that in the morn,  
Their colours o'er the field had borne ?  
Each steed and rider now lie low,  
All lifeless on this field of woe.

It inconsistent seems to me,  
And little short of blasphemy,  
For priests to call on God with prayer,  
To bless those flags that cause despair.

'Twould better far befit their place,  
To plead with God for special grace  
To be poured out on all mankind,  
In bonds of love all lands to bind.

The wars at sea, when each great fleet  
Of ships from rival nations meet,  
As from their sides the cannons roar,  
Are dreadful as the wars on shore.

Of each ship's crew it is the pride  
To crush each other side by side ;  
They board the foe at duty's call,  
To win the prize, or dying fall.

But often, too, we hear the tale  
Of vessels foundering in the gale ;  
The crews all sunk in ocean deep,  
In coral beds or graves to sleep.

Of magazines of powder burst,  
While ships blow up, death does its worst ;  
Some hundreds fall, ships rend in twain,  
Whilst fighting on the surging main.

They'll lie until the last trump sound  
The judgment summons shall resound ;  
Through earth and sea it will be heard,  
When God sends forth the almighty word.

A noble boon are ships to man,  
Whose intellect contrived the plan ;  
The bonds of peace they ought to bind,  
And link in commerce all mankind.

But oft they're used for ends most vile,  
To increase the bulk of mammon's pile ;  
The negro slaves they bear away,  
Pent up like cattle night and day.

When father, mother, children all,  
'Midst shrieks that must all hearts appal,  
Are torn from home and thrust on board,  
Where none are near help to afford.

What hellish work ! what fiends that can  
Presume to sell their fellow man !  
To scorch their flesh with brands to show  
The perpetrations of their woe.

How long shall cruel torture last ?  
When, when shall tyrants' sway have passed ?  
How long, O Lord, wilt thou look on,  
And see such monstrous outrage done ?

O, righteous God ! when shall this cease,  
And earth exalt the Prince of Peace ?  
When shall the sword a ploughshare be,  
And man no war on earth shall see ?

O, when will mankind learn and act  
The golden rule in heart and fact ?  
That tells, " What we would have men do,  
The same ourselves to them should show."

Nor like the wretch who basely sold  
His hopes of heaven for sordid gold ;  
But like a righteous creature try  
To point the way to bliss on high.

And who but must the tyrant hate  
Who'd crush the rights of every state ;  
O'ercome with might man's liberty,  
Cause war and crime and misery ?

To increase his own dominions vast ;  
And fetters round his fellow cast :  
In bars of slavery to be bound,  
And crushed in bondage to the ground.

We, Heavenly Father, beg of Thee  
To set thy suffering children free ;  
By Thee we're made all of one blood,—  
Direct all men to actions good.

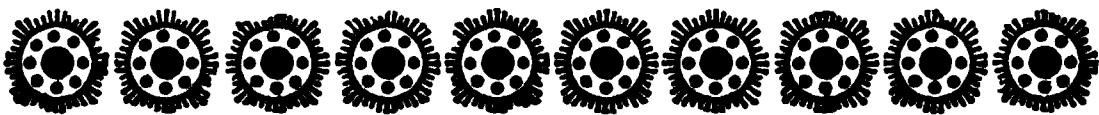
Let's hope each ship will soon become  
A house of prayer, thy blessed home ;  
Thy Spirit light each sailor's heart,  
That from thy love he'll ne'er depart.

To all mankind unfold the plan  
Of thy great love to fallen man ;  
Thy word to preach, the world to raise,  
Till every land resound thy praise.

And may our soldiers here be found  
To fight for faith on Christian ground ;  
And after death victorious rise  
To join blest armies in the skies.

We pray now for our country's peace,  
That true religion may increase,  
And ghastly war keep from our land,  
By God's all-wise protecting hand.

Till landed safely by his side,  
For ever in his care abide,  
Where war is hushed and conflicts cease—  
The land of happiness and peace.



## LOSS OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

**F**RIENTS, mourn for the lost on the dark rocky coast

    Of the rough Moelfra's bay ;  
For shipwrecked there were the brave and fair,  
    Where the ship "Royal Charter" lay.

We feel for those left, of their comforts bereft,

    The loss of their sires and their sons ;  
We would banish the fears, and dry the sad tears  
    Of the widows and fatherless ones.

'Twas here the rough surges howled funeral dirges  
    Of sailors both hardy and brave ;  
And as the ship creaks heard the passengers' shrieks  
    As they sank to a watery grave.

How solemn the thought ! this noble ship brought  
    Many so near to their home ;  
Then with awful shocks was dashed on the rocks,  
    There soon a wreck to become !

424     *Loss of the "Royal Charter."*

The ship was well known, and her power was shown  
    In each voyage so quickly sailed ;  
Each heart beat with glee as they put out to sea,  
    Hoping England ere long would be hailed.

But how little we know, while dwelling below,  
    What ills are about to befall,  
When we leave the fair shore, no friends to see  
        more  
    Till the last congregation of all.

Some had laboured for wealth, and sacrificed health  
    To spend it in comforts at home ;  
They thought of the place, and each smiling face  
    With welcome to meet them would come.

But on came the gale ; they reefed in their sail,  
    And strove to make everything sure ;  
Fierce blew the blast, away went each mast,  
    Unable the storm to endure.

They the anchor let go, 'midst confusion and woe,  
    To keep the ship off from the shore ;  
But the wind rent in twain the stout massive chain,  
    And we have her loss to deplore.

One Rogers so bold, through the water so cold,  
    To the shore did nobly swim ;  
The rough waves he braved, and some, by him saved,  
    For life are indebted to him.

We cannot now see why such things should be,  
And often may think them all wrong;  
One day God will prove He did it in love—  
Such mysteries to Him belong.

They now praise each hour his love and his power,  
They're now free from every snare,  
On that happy shore where time is no more—  
Eternity's fulness is there.

---

## *Happiness.*

**I**S happiness nought but an empty sound?  
And our whole lives, do they abound  
With nought but sorrow and pain?  
Must toil and care our portion be,  
And we on earth no pleasure see,  
And ne'er contentment gain?

Is there on earth no magic ground,  
Where peace and happiness are found?  
O, where is the sweet place?

Through every race and tribe of man  
Are any known who have a plan  
To cheer the human race?

Exists there a sequestered spot  
Hid from us, and we know it not,  
Amongst us here below,  
Where favoured friends together meet,  
Enjoy true happiness complete,—  
Say, who doth this place know?

Is it found amid the sunbeams bright,  
Or 'neath the silvery moon's pale light,  
At all throughout the world?  
Shall we seek it in the silent glen,  
Away from busy haunts of men,  
In still seclusion furled?

Or shall we seek where violets grow,  
Or where the fragrant roses blow  
In gardens' lovely bowers?  
Is it found in earthly friendship sweet?  
In worldly love do we it meet?—  
Thorns grow on earthly flowers!

Or does it grow in the palace gay,  
Or in the lowly cottage? Say,  
Where, where can it be found?  
In the parterre where gay flowers bloom,  
That shed around their sweet perfume—  
On some enchanted ground?

Shall we seek it where the ocean roars,  
Dashing their waves on the island shores,  
All sparkling in the sun ?  
Or seek it by some rippling rill,  
Meandering gaily down a hill,  
As glittering crystal run ?

Shall we seek it where the hawthorn blows,  
Or where the rich sweet briar grows,  
That scents the evening air ?  
Or in the ball, 'midst fashions gay,  
Where mirth and pleasure hold the sway,  
Where dance the young and fair ?

Or is it found in music's strains,  
In the fair one's glance that thrills the veins  
And chains the lover's heart ?  
Or search the miser's heart so cold  
For happiness, while hoarding gold,  
And from each comfort part ?

O, seek for it in none of these !  
They wither as the autumn trees ;  
The storm the sunbeams hide ;  
Violet's perfumes are waft away  
By zephyrs breeze that o'er them play ;  
Day throws the moon aside.

The full rich rose that glads our eyes,  
When plucked, it withers fast and dies—  
Fit emblem of our sphere ;

In love and friendship bright and gay,  
 Though oft in life we own their sway—  
 True happiness is not here.

In the palace high and humble cot  
 The gem you'll seek, but find it not ;  
 It dwells in higher ground,  
 Where faith and hope and charity,  
 With pure religion's light, we see :  
 There happiness is found.

And Thou, great Father ! who surveys  
 This earth and man, teach him thy praise,  
 To soar with heavenly wings ;  
 Inciting his best thoughts to rise  
 To happiness beyond the skies,  
 Above all earthly things.

## *God's Love to Man.*

OME, Holy Ghost, my soul inflame  
 With love divine—my sense inspire ;  
 Help me to magnify thy name,  
 And fill my soul with hallowed fire.

Thou great Almighty King ! who reigns  
Supreme through heaven and over earth ;  
Stupendous Majesty, who deigns  
To bless men's souls of priceless worth.

My daring muse would try to fly  
And mount the blest abode of God ;  
With eagle pinions soar on high,  
To mark the footsteps He hath trod.

Vain, vain desires ! my grovelling sense  
Can never trace his wondrous ways ;  
The glories of Omnipotence  
Are far beyond my feeble lays.

Yet I would trace his wonders here,  
In every tree, and plant, and flower ;  
The lovely beauties of our sphere  
Are emblems of Almighty power.

These gifts to man all clearly show  
He still is loved, though he hath strayed ;  
If love supreme you wish to know,  
In God's own Word 'tis best pourtrayed.

There in his mercy it is seen  
What has been done for fallen man ;  
Although rebellious he has been,  
For him's devised a saving plan.

God his dear Son a ransom gave  
For fallen sons of Adam's race ;  
He gave Him up their souls to save,  
He freely offers all his grace.

'Tis here our God his love makes known,  
'Tis here we view Him as our friend,  
'Tis here his mercy is best shown,  
'Tis here we see Him condescend.

And though his goodness we can trace  
In all earth's beauties round us spread,  
His love shone bright in Jesu's face  
When on the cross his blood was shed.

All nature shows his care and love ;  
What glorious gifts around we find !  
But still He sent his Son to prove  
He wished the good of all mankind.

Most mighty God ! was this for me—  
For wretched me, by sins undone ?—  
Did Jesus die to set me free,  
For me did God give up his Son ?

O, wondrous love ! how my heart glows  
When thinking of thy love divine ;  
O, wondrous love ! how rich it flows,  
Throughout the earth behold it shine.

Still it shall shine throughout all time,  
And shower its blessings on our race,  
Till every soul in every clime  
Are subjects of his saving grace.



## The Rose.

**B**EAUTIFUL rose, broken from thy parent tree,  
How sweet thy fragrance falls upon our sense !  
The balmy odour we inhale from thee  
Brings back our thoughts to Scripture's frankin-  
cense.

Though, fragile flower, thy life is very short,  
Thy beauties fade and wither all away,  
And vanish like a dream of passing thought :  
Thy lovely blossoms hastily decay.

And such is life, with all its varied cares,  
How short and transient, like the dew of morn !  
And all our paths are oft beset with snares,  
Surrounded, like the rose, with many a thorn.

Although the rose be crushed, it will not lose  
Its sweet perfume, though withered it may be ;  
Sweet on our ear will fall the voice of those  
Whose lives were spent in works of charity.

All those who strive to do what good they can,  
Though death may come, their names shall ever  
live,  
And they shall leave behind to living man  
A fragrance lasting far beyond the grave.

## • The Tract Distributor.

**T**N many towns and villages we meet  
Christians with little books, who kindly greet  
Each passer-by, and offer them a book ;  
Receiving which, how pleasantly they look !  
And why is it that Christians time thus spend ?  
Because they wish to be the sinners' friend ;  
Lead men to seek for Christ's redeeming love,  
And fix their hearts on better things above.

The love of Christ by their own souls possest—  
That love the principle that rules their breast,  
The reigning passion, leading them to good,  
To exalt Christ's cross, as all good Christians should :

Sin to dispel, with all its blight and gloom,  
And righteousness in place thereof to bloom ;  
This is the way all Christians ought to shine,  
Which proves they are endowed with love divine.

Hail, Christians all, who in this work engage !  
In doing good fill up your life's short page ;  
Your Saviour knows of all your arduous toil,  
And will repay you for each weary mile.  
Still labour bravely for your Lord on earth,  
He will repay your constancy and worth ;  
How oft 'tis proved a soul is born above  
Saved by these little messengers of love.

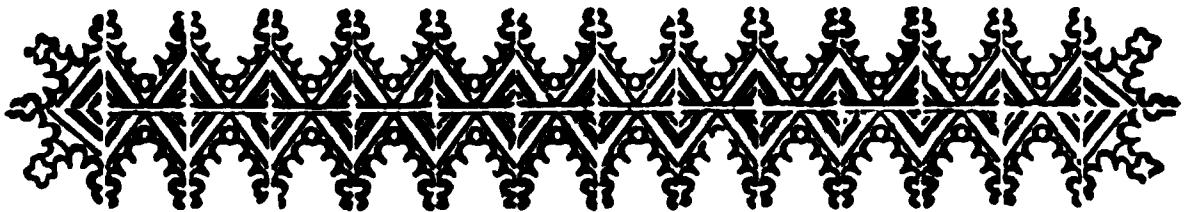
Great Sovereign Lord ! how we thy mercies bless  
That Thou hast granted us the least success !  
'Tis thy blest work that we desire to do,  
And Thou art with us in the way we go.  
But we beseech Thee, in thy mighty power,  
Bless tract distributors with a glorious shower  
Of thy great Spirit now ; and may we see  
That we are prospering while we trust in Thee.

O, grant religious tracts may ever prove  
To all a boon, and lead men all to love  
Their Saviour Christ, and every mercy find,  
Through Him alone light beaming on the mind.  
May tracts dispel sin's gloomy clouds of night,  
And shed on all the beams of gospel light ;  
Tract dissemination is a glorious plan  
To reach the heart and bless the home of man.

Those by them blest once had a wretched home,  
Till the distributor dispelled the gloom,  
And left a tract, by means of which they found  
Our Saviour died for all mankind around.  
They read it o'er till they for mercy cried,  
Pleading the merits of Christ crucified ;  
And soon by wrestling was God's mercy shown,  
In pardoning them through Christ Himself made  
known.

And thousands now in heaven's high glorious plain,  
Know well that tract diffusion is not vain ;  
Their minds by heavenly influence imprest,  
They see salvation, and in Christ they rest.  
They'll ever bless those Christian men who took  
To them that precious priceless little book ;  
Blest instruments they were on earth's cold sod,  
To lead them forth to heaven and to God.

We see them oft, from house to house they go,  
'Midst scenes of wretchedness, of sin and woe ;  
As missionaries 'tis their joy to tell  
The power of Christ to save all souls from hell.  
All worldly frowns and sneers they boldly brave  
And strive all guilty sinners' souls to save ;  
They labour in the vineyard of their Lord,  
Who'll give his labourers a rich reward.



## Affection.

**C**OULD true love tell its simple story,  
Full oft romantic it would seem ;  
Rough clouds will often dim its glory,—  
Shut out emotion's tenderest beam.  
But there is a power imparted—  
When affection's placed aright,  
On the loving and true-hearted,  
Rendering life a scene most bright.

Its sunbeams fall on youth and maiden,  
Despair's dark clouds soon pass away,  
Though with threatening tempest laden,  
Beneath affection's sparkling ray.  
'Tis sweet to draw from forth its fountain  
Love's nectar, rich to sweeten life,  
To make affection like a mountain,  
On which to climb through every strife.

O, for its rays upon us beaming,  
While through this life we travel on,  
Around our path its glory streaming,  
To cheer the heart that's lone and wan ;

## A Sinner Saved by Grace

**B**EHOLD a man of sinful race  
Redeemed by Jesu's love divine !  
A sinner, rescued by God's grace,  
Behold him in his image shine.

Though born in sin—a child of woe,  
Yet by the Spirit's power imprest,  
To ~~brought~~ Christ's precious love to bear—

His mind with sacred truth is stored,  
The Bible is his map and chart,  
The promise of his gracious Lord  
Brings consolation to his heart.

Strong in affection's faith and love,  
'Tis his delight to search and trace  
The wonders wrought from heaven above,  
The heights and depths of sovereign grac

And in this world he lives to prove  
The goodness of his changeless friend ;  
His heavenly guide he lives to love,  
Who will preserve him to the end.

His head is here with glory crowned,  
Strong in Jesu's power and might ;  
The redeem'd one now with joy is found,  
And travelling towards the plains of light.

He'll fight through life, and victory win,  
His armour soon he will lay down ;  
He'll prove the conqueror over sin,  
He will receive a heavenly crown.



## The Vow.

LORD, my God, Thee will I love !  
Who sent thy Spirit from above,  
To change my sinful heart  
No more from Thee my soul shall stray,  
No more I'll walk in error's way,  
And never from Thee part.

Let me in all devoted be  
To Him who lived and died for me,  
His love my heart constrain ;  
O Jesus ! Thou hast bought my soul,  
I vow that Thou shalt have me whole,  
Thy love in me shall reign.

Lord, I have broken many a vow,  
But I'm resolved to love Thee now,  
With all my heart and soul ;  
Let me in sorrow to Thee fly,  
On thy almighty aid rely,  
Thy Spirit me control.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven above,  
That so deserves my earnest love ?

Thou, Thou shalt have it all.

Whom have I, Lord, on earth but Thee ?  
Thou shalt be all in all to me,

Then I shall never fall.

No other power, but thine alone,  
Shall share with Thee thy rightful throne,

In my imperfect heart ;

But sanctified by power divine,  
I'll in thy glorious image shine,  
No more from Thee depart.

Whilst I on earth shall dwell secure,  
And of thy favour shall be sure,

By Thee be richly blest,

My course I'll run with even joy,  
My talents in thy praise employ,  
Then gain thy promised rest.





## The Christian Army.

THEY must their standard raise,  
On every clime and shore,  
Till the sons of Adam's race  
Their Saviour Christ adore.

For his kingdom they must fight,  
Like soldiers good and brave;  
Must spread the gospel's light,  
And all men try to save.

They must their colours show,  
And scorn all shame and fear;  
And let all others know  
They'll do their duty here.

Christ's banner of the cross  
They must display to all;  
Count earthly things but dross,  
Set men on Christ to call.

His standard they must hoist,  
Whilst there's a soul to save,  
A pledge of love to Christ,  
Till they shall reach the grave.

Then they their Lord will meet,  
When victory here is gained ;  
With love He will them greet,  
For truth they have maintained.

He then to them will say,  
“ Come, of my Father blest !  
You've nobly gained the day,  
Receive the promised rest !”

## The Christian Warfare.

**H**OW brave the Christian warrior stands,  
Clad with the armour of his God !  
The Spirit's sword is in his hands,  
His feet are with the gospel shod.

In Truth's great panoply complete,  
 Salvation's helmet on his head,  
 With Righteousness, a breastplate meet,  
 And Faith's broad shield before him spread.

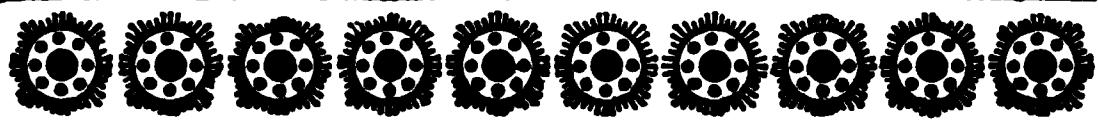
He wrestles not with flesh and blood,  
 But principalities and powers;  
 Rulers of darkness—like a flood,  
 Nigh, and swelling at all hours.  
 Oft Satan's darts are at him hurled,  
 And sometimes slightly scathe his breast,  
 Which bends his thoughts towards the world,  
 In glittering vice and falsehood drest.

Above the din of war he hears  
 His great and high Commander's voice;  
 His arm it nerves, his heart it cheers,  
 And makes the warrior's soul rejoice.

And thus undaunted on he goes,  
 With giant skill and valour here;  
 Through Christ he conquers all his foes,  
 And wields his weapon of all prayer.

With prayer's omnipotence he moves,  
 From this sin's alien armies flee,  
 Till more than conqueror he proves,  
 Through Christ, who gives him victory.

Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
 Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down,  
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.



## Class Meetings.\*

**S**EARCH in God's holy book of truth,  
You'll find the history there of Ruth ;  
A good example's set us there,  
That we should with God's people share,  
And boldly each take up his cross,  
Decide for Christ, come gain or loss.

" This people shall be mine," she said,  
" And from their God I'll ne'er be led ;  
Nor from Naomi, she's to me  
A mother been in misery,  
When my young husband, struck by death,  
Departed and gave up his breath."

She could not now Naomi see  
In trouble, without sympathy ;  
She'd lost both son and husband dear,  
And for them oft had shed a tear :  
Now journeying to her native town,  
With grief and sorrow stricken down.

\* Dedicated to Mr. C. Cornell, twelve years my Leader.

And whom she knew would kindly guide  
Her through the shoals of life's rough tide.

She'd battled hard with life's rough storm  
And trials great, yet did perform  
Her duties all with patient hand ;  
She looked to God his help to find ;  
Though lost were husband dear, and son,  
She said, " O God, thy will be done."

And Ruth's example, I will show,  
Is what we want our young to know.  
There's something wanting, oft I fear,  
Our scholars losing every year,  
From Sabbath schools, just at the age  
When first they in life's walks engage.

They lose our influence for a time.  
To see them in their youthful prime  
In classes, that the Church may throw  
Her shield around them here below,  
      . . . . .

To tell God's love to our own souls,  
His mercy teach as on time rolls.

Some think we go there to confess—  
To speak of our own wickedness ;  
But I would ask of such to say  
If there are not, in this our day,  
Good bible classes, young and old,  
Where ministers attend each fold

With Christ's love many have been warmed,  
And good associations formed,  
Where Christian youths oft seek their peace  
In Christ, their happiness to increase,  
To withstand the evils of the world,  
When at them Satan's darts are hurled.

John Wesley, with his keen foresight,  
Felt sure class meetings would work right ;  
Established them, a boon so great  
To worshippers of every state ;  
To impartial Christians all they show  
That countless blessings from them flow.

And thousands now in every land,  
Led on by God's protecting hand,  
Have oft acknowledged their great good,  
When there they've met as Christians should,  
To tell God's goodness, and to raise  
Their voice in solemn songs of praise.

The leader then, with pious care,  
Pleads for his class in earnest prayer,  
That God the little band would bless,  
And on their hearts his truth impress,  
To make them wise, and seek the way  
To abandon sin, and watch and pray,

For Him to guide them by his hand,  
To seek the better heavenly land ;  
And then from every heart doth rise  
Prayer, God's holy sacrifice ;  
Our faith is raised to bliss on high,  
And truth divine beams on faith's eye.

Our lives here are of sterling worth,  
A heaven we here enjoy on earth ;  
While blessings through the Spirit flow,  
That bring us joys no earthlings know ;  
Bright charm divine ! we're on the road  
That leads us to our gracious God.

In the prophet Malachi we read  
Of some of God's own chosen seed ;  
How oft they to each other spoke,  
And from their grateful hearts oft broke  
Expressions of their love ; 'tis clear,  
To offend Him was their greatest fear.

"These shall be mine,"—thus saith the Lord—  
"Who love to think upon my word ;  
Within my book their names I'll write,  
For righteousness is their delight ;

And in the last great day of mine  
Bright in my kingdom they shall shine.

“ I’ll spare them as a dearest son,  
And say to each ‘ Thou hast well done ! ’  
The reward receive of all thy trials,  
For ending now thy self-denials,  
The starry crown thou shalt receive,  
In happiness for ever live.”

O, Father ! while on earth we stray,  
Be Thou our guard, and guide our way ;  
O, keep us in the paths of right,  
And hold us by thy power and might ;  
And help us still to be thine heirs,  
To cast on our best friend our cares.

We’ll raise our Ebenezers then,  
And tell what Thou hast done for men ;  
.Believing all is for the best,  
To bring us to thy endless rest ;  
Heaven’s glories soon beam on our sight,  
We view the pearly gates of light.

Come with us, friend, we’ll do thee good,  
For the Wesleyan cause has nobly stood  
Persecution’s test ; in history’s page  
It stands the glory of the age ;  
The gauntlet through the earth has hurled—  
’Tis destined to convert the world.

'Tis thus the noble-hearted  
Pass on through every strife ;  
Labouring for the oppressed,  
And consecrate their life.

They love the cause of freedom,  
And round her altar's fire  
They raise their voices high,  
With heaven's enraptured choir.

For peace and home and duty,  
They lift their thoughts above ;  
For Religion in its beauty  
To bless this earth with love.

When tyrants are oppressors,  
And do the people wrong,  
Their voice is raised against them,  
Bold, faithful, earnest, strong.

'Tis thus the reign of darkness  
Is banished from our earth,  
And flowers of glorious freedom  
Thus bloom with heavenly birth.

'Tis thus that earth's great temples  
With beauty shall be crowned,  
And peace and liberty, with joy,  
Through the whole world abound.

Thus men of noble valour,  
Armed in the cause of right,  
Do battle with the evil,  
And for the good they fight.

Thus do these blessed heroes  
Win for themselves a name,  
Bequeathing to posterity  
A bright and lasting fame.

Each year of theirs is passed,  
They noble triumphs win ;  
Trampling down oppression,  
Conquerors over sin.

And they shall gain the crown  
Promised by their Lord,  
For their valiant fighting,  
And heaven be their reward.

## *Indecision.*

**H**OW wide and great the ill that flows  
From indecision, which often shows  
Man, blest with large and powerful  
mind,  
In all good works far, far behind ;  
By want of proper courage shown,  
To take the right path to them known.

And when convenient I'll seek thee."

'Tis strange man should be such a dupe,  
And let his mind so lowly stoop :  
Like the drunkard back to virtue's strain,  
Admires its truths, but falls again ;  
To drown his conscience vainly tries,  
Unhappy lives and wretched dies.

The gambler knows the wretched fate  
His lawless deeds so oft await ;  
He knows his wicked course must tend  
To bring a dark untimely end ;  
But still persists and risks his all,  
By his own hand at length to fall.

And oft we find the forward child  
Pursues his course unchecked and wild ;  
Oft good advice falls on his ear  
From parents kind, whose love is dear ;  
He still pursues his wicked ways,

She thought she could all conscience brave,  
Her end has been a self-sought grave.

We might go on, of numbers tell,  
Nought could induce them to live well;  
Passed undecided all their days,  
Resolving still to mend their ways;  
By death they undecided fell,  
Their lives but paved the way to hell.

They might have lived and loved the right,  
And left a name both pure and bright,  
Their good deeds handed down to fame,  
A pure life and unsullied name,  
To lead the minds of rising youth  
In duty's path, 'midst love and truth.

Dear friends, one life is all you have,  
Probation time your soul to save;  
If life's allowed to pass away  
All reckless 'midst the worldly gay,  
You'll surely find out, to your cost,  
Your soul 's by indecision lost.

~~~~~

The Pearl of Days.

WHEN first Almighty Power, with won-
skill,

Called on the earth to demonstrate his v
The mass, then shrouded deep in void chaotic ni,
Leapt by his command to pure and marvellous li,
As each day newly dawned, in beauteous order s
Each work performed by Him was fair and good
The earth in six days made, the seventh blest,
And ceased upon his holy day of rest.

O, gracious boon to man! this day, so freely giv
From labour calls to rest, and to prepare for hea
For this great gift, O God, accept our humble pr
That Thou in goodness gave this pearl of days.
May each by faith, on prayer's ascending wings,

When in thy courts man's earnest vows he pays,
Thy goodness praises for this pearl of days.
Our spirit's strength renewed through life's rough
road,
Still nearer bringing to thy blest abode,
When we shall then our grateful homage pay,
And live with Thee an endless Sabbath day.

*A Call to Rejoice.**

OME, Christians, rejoice, and lift up your voice,
While the praise of Immanuel we sing ;
The glad dawn appears, and onward it cheers
Us to labour for God our great King.

O, what hath He wrought in the multitudes brought
To accept of his gospel divine !
His banner's unfurled, and through the whole world
With beams of effulgence will shine.

* Written on hearing the late Rev. Nehemiah Curnock preach
a Jubilee Sermon, January 17th, 1864.

These are glorious days, which his goodness displays;
He is with us as onward we fight;
His bow spans the heaven, with promises given—
This earth shall be filled with his light.

God's heroes with toil have sown on each soil
The seed of his heavenly word;
It was watered with tears, and hallowed with prayers,
And great shall be their reward.

O, Father, we pray, let thy heavenly ray
Fill the earth, and it claim for thy Son;
Ride on with thy sword, Immanuel our Lord,
Till mankind to thy sceptre is won.

May thy Spirit now fall on thy servants all,
Like Elijah's mantle descend;
May Elishas be blest, with thy Spirit imprest,
Bringing sinners to Jesus their Friend.

May each church now awake, the kingdoms to shake,
In their beautiful garments now shine;
Let their trumpets peal forth, east, west, south and
north,
Proclaiming the message divine.

Let them echo the tale o'er mountain and vale,
That the jubilee morning arose—
That the gospel's blest word has won earth for our
Lord,
And it blossoms again like the rose.

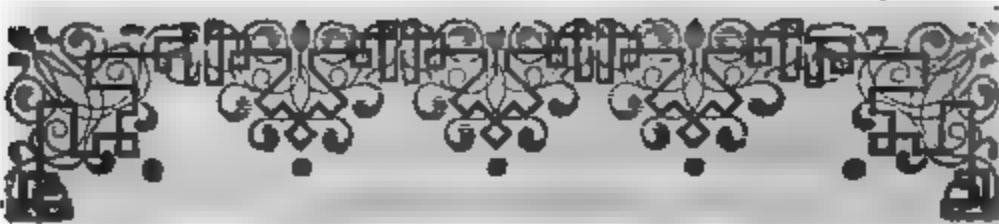
May thy children soon see the great jubilee,
By thy ancient prophets foretold,
When the world, 'neath thy sway, thy word shall
obey,
One family—one Shepherd—one fold.

May heaven-born bands unite in all lands,
Their hosannahs to Jesus here raise ;
May all seek his love and his kingdom above,
And this earth be filled with his praise.

O, come from above, angel-heralds of love,
As you did on that glorious morn,
Proclaiming free grace to the whole of our race,
On the day that our Saviour was born.

Let the message of peace our joys here increase,
Through thy mercy and love to us given,
And the bright glowing rays of millennial days
Unite all the nations with heaven.





upon pillow supposing

you are

the man I have dimly seen.

—S. T. C.

The Foolish Moth.

POOR helpless insect ! attracted by the glare,
Thou'st found how soon thou mayest be de-
ceived ;
Thou'st fallen 'neath that bright but dangerous glare,
That lay behind the brightness unperceived !

And thus in life the gay alluring charms
Of pleasure's sound too often will ensnare ;
And late we find that sinful folly harms,
And to our lives brings many a saddening care.

The youth roams through the summer's sunny fields,
On the gay butterfly to lay his hold ;
Its gaudy plumage to him pleasure yields,
Decked as it is with tints of purest gold.

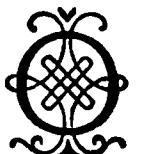
How often man the shadow but pursues,
With airy thoughts he sails along life's stream ;
With wild ambition oft his mind imbues,
As baseless as the fabric of a dream.

But there are some who, like the busy bee,
Extract some good from every balmy flower—
Who cause delight when we their virtues see,
And bless mankind as with a genial shower.

And thus we may improve our life's short day,
Do all we can to do our fellows good,
That when our mortal powers fade away
We may regard the past as good men should.

And then our lives will not be spent in vain,
If to our race a blessing we've been made ;
This to ourselves will surely be the gain,
And leave a name that time will never fade.

Repentance.



THAT past days of probation
On earth were allowed me again !
The oft-slighted gifts of salvation
No more would I treat with disdain.
For sins never more would I barter
My soul, to which gold is as dross ;
I would fly to the great gospel charter,
And humbly bow down at the cross.

Repentance.

In vain should the arms of frail beauty
 Allure me to pathways of shame,
 Nor pleasure entice me from duty,
 Till dishonour has branded my name.
 The cup with its liquor should never
 Spread over my soul its dark spell,
 From my Maker to cause me to sever,
 And hasten the horrors of hell.

O, Father, it is thy compassion
 Hath spared the poor sinner so long,
 When heedless and blinded with passion
 I joined in the drunkard's lewd song.
 And now, as in mercy Thou'st spared me,
 And not in thy wrath cut me down,
 I'll grasp at thy offer of mercy,
 And seek for a heavenly crown.

Arise, O my soul, there is beaming,
 On Calvary's summit, a dome ;
 The prodigal starts from his dreaming,
 And speeds to his father and home.
 The father, his prodigal viewing,
 All rags, and in desperate plight ;
 His love to his lost one renewing,
 It brings him increasing delight.

“ Bring forth the best robe and adorn him,
 On his finger the precious gem place ;
 No longer as lost shall I mourn him,
 But found !” O, what mercy and grace !

The welcome glad tidings of peace
Descend to his soul from above ;
'Tis mercy that grants him release,
Receives his bewailing with love.

Thy sorrow, repentance and tears
Are weighed and found wanting, but lo !
Jesu's blood in the scale now appears,
That washes thee whiter than snow.
Mercy smiles on the penitent's grief,
The sign of redemption doth raise ;
A look to the cross for relief,
And sorrow is turned into praise.

The Old Covenanters.

ONG be remembered thy patriot band,
Who scorned thy religion to yield,
And set at defiance the monarch's command,
Left home for the mountain and field.
Strongly thou'st fought against darkness and blight,
Though oppression laid heavy on thee ;
And borne the blest Bible, thy armour of light,
Thy sons and thy daughters to free.

And then thou didst fall along the dark moor,
Yet the blood that did hallow the soil
Struck a blow for the freedom of Albion's shore,
Shed a light to illumine our isle.
Though thou wert cut off in the midst of thy days,
Yet thy deeds have enkindled a flame
That shall burn through all time in thy patriots'
praise,
All Christians revering thy name.

Such brave men as thee are a boon to the earth,
Their lives and their virtues shall shine,
Proclaiming such men from heaven had birth,
To establish the kingdom divine.
Thou art the men that bid conscience soar free,
Spite of monarchs' and tyrants' command ;
'Tis such as thou wert, though oppressed they may
be,
Who're the glory and pride of our land.





Charity.

HAIL, glorious work ! Jehovah sees thy toil,
And mercy wafts each action to the skies,
Thine alms dispensing throughout Albion's
isle ;

Let thy good works as holy incense rise.
Do all thou canst to benefit the poor;
The widow's mite was welcome to the Lord,
He saw her heart, He knew her scanty store,
And bade her mite receive its rich reward.

The rich man's barns were full, on him bestowed
To feast himself, but not the poor refuse ;
Yet unto Lazarus no charity he showed,
To him denied the crumbs he could not use.
Self was his God : he bade the wine cup flow,
But poison lurked within the fatal bowl,
And death was hovering round this feast below,
And God that night sent for his selfish soul.

Not so the gentle Saviour of mankind,
He sought the wretched but to soothe each sigh ;
Bade children in his heart sweet peace to find,
And owned them cherubs for his court on high.

Take Christ's example, all friends of the poor :

The bread ye cast upon the waters now,
Though small, shall be unperishing in store,
And meet you when at Jesu's throne you bow.

Then shall the poor who did your bounty feel,
With tears of joy around their Father's throne,
Your deeds of love and mercy there reveal,
And hail thy entrance into bliss unknown.
There, too, shall mercy stand with humid eye,
And blot thy sins away with tears of joy,
And sign thy passport to the realms on high—
Where bliss eternal reigns without alloy.

Communion with God.



Y Father God ! I call on Thee !
And O, in mercy answer me,
O, let me feel thy Spirit's power ;
When death assails, and faith is small,
O, hear me when on Thee I call,
Be with me in each trying hour.

My Father God ! Thou knowest all
That in this world will me befall ;

O, grant that I may feel
Secure while resting in thy love,
In Christ thy Son on earth to prove,
Thy love to me reveal.

Thou know'st that life's a thorny road,
And sin oftentimes our souls doth cloud ;

Thou my protector be,
When enemies surround my way,
And try to lead my soul astray,
Draw me, O God, to Thee.

Dispel the mists that darken life,
And help me in this earthly strife

To do thy heavenly will ;
All evil thoughts by Thee removed,
May I in all things be approved,
Preserved from worldly ill.

And when upon me Thou shalt call,

May I be ready then to fall

Into thy arms to rest ;
In death let me feel mercy's beam,
And taste the everlasting stream,
And be for ever blest.



Ever be Cheerful.

EVER be cheerful, 'tis good for the mind ;
With a countenance beaming with tenderness
kind,
Be ever forgiving, delighting to show
How lovely the streams of affection will flow.
Let no evil feelings disturb your career,
Pursuing your duties with consciences clear ;
Ever be cheerful, and hold to the truth,
'Tis the charm of our childhood, our manhood, and
youth.

Ever be cheerful, encourage all good,
And lighten the sorrows we meet on our road ;
To leave the world better let all of us try,
That we may be cheerful when summoned to die.
Let our lives be all free from dishonour and guile,
That reflection may ever return with a smile ;
Ever be cheerful and open as day,
And banish all sorrow and frowning away.

Ever be cheerful, and trusting in Him
Who passed through the grave, with its terrors so
grim,
To atone for our sins, with the life He had given,
And open the portals of mercy in heaven.
Keep steadily treading the hard narrow path,
For the broad one allures to destruction and wrath ;
Ever be cheerful, life soon will be past,
You will gain the bright diadem promised at last.

Ever be cheerful, no terrors hath death
For the saint who in Jesus resigneth his breath ;
Where reflection and conscience together will blend,
His pillow to soften with peace to the end.
While a smile decks the features now soaring away
To the realms of an endless celestial day,
Ever be cheerful, and banish all doubt,
For heaven will open with welcoming shout.

Truth shall Conquer All.

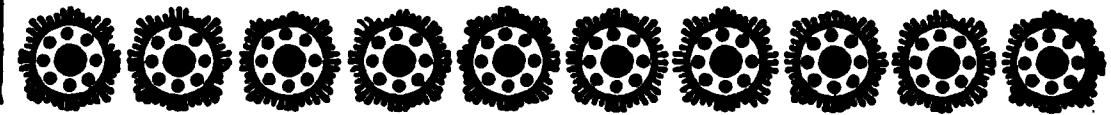
 **T**HROUGH all life's varied passing scenes
Deception haunts our way,
And o'er the world's designing craft
We stumble day by day.

For falsehood's made to look like truth,
 The memory to enthrall,
 Though baseless proving in the end,
 For truth shall conquer all.

The gaudy surface often hides
 A spurious thing beneath ;
 As gilding clokes the counterfeit,
 And covers base deceit,
 That will not bear the honest test,
 But into fragments fall,
 Which fills the false heart with dismay,
 For truth shall conquer all.

An hour can scarcely pass away,
 But cause have we to find
 That to escape from falsehood's snares
 Requires a subtle mind.
 For lies will stare us in the face,
 Behind our backs will crawl,
 Our names and honour to destroy ;
 But truth shall conquer all.

One half the bulk of Mammon's wealth,
 That glitters now so bright,
 Is gained by means, if rightly traced,
 Would shrink from honour's light.
 Duplicity and wrong oft lie
 Beneath its gilded pall ;
 When death approaches, conscience stings ;
 Thus truth shall conquer all.



England's Security.

If war should come to mar our peaceful land,
And cause the orphan's and the widow's tears to
flow,

Still that firm base on which secure we stand
Should bid defiance to each mighty foe.

For England's faith have martyrs bled and died,
Strong in the power of Him who made them free,
His presence with them, they have death defied,
And champions been of glorious liberty.

And Britain then would from the flame rise out,
And nations hear her powerful voice once more ;
With freedom's voice again her sons would shout,
Religion's voice re-echo to each shore.

Ten thousand thousand liberated bands,
Whose sires were bondsmen born to be,
Would rouse the world and raise their loosened hands,
And aid Great Britain's power the world to free.

The traitor foul might rear his serpent crest,
Unfurl the blood-stained revolution's flag,
And try the sceptre from her grasp to wrest,
Before her face the tongue of scorn to wag.

Yet forty would her dauntless spirit tower,

With freedom's flag triumphantly unfurled,
And laugh at every haughty tyrant's power,
And shake her stainless trident o'er the world.

Her faith shall blossom till the end of time,

And 'neath her flag shall never dwell a slave ;
Her rule shall men admire in every clime,

And her religion's power their souls to save.

In the cause of liberty we've forward stood,

And from her path all obstacles have hurried ;
A fadeless title built, approved by God,
And deeds have wrought to magnify the world.

For God and true religion and our home,

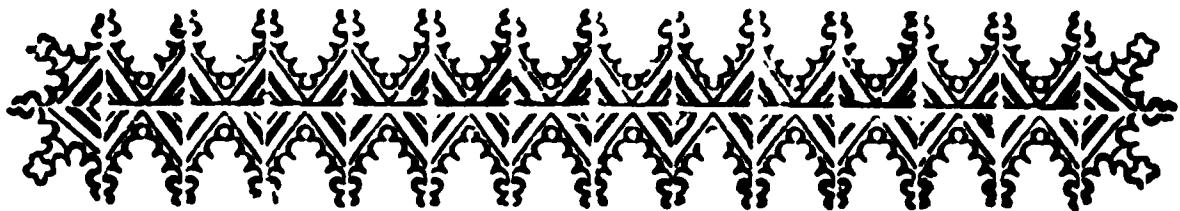
This, this our motto for each soul shall be,

For liberty we'll fight while here we roam,

It makes us all so happy and so free.

And ne'er will we our birthright sell for nought,

But worthy followers of our fathers prove,
Who with their blood this precious freedom bought,
And now are happy in their home above.



Childhood.



CHILDHOOD, childhood ! happy stage !
How oft does fancy roam
Amidst the cares of riper age,
To trace on memory's faithful page
The scenes of boyhood's home.

When doom'd in other lands to dwell,
Through scenes all strange to roam,
'Tis then we feel the magic spell
Steal o'er the soul, and fondly tell
Of boyhood's home.

Though pomp and splendour call me guest,
Beneath ambition's dome,
A hallowed grief assails the breast
The weary spirit sighs to rest
Again in boyhood's home.

Though wealth may crown the exile's schemes,
And monarchs seek his smile,
The brightest of his earthly dreams
Are those when fancy's golden beams
Those happy dreams beguile.

If sorrow or dismay arise
 To blight each earthly tie,
The wanderer turns his weary eyes
 To those bright scenes and sunny skies,
 He wishes there to die.

Though tyrants drag the swarthy slave
 Far from his darling plains,
Behold the dangers he can brave !
 The felon's doom, a nameless grave,
 To burst his galling chains !

O'er pathless wilds and burning sands,
 Untiring will he roam
Through hostile tribes and stranger lands,
 Until amidst those scenes he stands
 In happy boyhood's home.

Home ! home's the watchword, home's the prayer,
 Where'er our footsteps roam ;
In vain may spread the gilded snare,
 We turn from lordly halls to share
 A humble cot at home.



Children at Play.

DEAR children, play on, 'tis thy joyous time now,
Thy young hearts are strangers to guile;
The finger of care hath not passed o'er thy brow,
Nor sorrow yet clouded thy smile.

All is pleasing and fair to thy innocent eyes,
No grief can thy pleasure destroy ;
For the tear that one minute thy sorrow supplies,
In a moment is changed into joy.

But I think of the days of thy manhood to come,
When each scene shall be chequered with care,
And the visions of childhood, and loved ones at home
Are passed like a bubble of air.

Like phantoms departed, and left but their name,
Our memory's page to enshrine ;
Still the bright beams of hope on our hearts have a
claim,
Too dear for us e'er to resign.

Reflect on thy pleasures, though passing away,
 Thy frail bark is launched on life's sea ;
 Take Christ for your pilot o'er earth's rocky way.
 He your guide to the haven shall be.

And O, when the storms of adversity lower,
 May the clear beach of reason arise,
 And faith grasp the helm, and sin lose its power.
 And hope brightly beam from the skies.

In adversity's hour, when sorrow and pain
 Wring thy heart, may it still find a balm
 In God's pages of truth, till life's stormy reign
 Is exchanged for eternity's calm.

Hypocrisy.

THE innocent and trusting heart,
S How oft 'tis lured away
 By simulating sanctity,
 That fills life's busy way—

That brings sharp scandal's daggers forth
 Against God's holy word ;
 And 'neath its foul envenomed dart
 The scoffer's tongue is heard.

Among the blackest evils known,
That haunt the walks of men
Is heartless base hypocrisy,
Emerged from Satan's den.

With fulsome words and aspect sleek
It works its loathsome snare,
Then leaves its victims to repine,
And die in cold despair.

For, thrown upon a heartless world,
When virtue thus hath flown,
Without a friend or succour near,
Scorned even by their own.

Houseless, foodless, wanderers now,
Cold, frantic and forlorn,
Stalk life-like fiends, and curse full oft
The day that they were born.

'Tis true, 'tis true, alas, too true !
Such things we daily see ;
The effect of that dark monster fiend,
Man's vile hypocrisy.

How well the Scriptures such describe,
Their actions dark and mean—
“ Like ravening wolves they're inwardly,
Though in sheep's clothing seen.”

How guarded then we ought to be
Against this baneful thing !
Where 'neath the honeyed flattering tongue
There lies a poisonous sting,

That fires its venom forth and blasts,
'Neath friendship's seeming guise,
An unsuspecting honest name,
With meanly-whispered lies;

But shows a surface all the while
Of cordial genial care,
And throws its victims off their guard,
And hides the hateful snare.

Beware! and know and mark the man
Who'll praise you to your face,
And coincide with all you say
With meek approving grace.

Confide not aught in such a one,
This truth you may believe,
His pliant manner's but a cloak,
The better to deceive.

But rather trust that diamond rough
Who'll challenge your ideas,
Contest with firmness for his own,
Unbought by smiles or fears:

Who hates a hypocrite like gall,
Suspects each canting word,
And from whose lips unvarnished truth,
Though rough, is ever heard.



Rejoice, O my Soul!

REJOICE, O my soul ! the glad dawn now appears,

The bright Sun of Righteousness comes and He cheers ;

'Tis the warmth of his presence that here I now feel,
While mercy and love his rich bounties reveal.

'Tis my Shepherd now leads me to drink of the stream,
'Tis his life-giving blood, I am happy through Him ;
'Tis his blood that hath washed me whiter than snow,
Which makes me to love Him and makes my heart glow.

'Twas on Calvary's cross that He suffered for me,
Salvation was gained when He died on the tree,
With grief bowed his head, "'Tis finished !" He cried,
For my soul's salvation He groaned and died.
I grasp at the mercy thus purchased and given,
My soul is illumed with those bright beams from
heaven—

The covenant of promise, the blest bow above,
I see and rejoice in the fulness of love.

Thus will I go on through Jesus my might,
 My strength and my guide, my glorious delight ;
 His grace to me given will lead me to prove
 His gracious salvation in bright realms above.
 There I with rapture his goodness shall tell,
 Acknowledge how here He hath done all things
 well ;
 Then bow down before Him amidst the great throng,
 Redeemed by his mercy, to join heaven's song.

Heaven our Home.

BEST thought ! to have a home above,
 Where all is joy and peace and love ;
 To have a home among the blest,
 And in our Father's mansion rest.

This mansion Christians all survey,
 Their goal of hope through life's rough way ;
 The blessed end they keep in view,
 Which cheers them all their journey through.

Blest home ! when at life's journey's end,
From earth triumphant to ascend ;
Then all life's cares and battles o'er,
They strive to gain the heavenly shore.

And O, what wonders meet their sight !
The glorious city dazzling bright ;
The throne, the Saviour, God is seen,
Without a ray or cloud between.

No sickness there shall e'er invade,
Nor sorrow cast its gloomy shade ;
But in that home so bright and fair,
Peace, joy and love dwell ever there.

O, let me keep this home in view !
While I life's journey still pursue ;
Press on my road to reach the shore,
My home above for evermore.





The Wish.

HAD I the mind to will mankind,
Each one to be sincere,
All tongues to tell with lofty swell
The heart's emotions clear—
Bright bliss should beam in endless stream,
To warm each heart and hand ;
What sweet relief!—how little grief
Should spread throughout the land !

The claims of right should rise o'er might,
And merit forth should shine ;
I'd form a plan to measure man,
And worth should be my line.
I'd say to all—" Let nought appal,
Behold the pile of fame !
Advance like men—brain, arm, and pen,
And grace it with your name."

I'd strike a blow, aside to throw
All envy from the world ;
The lips I'd close where vice o'erflows,
And truth be wide unfurled.

Then should we find, as God designed,
Our life become a boon ;
And peace would reign on earth again,
Like Eden's brilliant noon.

Brave Old Greenwich Boys.

BRITAIN ! thy naval frame-work stands
Supreme throughout the world ;
Thy hearts of oak and dauntless hands
Still hold thy flag unfurled.

Our sailors' noble deeds of yore
No lapse of time destroys,
Their fame resounds on every shore,
Our brave old Greenwich boys.

Our sea-girt home they've held secure
From dark invasion's dread,
They've kept our envied freedom sure,
And sounds of terror spread.
Those staunch old hearts I love to sing,
Who 'midst the battle's noise
Have victory borne on honour's wing,—
Our brave old Greenwich boys.

Their hoary locks I love to see,
And hear their tales of war,
Of stirring scenes of strife at sea,
And listen to their lore.
Their veneration for their chiefs
One hears, and oft enjoys ;
They boast of guns, and yards, and reefs,—
Our brave old Greenwich boys.

All honour to our nation's name,
Who noble deeds applaud,
While grateful to her sons of fame,
Forgets not to reward.
When strength and health with age decays,
Where nought their ease alloys,
A home they find to end their days,—
Our brave old Greenwich boys.

O, may this monument so grand
Benignly rear its head,
An honour to our native land,
When years on years are fled.
And may old England's rising worth
Maintain her glory's prize,
And emulate the pride of earth,—
Our brave old Greenwich boys.



Our Chelsea Pensioners.

WHEN wars have passed and peace returned,

And sounds of joy have filled the land,

And patriots' hearts for country burned,

And gladness beamed on every hand :

When victory's wreaths have crowned our arms,

And Britain's fame abroad hath spread,

And stilled the rush of war's alarms,

And strife and dark invasion's dread :—

Our thoughts revert, with sorrowing pride,

To those brave heroes on the field,

Who died for country side by side,

Than shrink, or to dishonour yield.

With grateful hearts we see again

The maimed and lamed in battle's strife ;

Their wounds we soothe and ease their pain,

Although disabled now for life.

The glorious liberty we boast

By British arms hath been preserved ;

Who've rendered safe our sea-girt coast,

Our love and gratitude deserved.

Compare our free and happy land
With many a tyrant-trodden soil,
Where mind is crushed by despot's hand ;
Like beasts of burden, sons of toil.

Where no man's home is free from spies,
Where plots and secret murders rage,
From which the exile patriot flies,
And in our 'midst in life engage ;
Where priest-craft dark in bondage holds
The minds and consciences of all,
Their weak impostures to uphold,
With terrors that men's hearts appal.

No civil wars distract our isle,
No frightful carnage here we see,
No slaves against our laws revile,
And freedom smiles where'er ye be.
And glorious beams of liberty
Swell British hearts on land and wave,
And who the men who've kept us free ?—
Our Chelsea pensioners so brave.



Mariners' Friend Society,

Office: 172, HIGH STREET, WAPPING, E.

SEAMEN'S BETHELS AND RAGGED SCHOOLS,
WAPPING, LONDON, E.
AND
NORTH STREET, NEW CHARLTON, KENT, ON THE BANKS
OF THE THAMES.

Supported solely by Voluntary Contributions.

To promote the Social, Temporal, and Spiritual Welfare
of Seamen, Watermen, Lightermen, and Dock Labourers,
and their Families.

President.

G. J. WILLIAMSON, Esq., F.S.A., 124, Lower Thames Street.

Committee.

MR. MITCHELL THOMSON, Staff Surgeon, R.N.

REV. H. C. DAVIES, 23, Paddington Green, W.

MR. GEORGE WYATT, 97, East India Road, E.

„ ROBERT VINCENT, 12, Vincent Street, Stepney, E.

„ WILLIAM READ, 12, Samuel Street, Limehouse.

„ JOSEPH MOORE, 10, Pearl Street, St. George's, E.

„ EDWIN W. STRAKER, 55, Hill Street, Peckham, S.E..

„ RICHARD JACKSON, Rotherhithe.

„ MOSES COUCH, Woolwich.

„ R. HARRIS, 58, Paradise Street, Rotherhithe, S.E.

„ REDMOND BURKE, 75, Gopsall Street, Hoxton, N.

„ JOHN WHITE, Wapping, E.

„ THOMAS NICHOLSON, 49, St. Andrew's Road.

„ THOMAS EDWARDS, 141, Long Lane, Bermondsey.

Secretary and Chaplain.

REV. ENOS COUCH, F.S.A., Seamen's Bethel, High Street,
Wapping, E.



Treasurer.

JOSEPH MOORE, Esq., 10, Pearl Street, St. George's, E.

Honorary Solicitor.

**EDWARD MOSS, Esq., Winchester House, Old Broad Street,
E.C.**

Missionaries and Agents.

**Messrs. T. R. COUCH, F.S.A., H A. TALLACH, JOHN LUCAS, E. H.
TALLACH, JAMES TUXWORTH, ARTHUR COUCH, S. MUNNS,
and W. H. LOWE.**

Teacher of Day School.

MISS M. HEYLAND.

Superintendent of Sunday School.

MR. T. R. COUCH, F.S.A.

Organist.

MR. W. J. WOODS.

OBJECTS.

I.—The holding services on shore, at the Bethels, on Sundays, morning and evening, and on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The attendance is very encouraging; many in the neighbourhood who never attended the house of prayer have been induced to come regularly.

II.—The Missionaries conduct religious services afloat. Services are regularly held in the London, St. Katharine's, Regent's, and Commercial Docks, and other docks and wharves at the port of London, and at other ports on the coast. The crews of several vessels are gathered together on board one of them, and as soon as a congregation is formed the Missionary supplies the men with books, so that they may be enabled to take part in the service, which consists of praise, prayer, reading the scriptures, and exhortation.

III.—Ships and seamen's lodging houses are visited. During the past year 5,938 visits were made for the purpose of religious conversation, reading portions of scripture, and engaging in prayer; while 137 regular services have been held on board ships and 202 on shore.

IV.—RAGGED SCHOOLS.—These schools provide a free education for the children of seamen, bargemen, watermen, dock labourers, and others connected with the docks and wharves on the Thames. Many children who were running idly about the streets have been collected together. About 100 attend the schools daily. Some ladies in the neighbourhood teach the girls sewing, providing the necessary materials themselves, which the children are taught to make into garments, these being bestowed on the more needy of their number. The Committee desire to record their gratitude to many friends, who kindly assisted in providing a Christmas dinner and tea for 171 destitute children; also, a summer excursion.

V.—The SUNDAY SCHOOLS are attended by a large number of children, who otherwise would be in the streets violating the Lord's day. Several ladies and gentlemen render their gratuitous services as teachers.

VI.—BAND OF HOPE.—The members at Wapping meet every Tuesday evening; 120 children ordinarily attend. A gentleman from the Band of Hope Union addresses them once a month. Twenty of them took part in the concert at the Crystal Palace on the 30th August last. Mr. Thomas R. Couch is the conductor. During the past year the Band of Hope work has been carried on with most encouraging success. There were 47 meetings at the Bethel; 9 special deputations attended from the Band of Hope Union. There were 4 quarterly tea meetings, at the cost of those specially interested in this branch of the Mission.

VII.—Bibles and Testaments are supplied to seamen in different languages. During the past year 127 copies of the Holy Scriptures were sold to seamen and others. Religious tracts in French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish, and other languages are distributed; 72,061 were given away last

year. Ninety-three vessels were supplied gratuitously with parcels of books for the use of their crews.

Numbers of German and French sailors, leaving their ships to take part in the war, have been supplied gratuitously with Bibles, books and tracts.

All communications to be addressed to the Secretary.

Contributions, Tracts, Books, Bibles, &c., will be thankfully received.





